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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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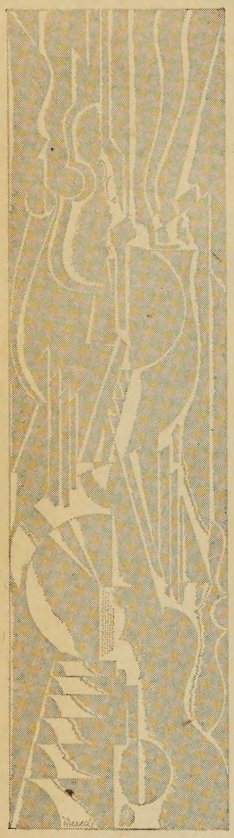

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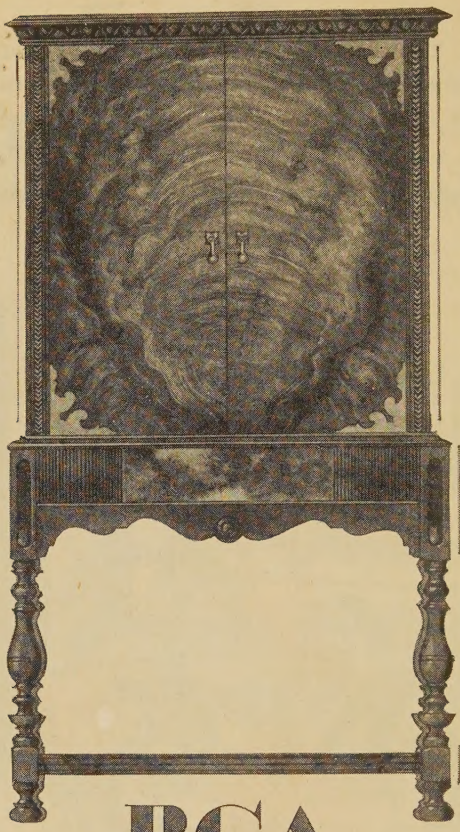

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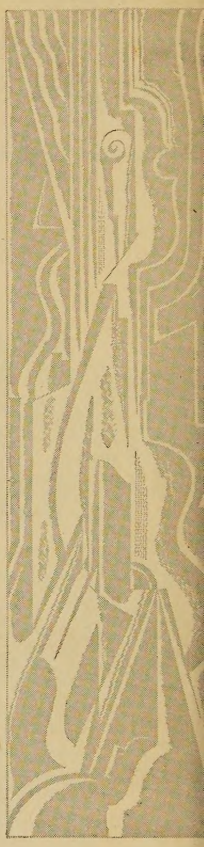

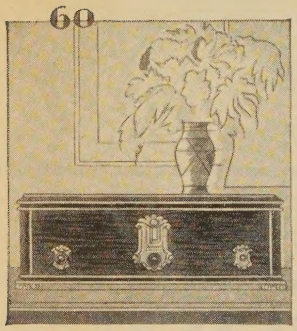

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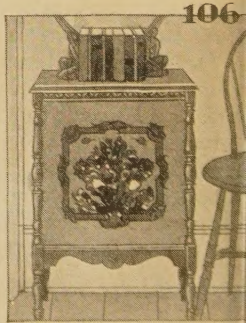

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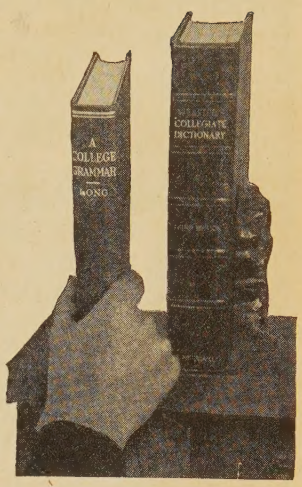

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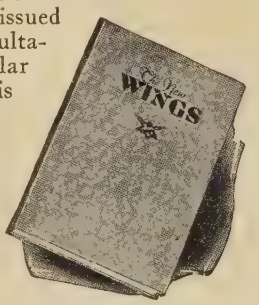

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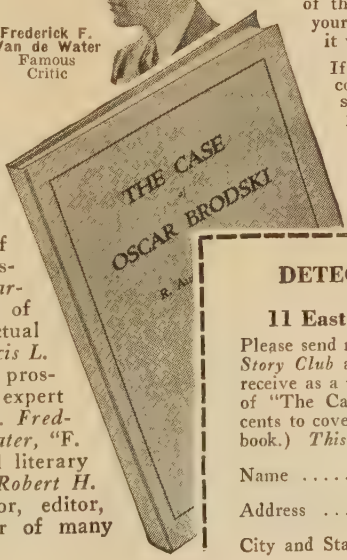

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

A PAMPHLET AGAINST ANTHOLOGIES.
By Laura Riding & Robert Graves
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$2 7½ x 4⅞; 192 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The authors expose and denounce the puerility of most varieties of anthologies of poetry, and then plead for the publication of a more or less complete corpus of English and American verse, on the lines of Chalmers' "English Poets," but larger. They believe that the difficulties presented by copyright could be surmounted by an agreement among publishers. To this corpus, they say, supplements could be added from time to time, and every ten years or so it could be revised. They argue that the current anthologies affect poets badly, by making them write drivel. The book shows a wide knowledge of poetry, old and new, and a great deal of common sense. It sorely lacks an index.

FORM & STYLE IN POETRY.
By W. P. Ker. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 7⅞ x 5¼; 384 pp. *New York*

Lectures and notes of the late Professor W. P. Ker, of Oxford and University College, London, on the history of the ballads, Chaucer, the Scottish Chaucerians, forms of English poetry, and form and style in poetry, with appendices and additional notes by R. W. Chambers. The arrangement of the text from the fragmentary notes and memoranda by Professor Chambers is a capital piece of editing. A distinguished and valuable book. It has an index.

HOW TO CRITICIZE BOOKS.
By Llewellyn Jones *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1.75 7½ x 5; 190 pp. *New York*

"To sum the matter up," declared Mr. Jones, "the general rule should be to begin a book review by a concrete description of what the book is about with these exceptions: when something striking or illuminating can be said, when some general idea or significant fact brought out intentionally or otherwise through the book is more important than the form or actual matter of the book." In addition, Mr. Jones has specific advice to give on the criticizing of poetry, fiction, the short story and the drama, with a separate chapter on how to collect facts and prepare papers. There is an appendix containing Susan Warren Wilbur's "Don'ts for Reviewers" and a short bibliography.

SOCIOLOGY

THE TRUTH ABOUT BIRTH CONTROL.
By George Ryley Scott. *T. Werner L*
6s. 7¼ x 4¾; 184 pp. *Lo*

In one part of this book the author finds it n sary to describe briefly certain methods of co ception, though only to expose and denounce t ineffectiveness. In consequence, its circulation in United States would probably inflame the Comsto and lead to its suppression. The fact is to be deplo for the volume brings to a muddled subject a g blast of common sense. Both the birth contro and their opponents are put into the dock, and t contentions examined. Mr. Scott finds that the sides simply run a race in nonsense. The birth trollers can neither prove that birth control is n sary to the welfare of the world nor show any pletely safe and reliable way of achieving it, and propagandists on the other side, whether they their case on religious, patriotic or moral grounds found to be quite as silly. The eugenists, mos whom are ardent birth controllers, have a chapte their own. It leaves them chasing phantasms looking ridiculous. Mr. Scott is a biologist writes with exact knowledge. He falls with spe delight upon the such self-appointed experts as Marie Stopes, and upon the medical dignitaries have contributed so much bogus physiology to b sides of the question. His book is well-informe is entertainingly written, and it clears the groun an immense amount of rubbish. His final conclu is that birth control is a private problem, and the uplifters had better let it alone. "If either p ner," he says, "is disinclined to have children matter should be considered settled."

CAREERS FOR WOMEN. *A Practical Guide to Ach ment.*
Edited by Doris E. Fleischman.
Doubleday, Doran & Com
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 514 pp. *Garden City,*

Forty-five women, leaders in as many professi here favor the young and innocent flapper with ad as to the responsibilities and opportunities for ser in their various lines of endeavor. As with most books, the present one has more blarney in it sense or information. First, most of the profess listed here, such as diet therapy, insurance, euthe cosmetics, railroading, real estate and stock breed have small attraction to the intelligent young

Continued on page xvi

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THE DIAL PRESS · NEW YORK

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xiv

the only one likely to read such a book. Secondl professions that do interest her are here discuss persons whose professional standing is not high thus she cannot respect their opinions. Ge Atherton writes on literature; Norma Talmad the movies; Ida Verdon, managing editor o *Cosmopolitan*, on editing; Jane Cowl on the d and the editor on public relations. The essay by Atherton deserves special mention. In it she mak following contribution to æsthetics: "I have a thought that a course in architecture would be h cial to those who aspire to novel writing."

LIVING WITHIN THE LAW.

By June Purcell Guild. *The New Re*
$1 7¼ x 5; 266 pp. *New*

This is a sort of handbook of United States la the layman, and is an excellent job. The so-calle of things is excluded from it, because of its great plexity and technicality, but everything of g interest regarding the law of persons is there, f general description of the Federal and State ju systems to a discussion of the various marriag divorce laws and a rapid survey of public h labor and immigration legislation. Mrs. Guild clearly and effectively and with good humor book is one of the very best of a generally good

BIOGRAPHY

THE TERRIBLE SIREN.

By Emanie Sachs. *Harper & B*
$4 8½ x 5½; 423 pp. *New*

Victoria Claflin was born in Homer, Ohio, in the daughter of Buck and Roxanna Claflin, gutte of a righteous American community. It was a ra household, says Mrs. Sachs, busy with wranglin praying and scheming and fortune-telling. The lins were Spiritualists almost before the wor invented. Somehow the Spiritualism of those mixed into religion and reform; nearly all the er pators and free lovers were also Spiritualists. I toria Claflin Woodhull at her zenith—she m Dr. Canning Woodhull before she was six religious ecstasy, free love and Spiritualism me merged. In the 'seventies, her heyday, news called her the Queen of the Prostitutes; then sh her sister, Tennessee Claflin, became magnetic h and later, when Commodore Vanderbilt set th in business, they were the famous Lady Brok Wall Street. They made a fortune, and lost mos through publishing *Woodhull & Claflin's* which had "PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT TRAMMELED LIVES!" on its cover. Anthony stock suppressed it for printing scandals about Ward Beecher, and sent Victoria and Tennes

Continued on page xviii

Adventure

WHEN "forty - fives" swung from every hip and ham and s cost three dollars a e—not so long ago; n any lad with a good, ıd back could ship on a ateer and get paid for mitting murder — only ew years back—*books* e not popular. The chil- ı had them for school. a boy ceased to be a d at fourteen. Adven- — *in person* — stood at y corner. There was no l to *read* about him.

oday we take our Ad- ture sitting at ease in hair with cigarettes or dy within h. Today we the story lers bring enture to us.

ife has chang- less blood is shed; instead of shooting or ngling, we take our grievances to court. the call of wild, far places, of border lands onquered, of endless horizons and harted seas continues to sound in our ears. are all adventurers at heart, all lovers of ll-fought fight, all worshippers of strength courage and daring.

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he greatest literary critics in the world e honored Joseph Conrad. One of them s that he envies people who have not l Conrad—*because they can experience supreme pleasure which can never be his ts full power again*—the pleasure of read- Conrad for the *first* time.

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xvi

Ludlow street jail, though Victoria was then a c
date for the Presidency of the United States. She
nominated by the Equal Rights Party, and her
ning mate was Frederick Douglas, the Negro refo
After a life of the most varied and untrammeled a
ties, she died at the age of ninety, the widow
wealthy English banker, a lady bountiful i
English village, esteemed by the estimable.
Sachs paints her last days with a touching pa
"She said she wouldn't let anyone come nea
because she was afraid, afraid they might harr
or give her some infection. When she was half-
she spent her days lying in her automobile, and
one chauffeur wouldn't go fast enough, she
another. She sped madly around the countryside
she were trying to flee from death. For four
she . . . spent her nights upright in a chair fo
she'd die if she went to bed. . . . Finally, on the
ing of June 10, 1927, they found her dead. He
enemy had conquered her quietly, while she
asleep." An intensely interesting book. Often,
not as clear as it might be, because of the ma
material Mrs. Sachs has included from all manr
sources, but it succeeds in drawing admirably a
acter of the most sensational and novel cont
The volume contains numerous contemporary
trations and a lengthy bibliography; an ind
missing.

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY.
1891.
By Florence Emily Hardy. *The Macmillan Co*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 327 pp. *New*

This volume describes Hardy's boyhood in
chester, his training and practice as an architec
struggle between architecture and literature (186
his marriage, and the publication of his first b
down to "Tess," restored and published in
Mrs. Hardy has compiled her story largely fron
temporary notes, letters, diari s and convers
extending over many years. She offers almo
comment, and the result is a plain and strikin
trait. She merely records the reiterating notes o
simism throughout Hardy's memoranda, wit
attempt to explain them; by the same metho
makes it clear that the writing of poetry was th
of his life. Hardy's own comments upon his co
poraries were few, but what he said was sing
quotable. Of Walter Pater he wrote, "His man
that of one carrying weighty ideas without sp
them." Of Matthew Arnold: "A manner of h
made up his mind on everything years ago, so t
was a pleasing futility for his interlocutor to
thinking new ideas, different from his own, a
time of day." The book contains many illustr
and an index.

Continued on page xx

Are you blindly groping for words to fit your thoughts?

"What word conveys the exact shade of meaning I desire?"

"Is there a better word than the one I am using?"

"What is that word I have forgotten?"

"Is there a word in the language which expresses my thought clearly?"

"How can I avoid this constant repetition?"

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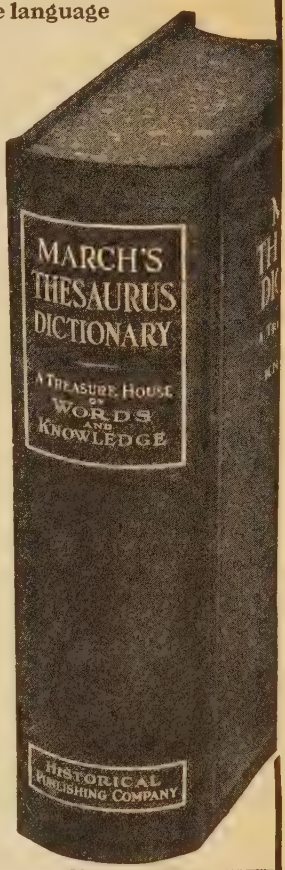

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M. Lamandé here reveals the manner of man M taigne was before the composition of the Essay period heretofore neglected. He takes him in the part of the book, through his studies under Nich de Grouchy and then under Marc-Antoine Muret sojourn in Toulouse, "where he found an even-pered population, numerous relatives and tyran studies," and his first visit to court. He descr Montaigne at twenty-five as "shortlegged, with a orous and hairy body, wide-awake eyes, and his covered with a beard as rugged as a chestnut Since his childhood he has regulated his pac he pleased. . . . Does he work? Only when tem by keen pleasure, otherwise he dreams or am himself. . . . He cannot sing, play an instrum swim, fence, close a letter satisfactorily, sharp pencil, nor carve at table; . . . his behind in saddle, that is his pleasure and fancy. In the m time he has a steady, quick gait. Quicksilver ru his veins. His speech spurts out sharply and disc fully, precise, savory to the lips, three-qua French and the rest Gascon." A vivid book, translated by Alfred van Ameyden van Duym. It tains many illustrations, but an index and bibl raphy are lacking.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

By Arthur Ponsonby. *The Macmillan Com*

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Of Pepys, says Mr. Ponsonby, three distinct traits exist: the impression he made on his con poraries; the memory left of him after his deat the period from 1703 to 1825; and the detailed pi which emerged from the Diary after the eight-vol edition was completed in 1899. The present vol without adding any new material save on one or small points, such as Pepys's relations with William Petty, is an attempt to describe the portraits. The characterization of Pepys, therefo unusually complete, though it is often marre Mr. Ponsonby's didacticism. The book belong the English Men of Letters, New Series, edite J. C. Squires; it has a bibliography and an index.

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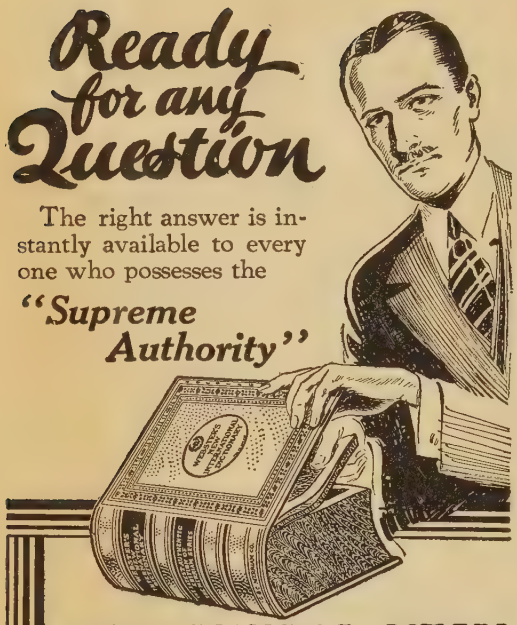

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By Henry W. Lawrence. *Little, Brown & Com*
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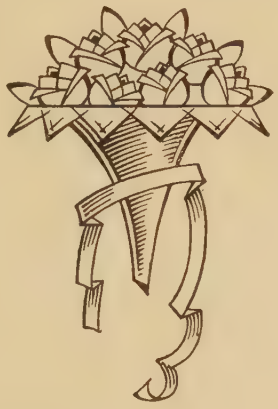

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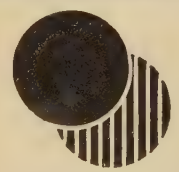

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Here is the elucidating note that Miss Bre puts at the end of her anthology: "Anyone re this volume straight through might be struck b preponderance of tragic themes; of realism, often, and darkly sinister. This may reflect the of the compiler. Recently, challenged by a st who complained about this unrelieved 'realism made a search for short stories that presented happy and romantic situations, . . . and it was ing to find how large was the number of tragic st It would seem therefore that the short story itself demands dramatic subject matter. The limited space, and within those limits effects m secured. A situation of sharp realistic potentiali tragedy is much more likely to make for dra intensity than many a more subdued complicat There is a bibliography at the end.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT PHILOSOPH
Edited by Daniel Sommer Robinson.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Co
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 674 pp. *New*

The subtitle of this book describes its cha fully: "Selections for Beginners from the Writi the Greatest Twentieth Century Philosophers, Biographical Sketches, Analyses and Questio Discussion." Dr. Robinson, who is professor o losophy at Miami University, has done a fair such things go, but leaves himself open to c serious complaints. He gives no space whateve example, to that most important development of ern philosophy, symbolic or mathematical logic literature on the subject is immense, and its two ing American exponents, Professors Sheffer and I both of Harvard, are clear and effective writers. Charles S. S. Peirce is not represented at all. He in many ways, the father of realism and one profoundest thinkers of our time, and surely des inclusion. Thirdly, on what rational basis ca Robinson justify the space he allots to Will D and the place he gives his essay, next to one by W James? Fourthly, why let Dr. John A. Ryan, Catholic University, speak for Neo-Scholasticis ignore completely the two recognized authorit the field, Professor Maurice DeWulf, of Louvai Etienne Gilson, of the Sorbonne? The analyse questions for discussion, fortunately, are brief

Continued in back advertising section, xlviii

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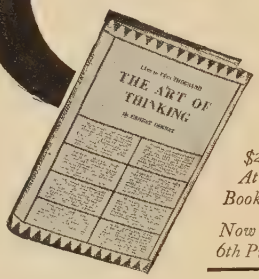

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MERCURY

March 1929

THE NERVOUS AMERICAN

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

N WASHINGTON, at the close of the late war, an advertising agent—a fellow war-worker who had been a dollar-a-r man in one of the government bureaux ame to me with what he called a prop-tion. He wanted a booklet written in praise of Bolshevism, and he was pre-ed to pay $20,000 for it. Or so he said. t was evident why he came to me. He ew that, as an associate chairman of the mmittee on Public Information, I had ted and rewritten the Committee's pam-et exposing the relation between the lshevist leaders and the Imperial Ger-n Government in the early days of the lshevist revolution. But I did not under-nd why *he* should be so excited about lshevism. He had never shown any con-n about it before. And I was puzzled to ow how his sudden animus had made n so public-spirited that he was willing offer as much as a dollar a word for an ression of his emotion.

The Committee on Public Information d been interested in Bolshevism during e war while the Bolshevist leaders were thdrawing Russia from the ranks of the lies. But we were not interested in Bol-evism as an upheaval in Russia. And we re not afraid of it as a revolutionary nace to America. Our information owed that Bolshevism, in Russia, was inly a doctrinaire affair. The land that had been taken from the Russian aristocracy had been seized by the peasants and was not held by the Bolshevist government as communal land. A peasant who owns land is not a Communist; he is one of the bourgeoisie. The peasants in Russia were nearly ninety per cent of the population; the industrial workers who supported Bolshevism could not be more than two per cent; and so a Communist revolution in Russia could never be more than skin-deep. If the Bolshevist leaders attempted to impose Communism on the peasants, they would fail.

They had, in fact, already failed. They had interfered with the peasant's private ownership of his crops, and the peasant had refused to raise any crops except those he needed for his own use, and the Bolshevist leaders were now struggling with a famine. They would have to compromise with the peasant by allowing him to sell his crops for his own profit, and that would end everything but a formal pretense of Communism in Russia. The Bolshevists might keep themselves in power by means of a military despotism, because the Russian peasant was notably ignorant and easily oppressed, but no such despotism was possible in any other European country. And certainly not in the United States.

Here the industrial workers and their

friends were perhaps twenty-five per cent of the population, at the wildest estimate. If they were to arm themselves for a revolt against society, the other seventy-five per cent of the people would get their guns, if necessary, and shoot it out on the streets. The American, in the process of revolution, has no such respect for law and authority as the Russian. The record made against the I. W. W. in the Western States showed that. Thus Bolshevism was no more a menace to us, internally, than Kaiserism. And why print a booklet against Kaiserism?

The advertising agent grinned. "I know all that," he said. "That's not the point."

The point was that he had found the wealthy business men of America amazingly stirred up about Bolshevism. They were ready to finance a campaign of propaganda against the Red Menace. As a publicity agent, he could collect his commission on that part of the campaign which he could get routed through his office. A rival had already arranged for a series of full-page newspaper advertisements against Bolshevism, for which he would be well paid; and it seemed to my friend that there might be even more profit in a booklet. Certainly, there would be unlimited money to back it. If it could be made a bang-up wild whoop of a booklet, it might prove to be a gold mine.

As far as I know, the booklet was never written, but the newspaper advertisements certainly appeared, and the campaign against the Red Menace began to assume the proportions of a national hysteria. The industrial detective agencies took their toll of it and egged it on with reports procured from their operatives. The bureaux of investigation at Washington went gloriously mad about it. The patriotic societies turned all their wartime enthusiasm into it, and the patriotic agitators—who subsist on these societies—foresaw in the excitement a promise of long life to their wartime salaries. Best of all, the wealthy business man, seriously alarmed by the social disaster in Russia, poured out a stream of patriotic dollars to support the propaganda against Bolshevism and prosecution of suspected Reds; and as as this money was forthcoming, the of anti-Bolshevist emotion was certain a supply of suspected Reds assured. result was a popular mania that has no equal in America since the early tans went wild about witchcraft and a torturable witch in every old wo who had lost her teeth.

II

This was all an interesting spectacle the man on the side-lines. People mus allowed to have their manias, and onl incurable optimist will complain o But I was puzzled to know why the m was so much more feverish in the U States than in any other Anglo-S country. In Great Britain, for example Reds among the labor leaders succeede beginning a general strike, and the s was promptly broken by volunteers the other classes—just as it would been in America, though with more order perhaps than in England—, but there was no hysteria in England, an persecution of suspected Reds, and no p otic suppression of free speech, and blacklisting of radical speakers. W What made all the difference?

The radicals in Washington were vinced that much of the terror in United States was due to the bad consci of the business man who had been profi ing during the war and knew it. He said to be afraid that the returning sol of the A. E. F. would behave like the sians and organize a soviet of soldiers sailors to join the workers in revolt; this report of his fear was certainly b out by the efforts that were made to control of the American Legion and vent it from going red. But, here at t the whole panic was proved ridiculou the ease with which the Legion was t formed into an anti-Bolshevist orga tion devoted to the suppression of ra speakers and the intimidation of paci

There were fewer germs of revolt among
American veterans than there were
ong the British; and the British busi-
s man must have had as bad a conscience
his American rival; yet Englishmen had
viously no fear of the returned soldier as
evolutionary, nor did anyone take the
uble to enroll the British veterans in a
ion to rough-house any meeting that
ced a radical dissatisfaction with the
rld and the way it was being run. The
glish comic journals were full of bitter
es at the newly rich who had made for-
ies by profiteering during the war; the
nerican comics were discreetly silent
out anything of the sort. One New York
gazine, the *Metropolitan*, since deceased,
nounced that capitalism was an Ameri-
institution and that anyone who op-
sed it was a traitor. Such a statement
uld have been printed in England only
a comic paper as a wild burlesque. Why?
ny was the whole matter treated with
nic here, and with so little apprehension
Great Britain?

Someone offered me the excuse which is
en for all such differences between the
glish and the American methods of
ndling what is called social unrest. The
glish people, it is explained, are a homo-
neous people. The working man and his
ployer speak the same language. They
ve the same traditions. The labor leader
l the mine owner may even be graduates
the same college. Garet Garrett, in an
icle on the English industrial crisis, has
cribed a small group of these men—
ed employers, radical politicians, labor
ders and so forth—meeting at a luncheon
consider their difficulties and calling
another by their first names. Such an
ident is impossible in the United States
a variety of reasons, but chiefly, ac-
rding to the sociologists, because we are
t a homogeneous people. Our labor is
gely foreign labor, immigrant labor, as
has been since the tide of immigration
amped the American workingman after
Civil War. Our employers and our
or leaders have not the same traditions;
they are commonly alien to each other by birth and language. A luncheon at which John D. Rockefeller and the late Samuel Gompers would call each other Jack and Sam is not a thing that could be imagined outside of a vaudeville show.

And that was all very well, too. It seemed a plausible explanation in so far as it accounted for some of the American employer's fear of labor as a native's fear of the foreigner. But it was obvious that the American fear went much further than this. There was a fear of radicalism that had been panicky even before the Socialist and Liberal programme in politics had been made frightful with the bloody name of Bolshevism. The panic in 1886, after the so-called "anarchistic" bomb-outrage in Chicago, was as hysterical as the hullabaloo about Bolshevism. The panic about Free Silver in the late nineties was another gaudy emotional debauch. In each of these cases, the fright seemed to begin among the leaders of the community, and they passed it on to the herd, usually in the course of a political campaign and for the purpose of defeating some candidate whom the powers-that-be considered dangerous.

I had been making a series of psychological studies of distinguished Americans with a psychiatrist in Washington, Dr. Edward H. Reede, whose practice gave him an opportunity for acquiring insight into the typical American mind. And in the course of our work, it became apparent that the difference between the English and the American attitude toward Bolshevism was not wholly due to the homogeneity of the English people. There was a difference, also, between the typical mind of the governing Englishman and the mind of the man in America who rose to power by virtue of his wealth and his control of politics.

It seemed to me, at first, that the great difference was caused by social conditions. The governing Englishman was commonly born to his position. His leadership was inherited with his estate. His privileges were open, acknowledged, accepted by

the people, and secure. A system of caste maintained him, unworried, in an eminence that was psychologically sustained. He was notably self-confident even in his stupidity, free of all fear of his regimented inferiors, and almost as safe in his authority as an army officer who cannot be deposed by any franchise of his men.

But things were very different with the governing American. He was rarely born to his position. In a country where wealth cannot be entailed, a great estate and a consequent power in politics are rarely inherited. They are earned by individual effort. And their privileges are neither open nor acknowledged. These men can only rule in America through what has been called our invisible government. They cannot get themselves elected to our House of Commons, and they have no House of Lords in which to sit. They have to obtain representation by their control of the people's representatives, and that control must be secret, and it is always uncertain. There is no caste system to maintain them even if they have been born to their power. They are consequently far less self-confident than the Englishman in a similar social position, and they are justly more apprehensive of any movement of revolt that may threaten their privileges.

But this explanation was also sociological. And Dr. Reede's experience with a host of patients had already established sufficient evidence to indicate that there was something psychological and subconscious below any American fear of Bolshevism that could be laid to social conditions. A deeper fear—a fear of which the successful American might be wholly unaware—underlay the conscious dread that expressed itself in the national hysteria. And apparently it was this subconscious fear that predisposed people to become ridiculous about the Red Menace, and inspired foolish persecutions of innocent suspects, and suppressed free speech, and led to such witch-burnings as the condemnation of Mooney in California, Hillstrom in Utah, and Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts.

III

In a way, the fear could be traced ba the early Puritans. It had descended them through social tradition, pa teaching and the imitation of dom traits. But it had changed its ou aspect in the process of descent.

With the Puritan, it has been an ob soul-fear. He had adopted a religion filled him with a sense of sin and pro him with no means of obtaining al tion. He could say of himself, with St in his Epistle to the Romans: "I find a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in th of God after the inward man. But I s other law in my members, warring ag the law of my mind and bringing me captivity to the law of sin which is members. . . . Who shall deliver me the body of this death? . . . With the I myself serve the law of God: but, the flesh, the law of sin."

That is to say, there was an inner flict in the Puritan between his anim petites and his instinctive fear—a fe death which had been translated i fear of Hell, a fear of God, a fear of fear of punishment in this world an next. There were involved in the co also, his ego-ideals of humility and ness and his instinct of self-assertion impelled him to ambition, envy, anger and so forth. These conflicts app in his consciousness as a war betwee Flesh and the Spirit, between God an Devil in him. The instincts against w he had set himself were the stronge stincts of ordinary healthy life; he never wholly defeat them; he could arrive at any truce between them an conscious ideals. His conscious sou was endlessly aroused by the ungover urgings of his animal appetites. C quently, he had a chronic case of wh psychiatrists call floating anxiety.

The typical modern American, co to Dr. Reede's office for the treatmen neurosis, proved to be suffering with

h a floating anxiety. In so far as the ient was a true spiritual descendant of Puritans, who had been given a Puritan ining in his childhood by a normal ierican mother, his anxiety was a recog- able soul-fear. His later education had ie nothing to settle the quarrel between conscious ideals and his subconscious ulses. Whatever conscious revolt he de against the Puritan training of his ly years, his subconscious mind con- ued full of the dread that had come of first admonishments. He was worried l anxious and insecure in the depths of mind, and tense with an inner appre- sion whose origin was hidden from n.

n a book called "The American Mind Action," which I wrote at that time h Dr. Reede, his theory about sub- scious soul-fear in the American is set th at considerable length, and its effect he formation of character is studied in lives of a long list of eminent Ameri- s. The theory was new and heretical en we first published it about ten years , but it has already become almost or- dox. It is much too intricate to be fully forth in as brief an article as this. I h to refer to it here only in those aspects ich seem to explain such national hys- as as the panic about Bolshevism.

The early Puritan was saved from the rst consequences of his repressive creed his luck in coming to settle in the erican wilderness, where a new land e him unlimited opportunities to use anxious energies in pioneer industry. y failure, any calamity, any ill-luck was arded by him as an expression of God's th against him; and when the colony an to succeed, its prosperity was equally epted as the evidence of God's favor. is prosperity was almost the only proof his righteousness that the Puritan could ain from Heaven, since he had no priest absolve him and he had no experience- eting in which to work himself up to a viction of grace by means of mob emo- ns. His prosperity also gave him a feel- ing of personal security to counteract his inner fear, and his industry relieved his repressions somewhat, by draining off his reservoired energy. Therefore industry was an equivalent of virtue and prosperity almost a proof of salvation.

In the mind of the modern American, the religious element has assumed another form, but the habits and characteristics that were originally derived from the religious element have persisted. The old faith in Providence rewarding virtue has become a belief in Opportunity smiling on industry. A man's instinctive impulses impairing his Efficiency have taken on the aspects of the old Flesh which he must fight. He pursues success, to escape failure, with all the inner urge that drove the Puritan to escape sin. Failure is the sin of the modern American business world. So exclusively does industry serve as the sole support of security that if you take an American away from his business, he worries to death. Retire him and he falls into a depression that is exactly like the despair of a Puritan's conviction of sin. The American prefers to die in harness rather than rest in his old age, as the European does. He has no rich inner life, based on self-knowledge and tolerance of himself, to repose upon in security when his work is done. His greatest psychological vice is worry—which is a displaced fear, a subconscious anxiety that gets itself projected into every sort of conscious dread.

Worry never ceases with him, because its hidden source is never reached. He throws himself into work, into business, into the activities of his profession, even into his competitive games, with a concentration and an application that are the wonder of the world. With an equal ardor he attacks all obstacles to his success, all rivals who keep him back, and all philosophies and modes of thought that threaten his prosperity. Hence his horror and fear of Bolshevism. Witchcraft, with its worship of the Devil, was no more terrifying to his Puritan forefathers. And the legal murder of suspected Reds was as in-

evitable in our day as the death by torture of Giles Cory of Salem in 1692, when he refused to plead either guilty or not guilty to a charge of witchcraft.

IV

If this state of subconscious fear and secret insecurity is the condition of the average American, it is much more the condition of the eminently successful man in the community. He is most commonly self-made. Almost invariably he has succeeded because his psychic drive, his anxious urge, his need of material success to sustain his inner inadequacy have all been greater than the similar drives and urges in his rivals.

Usually he has risen from poverty and inferiority, unaided by any kindly hand, and he has learned life in a hard school where pity has no more place than it has in a card-game, and injustice goes without saying, and envy and jealousy and unrelenting self-interest are the impelling emotions of mankind. He has no faintest understanding of the radical, the Communist, the Socialist, the political dreamer and idealist who exalt the herd instinct in man above the egotistic impulses and preach a doctrine of the common good to which the private interest must be sacrificed. To the typical American mind, all Socialist doctrine is demagoguery, hypocrisy, a disguise for the self-interest of the man who aspires to lead those-who-have-not into plundering those-who-have. And the governing American replies to the radicals with all the cruelty and injustice of his pragmatic business world.

This, too, is inevitable and must be borne. It is as useless to complain of it as to rail against the weather. It is one of the inescapable attributes of our successful civilization, and you might as well resent the number of motor cars on our country roads. The parasites of the rich American, having learned his fear, will always be able to scare money out of him for a campaign of propaganda against his bugaboo. The patriotic societies that promote his
will always be in funds. The politi
who denounce his *bête-noire* will never
for campaign contributions. The ju
and prosecutors will always be able to
witches for him and prove a case ag
them.

When such a subconscious emotio
fear and hatred is aroused, no intelli
argument has any force to restrain it
evidence against it has any validity. I
quoted, above, the case of Hillstro
Utah. I first read of it in a decision o
Supreme Court of Utah confirming
strom's guilt, and that decision conta
a paragraph so appalling in its see
duplicity that I could not believe my
A grocer had been murdered in Salt
City on a Saturday night in January
by two masked men who came into
store, shouted "We've got you now!"
shot him down. About two hours l
six miles away, a Swedish laboring
who was an I. W. W., Joseph Hillstro
name, came to the office of a doctor
knew him, to get treated for a b
wound. The Chief Justice of the Sup
Court ruled that the fact that Hills
went with his wound to a doctor six
away from the grocery store was pro
Hillstrom's guilt, because, he wrote,
suffering from such a wound as did th
fendant—a wound of such serious and
fatal consequences—ordinarily does
walk around the country seeking sur
aid until, from loss of blood, he is abo
collapse. Generally, such aid is prom
summoned and brought to the suffe
So that the fact that a seriously wou
man usually goes to the nearest sur
did not indicate that Hillstrom *had* go
the nearest surgeon and had *not*
wounded six miles away; it proved
he was guilty because he had wa
"around the country" with his woun

This seemed to me so astounding a
of logic that I read it to an old frie
sincere and honest man whose hatre
the I. W. W.'s was well-known to
And to my surprise his mind worked

e Chief Justice's. He also saw the inci-
nt as a proof of Hillstrom's guilt. Quite
nestly he saw it so. And no patient re-
ration of mine could make him see the
ner possibility. He frowned over it, and
orried over it, and listened to me with
ery appearance of trying to get my argu-
nt, but he never got it.

I have listened to many arguments on
e Sacco-Vanzetti case which ended in
e same way. And the man is simple who
nks that the members of Governor Ful-
's board of review purposely disbelieved
the witnesses that testified in behalf of
cco and Vanzetti and deliberately gave
dence to all the witnesses for the pros-
ution. Prejudice does not work so con-
ously. A thoroughly honest man may be
ite unable to see a plain fact staring him
the face when his subconscious mind is
willing that he should see it. He may be
ite sincere and deeply self-justified in his
claration that he cannot see it, and con-
quently that it is not there. The fact
hich he cannot see may be a fact that
ould save an innocent man from electro-
tion. Still he may be an honest and up-
ht judge—a Daniel come to judgment—
d not be able to see that fact.

It would seem to be the path of wisdom
the prosperous American to distrust his emotion and suspect his judgment when he is goose-fleshed by any warning cry about radicalism, Communism, Bolshevism, or isms of the sort. But that, perhaps, is to expect too much. It is easier for the radical to avoid arousing the fear which inspires the outcry. Bernard Shaw has performed miracles of avoidance by his use of humor. He has been listened to as a mountebank of whom no one need be afraid. Any radical with Will Rogers' wit would be as immune from censorship in America as a court fool. Heywood Broun continually says things acceptably for which Eugene Debs would have been suppressed, just as Mark Twain did for some of the heresies for which Bob Ingersoll was excommunicated. The American is easily moved to laughter. His famous humor is a subconscious device by which he derides his own repressions, and it could be used to tickle him out of some of his most oppressive fears. The day may come when nervous America, Puritan and successful, will laugh as contemptuously at the whiskered scarecrow of radical revolt as it would laugh now if anyone tried to frighten it with the apparition of an old witch on a broom-handle. Already we realize that Giles Cory did not die in vain. Perhaps it is true too of Sacco and Vanzetti, though we do not yet see it so.

AMERICANIZATION IN SAMOA

BY MARGARET MEAD

The Maori grass dies before the European grass. The Maori rat dies before the European rat. So dies the Maori before the European.

So an old aborigine of New Zealand summed up the effect of the white man in the Pacific. The lithe, charming native has been offered the choice between the Lady and the Tiger, acceptance of an alien way of life or death. He may give up his native industries, forsake bark cloth for Manchester cotton, cool thatch for corrugated tin roofs, his airy, graceful kilt for ugly, ill-fitting trousers, and give up his liquid Polynesian tongue for a garbled version of the speech of the invader. He may rewrite his dance songs in terms of Methodist hymn cadences, and substitute tin-cans filled with petunias and geraniums for the stately gray stones which once marked the graves of his dead. After he has made a large number of such unbeautiful concessions, he becomes either a cultureless man, without ambition, drunken, inelegantly clad, without pride —this in the smaller warmer islands where the beachcomber holds sway,—or he sends his children to school and they grow up in another tradition.

This last is the fate of the natives in the two great Polynesian island groups, New Zealand and Hawaii, where the conquerors have come in great numbers, bringing with them a coherent Anglo-Saxon tradition instead of the rags and tatters of half a dozen traditions brought by beachcombers and remittance men. The Hawaiian and Maori children grow up in the white man's culture, retaining only their brown skins and soft dark eyes as evidence of their ancestry. This is cultural death and has proved to be only a deferring of r death in Hawaii, where the Hawaii vanishing through intermarriage other races.

On many of the smaller islands people are not surviving the loss of own civilization; the elders are refusi bring into the world a disinherited ge tion and the people are dying out, ha chosen the speedier form of extinc The white man has also brought his subtle weapons, drink and drugs, earlier in history, weapons, with w the natives might annihilate one ano Unfamiliar diseases have, of course, played their part in the depopulatio the Pacific. The influenza epidemic of practically wiped out the older genera in parts of the Society Islands and them died all knowledge of the n ritual and religion, in which the y people have ceased to interest themse

This picture is the more distressing cause the damage has been in great accidental, neither the work of imp aggrandizement nor a byproduct of nomic exploitation. It is the result of tact rather than of conquest. Tubercu was spread far more by the custom of rooning consumptive sailors upon s islands where the people took in the d men, nursed them tenderly and contra their disease, than by government or sion requiring the adoption of unsuit clothing. Native industries faded and before the miraculous process by w copra could be exchanged for cloth tin buckets; they were not stamped ou government edicts, as in parts of M nesia. The casual European resident d

uch harm as the organized effort of cer-
in missionary groups to introduce the
aterial symbols of lower middle-class
n-conformist salvation.

In other parts of the world, many years
concerted onslaught upon the native
lture, and the removal of the native from
s own land, separating him from his
tural food supply, forbidding his re-
gious ceremonies, outlawing his eco-
mic system, and making his marriage
rangements illegal, have been necessary
fore he would give up his culture or die
t without giving it up. But in Polynesia
has seemed as if the white man's culture
ere a sort of insidious poison. The native
kes it easily, carelessly, and when he
ds the whole fabric of his existence
tting, dies of a broken heart.

II

is against such a background that the
nerican administration in Samoa must be
derstood. Once and so often some en-
usiastic young American starts a round
complaint, comparing conditions in the
tive school-houses with the school sys-
m of Gary, Ind., to the former's dis-
vantage. It is such an attitude which
ads an occasional Governor into the in-
ity of trying to have manual training
ught in the native schools—this to a
ople who can already make practically
ery article necessary to their lives! But
ewed against a knowledge of conditions
sewhere in the Pacific and among primi-
ve peoples in other parts of the world, it
safe to say that through a series of lucky
cidents America has produced a type of
ministration in Samoa of which she
ay well be proud.

Our very possession of the islands is
omalous. After half a century of inter-
tional disagreement and native wars,
e three Great Powers interested in
moa, Great Britain, Germany and the
nited States, came to an agreement
own as the Berlin General Act of 1899.
nder this agreement Great Britain re-
nounced all interest in the Samoan islands, Germany took the two large islands of Upolu and Savaii and the two little islands of Manono and Apolima, now governed by New Zealand as mandated territory, and the United States received the "Island of Tutuila and all other islands of the Samoan group east of longitude 171° west of Greenwich." The United States thus acquired the land-locked harbor of Pago Pago as a naval base, the three small islands of the Manu'a Group, and Rose Atoll, which is uninhabited,—sixty square miles of steep, volcanic South Sea island territory, unsuited to extensive cultivation, and containing a population of between five and six thousand Samoans.

A formal annexation act has never been passed by Congress. Our possession of the island is thus irregular and it is still a matter of pedantic controversy as to whether such acts of Congress as that of June 28, 1906, providing for the acknowledgment of deeds in American Samoa, that of August 5, 1909, mentioning Tutuila as a "possession" of the United States, and that of August 29, 1916, appropriating funds for a radio station in "American Samoa," are tantamount to a formal annexation by Congress. The islands were handed over to the administration of the Navy Department under an Executive Order signed by the President on February 19, 1900.

On April 1, 1900 (the date is ironical), the chiefs of Tutuila signed a formal cession of Tutuila to the United States. In 1902 they inquired tentatively as to whether anything had been done by the "Uniti Setati" about their gift. President Roosevelt then sent a message of greeting to the people of Tutuila and expressed the thanks of the United States for their "gift." Later, in 1904, the chiefs of Manu'a ceded Manu'a to the United States. Roosevelt again sent a message of appreciation and this time "a silver watch and chain (with case), a silver medal (with case) and a proclamation diploma to each signer."

Upon such amiable and implicit founda-

tions rests our occupancy of Samoa. International jurists who are more interested in points of law than in the happiness of peoples are distressed over their illegality. It is doubtful if the charming naïveté with which the three Powers divided up islands over which none of them had any legitimate claims would be improved upon by an act of Congress. But such an act might, of course, take the islands out of the control of the Navy, provide them with a constitution based upon precedents which have nothing to do with Samoa, and saddle them with intrigue and exploitation.

Instead of which Samoa is governed by the Navy under a series of Regulations and Orders for the Government of American Samoa, enacted by a long series of Governors. This code is remarkable in many ways—for its moderation, its respect for Samoan custom, its generally pragmatic and tolerant character. Only two Samoan customs were expressly forbidden in the code as it stood when I was in Samoa: the public defloration of virgin brides and the custom of killing pigs and destroying crops on the way to a funeral. Probably such a record of non-interference can hardly be equalled anywhere else where one people governs an alien and more primitive people; certainly not anywhere where the United States exercises control.

The problem of taxation is solved by the cheerful expedient of taxing every man over five feet one inch, as birth records are only beginning to be kept and an adult Samoan will give his age with perfect insouciance as twenty-five or sixty upon different occasions. The government appoints the highest chief in a district as district governor, and chiefs of lesser title as county chiefs. The attempted elaboration of a mayor elected by each village has been disposed of in characteristic native fashion. If the highest chief is elected mayor, the people defer to him; if he isn't elected, they defer to him anyhow and ignore the mayor. Government officials soon learn to traffic with the high chief regardless of his technical status.

III

The Polynesian separated from his lan a doomed man. He will not work wages, he knows no trade, he has means of subsistence except sponging u his relatives. Wherever the white or C nese trader has penetrated, unless dete by government, he has tended to exten the native long credits which the latte unable to meet. Ultimately the nati land finds its way to the trader as paym for the debt. All such exploitation is ef tively prevented in American Samoa. trader is permitted to give more than credit to any native—an amount wh any man willing to cut copra can re Also a government regulation forbids alienation of native lands to non-nati Leaseholds not exceeding forty years occasionally granted. These may have t semi-tragic aspect, as when a lease is gi for a nominal sum to a mission planta which is then planted and improved by mission, and when the time comes for newal the descendants of the orig pious renter reconsider their ancest price in terms of the enormously increa value of the land.

Justice is administered by a civi judge appointed by the Navy for a pe of two years, and by a series of na magistrates selected from among the m venerable chiefs in the native communit Fines have been found to be the most ef tive form of punishment. The Samo were familiar with them before "the c ing of the light" (a euphemism in Ocea for the coming of the white man). Ev Samoan prefers to compound an offens possible; even adultery is settled by the respondent, male or female, making atc ment in fine mats to the injured spo Jailing, which lacks the power to co social degradation in Samoa, is found t less effective. Old residents still tell story of the time when a village asked mission to go upon a *malaga*, a visit to other village. It had been found necess to institute some sort of traffic regulat

these wholesale village exoduses since
e introduction of cricket has made them
popular that often the gardens are badly
glected. The judge therefore refused per-
ssion to the whole village to go and
e upon the other village for a week, and
en found to his great chagrin that the
iefs had made the visit first and asked
permission afterward. They were or-
red to jail and came into the Naval Sta-
on singing gaily, happy at the thought
living upon the government for a month.
ie government has wisely profited by
ch occurrences, and changed its tactics.
The procedure of the courts is special and
en irregular. It varies between the most
appropriate recitation of precedents from
lifornia law, if there is no Samoan law
cover the case, to the most humane and
niable understanding of native confusion.
ses involving natives often require a
ble disregard of ordinary legal procedure.
is necessary, for instance, to "forgive"
woman for bigamy when it is found
at after her first husband, a native of
itish Samoa, wrote her not to return for
had a new wife, she married a Tutuila
an innocent of any knowledge that she
as breaking a law. A court with author-
to "forgive" bigamy hardly follows
e best precedents of Anglo-Saxon law.
hen such a court makes rulings over
nite civilians in the same free and easy
shion, fining the plaintiff as well as the
fendant in a case of assault without
ubling to have a new charge brought
, the white resident finds cause for grum-
ing. Any large increase in the white
vilian population would doubtless de-
and the constitution of some less arbi-
ary judiciary. Meanwhile, almost all of
e white population and a large section of
e more sophisticated native population,
rses, and *fitafita*, (native Marines), do
t come under the jurisdiction of civilian
urt, and there are far more natives need-
g official absolution for innocent breaches
laws which they have not yet learned
understand than there are civilian resi-
nts needing legal protection.

In matters of public health the administration has been very successful. Quarantine was enforced so effectively during the influenza epidemic that American Samoa escaped untouched. Here again, official action in a small place may go to ludicrous extremes, as when a new medical officer quarantined all the arrivals from a ship upon which a second-class passenger with smallpox had been discovered between San Francisco and Honolulu. Although the steamer escaped quarantine in Honolulu and Sydney, the heterogeneous group of officers, enlisted personnel and a Samoan family were huddled away upon a minute point of land in Pago Pago harbor, where the punctilio enjoined upon them by the difference in their naval status made life thoroughly and unnecessarily miserable for everybody.

Native nurses are trained in the Samoan hospital under the supervision of medical officers and Navy nurses, under conditions which would scandalize any devotee of orderly hospital routine. The wards are Samoan houses, thatched roofs erected upon circles of posts, without walls. The only addition is cement floors. Patients are brought food by their relatives, following a deeply entrenched tradition. The Samoan nurses, who have hardly had the equivalent of a fifth-grade education and speak the most rudimentary English, go about barefoot. In this way the Samoan aversion to the hospital, based upon a fear of the unfamiliar and of dying away from home, is gradually being worn down by making hospital conditions as homelike as possible.

The Samoan nurses are taught how to deal with intestinal parasites, conjunctivitis, skin diseases and dysentery, and they learn the essentials of obstetrics. They are sent out into the villages, where they become useful centers of public health. The newly arrived medical officer starts back in horror on seeing a nurse answer a hurry call to a sick bed with a piece of dripping, nearly raw pork in her hand, but such things have not unfitted the girls for mar-

rying native pastors and living useful lives in the backwoods villages. Samoan men are similarly trained to serve as corps men and interpreters in the clinics and outlying dispensaries. Had the government waited until a group of high-school grade, English-speaking Samoan boys and girls was developed, Samoan public health would be far below its present standard.

It has also shown commendable restraint in dealing with the native doctors. Samoan aboriginal medical practice is a mass of useless and erroneous formulae for the use of leaves and roots. When it isn't useless, it is often highly injurious. Native doctors habitually use one cathartic herb which is likely death, often in combination with another which is sure death. They treat the conjunctivitis which is so prevalent in Samoa by rubbing the inflamed eyes with a paste of bark and leaves which results in the formation of scar tissue and eventual blindness. There is a strong temptation to a government with absolute power to interfere with practices whose injurious effects are visible on every hand. But high-handed methods would antagonize every Samoan family, for under every roof lives an old woman with at least one or two medicinal secrets. So the government has contented itself with commanding treatment for yaws, and every third Friday in the month all the natives with that disease are lined up and injected with 606. With this sole exception, the government has used peaceful tactics. It has established a large central hospital and four outlying dispensaries, provided for medical inspection, trained native nurses, given out free medical supplies to school teachers and village officials and native pastors, and waited for results.

The waiting has taken great patience. The Samoan is used to the existence of half a dozen medicines for one complaint; all the old women in the village have their formulae. He is accustomed to try one and then another. The white man's medicine simply swells the list. He shrugs his shoulders and tries that too. Very slowly he is learning that the white man's medicine cures more often; thus the dispensary, interpreter, and the nurse are taking place of the old Samoan practition Sometimes, of course, it works the o way and a native nurse will smuggl Samoan doctor in under the very eye the medical authorities. It takes self c trol on the part of the pharmacist's m who has sat up night after night by bedside of a desperately ill man to acc unprofanely the sweet insistence of man's just-arrived nurse cousin: "N my uncle and I, we will watch over sick one and you may rest." He knows t this means ancient Samoan treatment, continuance of his own treatment, almost certain death for the patient. I bitter to have the results of a favora operation or a long and arduous hosp treatment completely defeated by a sud whim of the patient's relatives to ca the half-recovered invalid home over ro trails, undoing all the results of medi care and resulting in death.

IV

As the government has been toler slow moving, disinclined to meddle duly with native life, so the Samoans h been flexible, discriminating, intellig in their selections and rejections from culture of the *papalangi*, "the sky bu ers," as the white men are called. T have learned to use matches and keros lamps without forgetting how to m fire with the fire plough and lamps ou cocoanuts. They sew on sewing machi but have not forgotten how to make cl from paper mulberry bark. They h learned to boil food in iron pots but h not abandoned their earth ovens. T have not lost their taste for octopus in quiring a fondness for bully beef, wh they call *peasoupo*, a term once applied all canned goods, but now specialized mean bully beef. All things which are g are said, in Samoan slang, to be *peaso*

The Samoans still build their old-st houses, which have the excellent abil

kneel down peacefully before the hurri-
nes of ten-yearly occurrence, instead of
ıding tin shingles flying about to deal
t death to passersby, as is the way with
palangi houses.

As they have picked and chosen among
e white man's material ways of life, so
ey have taken Christianity and revamped
into characteristic Samoan form. Their
cient religion was based upon the prin-
ple of avoidance. As long as the old gods
ere not offended by the infringement of
eir particular rules, rules mainly cere-
onial in character, they took no interest
the affairs of men. In Samoan cosmo-
gical theory the world was created in an
derly fashion through a series of mar-
ıges among rocks and sea and sky. The
der of the universe was fixed once for all,
d as long as man respected this order, he
d no reason to fear the gods. The gods,
d men who kept their tabus, were as dis-
nt with one another as Englishmen who
ve never been introduced. There were, it
true, a few minor demons who flitted
out, taking sides in a war, and sending
inor disasters according to their own all-
o-human caprices. There was a demon
dy who loved young men. Youths who
oke late in the day, long after the sun
ıs risen, to find their bodies suffused with
strange rosy flush and their houses filled
ith a strong, compelling fragrance, knew
at all their future sweethearts would be
danger of death from the jealousy of the
mon who had lain with them, unbe-
ıown, in the night. Souls of relatives
ıo had died in a pet were also likely to
troublesome; they would vent their ill
ımor by sending disease and death upon
eir surviving relatives. But this was a
nily matter. If a lengthy harangue at the
ave failed to remove their evil humor,
e could always scald them finally to
ath by pouring hot water into the grave
noonday. But one hated to take such ex-
eme measures, for one loved one's rela-
ves.

Into such a casual, uninstitutionalized
ligious setting came Methodist and Con-
gregationalist missionaries. From them the Samoans learned that there was another god, greater even than Tagaloa, who had promulgated a new set of tabus, differing from the old tabus inasmuch as no amount of care could keep one from breaking most of them most of the time. Particularly strange were the teachings about sex to a people who regard love-making as the pastime *par excellence*, and make a fine art of sex, and the teaching about lying to a people who value good manners and surface amiability above all things. The Samoans did not, however, sink into any deep conviction of original sin; rather they turned to the other side of the shield, the concept of a forgiving god. If the God of the Christians were most unreasonable in His tabus, still His disposition was loving and kind. So a Samoan pastor preaching on David's sin with Bathsheba, after picturing in vivid and orthodox style the enormity of that sin and David's repentance in sackcloth and ashes, added: "But why did David make all that fuss? The Lord was right there waiting to forgive him all the time."

In those cases where the Lord, being very human after all, may weary of continuous calls upon His good nature, as in the transgression of the chastity injunction, the Samoans have evolved a simple formula. No one becomes a church member until after marriage, and young widows and widowers whose bereaved state is protracted usually fall from membership. Thus simply, formally, with loss of all sense of individual responsibility to an angry god, is sin translated into social terms. Such men and young men as have begun to study for the ministry but strayed along the primrose path are classified as fallen men, descriptively, without odium. It is amusing to note that it took the contact between Protestant morality and Polynesian gaiety to even up matters finally between the sexes and produce the correlate of the fallen woman.

The naval government is autocratic, undemocratic, absolute. It is accomplishing

its efficient protection of the Samoans from white exploitation by denying freedom of trade, freedom of contract and various other traditional Anglo-Saxon liberties. Furthermore, as the officers of the Navy are sticklers for rank and ceremony, so are the Samoans. The Samoans enjoy having to deal with a punctilious government. Once in my own village I noticed that an ordinary girl of low rank was being sent down to make the ceremonial drink of kava for an inspecting naval officer. "Why," I asked, "is not the princess making the kava for the officer?" and was told scornfully: "Do you think we get out a princess for a paymaster?" Naval officers, thoroughly conversant with the importance of maintaining social distinctions, are careful not to undermine the authority of a native chief by treating him unceremoniously before commoners. It is a question of Greek meeting Greek and speaking a common language of caste and social ceremonial.

The very points which irritate the casual civilian visitor make the naval administration admirably adapted to protecting and governing the Samoans. Under a civilian government, which would please the handful of white residents and half castes, the Samoans could not be half so thoroughly protected from exploitation nor would their elaborate system of ranks and privileges be respected. It is doubtful whether even the flexible, adaptable Samoan social system, which has fitted nurse and teacher and pastor into its scheme and naval rank into its order of chiefly precedence, would be able to survive a civilian government. The Navy's motto is Samoa for the Samoans—and the Navy. It is reserving for the United States the only Samoan resource which is of any use to it, the harbor.

American Samoa is without important economic resources. The natives rai small amount of copra, which the gov ment markets for them in one large tract and thus prevents the swindlin individual natives by white traders. people are literate in their own langu There is no room for an educated, Eng speaking population; there are no occ tions to absorb them.

Under naval administration the na population has increased 52.8%. Such ditions are atypical and unexpected. T do not flow from naval government Samoan temperament alone, but fro happy combination of circumsta through which a people with a str caste system and flexible hospitable mi are governed by a rapidly shifting gr of well-intentioned, non-professional ernors, under a policy of a minimum in ference with native life.

The Samoan is a formalist, prefer appearance to reality, manners to mo form to content. Dearest to his heart is fabric of complex social relations, of ch and talking chiefs who act as ambassa and spokesmen of chiefs, of village co cations and formal inter-village visit of stately speechmaking and meticu observance of etiquette. He is friendly the new if he is given leisure to fit it his own pattern of life. As one chief na his old dog, "a la Samoa" and his yo dog "a la Papalangi," so Samoa is gr ally adjusting her life to the demand contact with white civilization. So l as the natives are permitted to select those things which actually improve t own culture, encouraged to conserve t old ways of life and guarded from econo exploitation, they will continue to pre the pleasant spectacle of one primi people who have not been required choose between the Lady and the Ti

MORE MONEY FOR LESS EDUCATION

BY H. E. BUCHHOLZ

AMERICA today is spending a lot of money on public education. But as the years roll by the annual expenditures will inevitably roll up, so that 1929 burden may be regarded as relatively light compared to what the people st shoulder eventually. My appearance e is designed neither to proffer consoion to the taxpayer, except as he can l it in the assurance that the worst is to come, nor to point out ways of ape, since there are none. Rather, I aim y to explain how costliness came to be ideal of American education, and, someat sadly perhaps, to bear witness to the erbly diligent manner in which the ools at present are pursuing that ideal. t is common knowledge that school ts have gone up by leaps and bounds. thout causing a ripple of excitement, George D. Strayer, professor of educaal administration at Teachers College lumbia), could testify before a recent thern Conference on Education that in 6 the United States spent approximately r times as much for its public schools as pent in 1910, and then add: "The end of s upward scale *is not in sight*." Regardthe increases already recorded, I shall, due course, present figures which will w that Dr. Strayer was, if anything, too servative. As to the future, time will loubtedly prove him right—provided, course, the shock of swallowing the idly increasing school budgets does not the goose which lays the golden eggs. The forward-lookers in education, who v completely dominate their craft, ognize but one measure of success—ntity. They have adopted the yardstick of the commercial go-getter as their gauge, and refuse to see any evidence of progress save mere bigness. Worse, they have managed to force this criterion upon their customer and victim, the taxpayer. Ask him, in any average American town, whether his community is progressing educationally, and he will answer affirmatively only if he can quote a phenomenal rise, year after year, in school costs. He has been educated by the educators to assume that any system which spends, say, 30% more this year than last offers irrefutable evidence of a progressive and idealistic spirit. Perhaps it was Leonard P. Ayres, at the time with the Russell Sage Foundation, who gave the first great boost to this new practice of evaluating school systems quantitatively. In his book, "An Index Number for State School Systems," published in 1920, he calculated the worth of each State's educational system by taking account of ten factors, five having to do with the quantitative aspect of attendance and five dealing with the amount of expenditures.

His ratings by this ingenious procedure, for some unknown reason, were straightway accepted as fair and plausible, and thus was blazed a new path to success in school administration. No need thereafter for superintendents to bother about such elusive matters as the quality of the instruction given nor the manner in which it might function later. Professional success could be computed, quickly and precisely, by noting the increasing fruitfulness of the superintendent's annual raids on the public exchequer. Today an American schoolman, called on to render an account of his

stewardship, almost invariably begins—and ends—by pointing to pretentious buildings and obese budgets. He is willing to stand or fall by his ability to make the people spend more money.

But before I attempt a survey of the means by which the cost of public education has been thus increased, it may be well to show exactly what the rate of increase has been. Dr. Strayer, on the occasion mentioned, compared the school costs in 1926 with those of 1910 and stated that expenditures had quadrupled, going from approximately $500,000,000 to approximately $2,000,000,000. As always, he was too modest in telling what the leaders in school administration had done for the taxpayer. The actual bill for public schools in 1910 was $426,250,434; by 1926 it had mounted to $2,026,308,190. Four times the 1910 cost would be $1,705,001,736; so that the professor, in his modesty, overlooked the sum of $321,306,454!

But why use the figures of 1910 for a comparison? They tell only the end of the story. The records of 1900 are much more illuminating. For example:

II

Naturally, the taxpayer may wonder h
the schoolmen have been able to sus
such stupendous rates of increase. I ad
it has been a big job. Of course, the do
lost something of its purchasing power
tween 1900 and 1926, and to whatever
tent this is reflected in the higher cos
the public schools the schoolmen claim
credit, no more than would a housew
pride herself on paying twice as much
day for a steak as she gave in 1900.
after allowing everything for the depr
ation of the dollar, more than enough
mains to cover with glory all those sch
men who have practiced so triumphan
the gentle art of what they are pleased
call "creative administration."

The masterstroke in starting school
penditures skyward consisted in staging
endless race between all the Ameri
school systems to see which one, in
year, could make the highest record of
penditures. When this competition
inaugurated, each superintendent had
the nucleus about which to erect his

	1900	1926	Incre
Pupils enrolled	15,503,110	24,741,468	59
Teachers employed	423,062	814,169	90
Salaries paid	$137,687,746	$1,100,316,674	700
New buildings and equipment	35,450,820	411,037,774	1050
Expenditures for other purposes	41,826,052	514,953,742	1130

One more glance at the score and I am through with figures. Lest it be presumed that a comparison of 1900 with 1926, or of 1910 with 1926, reveals a rate of "progress" that is now being reduced, let us see what was accomplished between 1925 and 1926—the most recent years for which full statistics are available. In those twelve months

The pupil enrollment increased	14.6%
The teaching staff increased	19.8%
Salaries increased	79 %
The outlay for new buildings and equipment increased	166 %
The expenditure for "other purposes" increased	90 %

ministration of costliness an educatio
unit which had for long been engaged
teaching more or less fundamental thi
as efficiently and economically as possi
But efficiency and economy could have
place in an educational progress measu
exclusively by expenditures, and so rad
treatment had to be administered to a
the inherited units.

It was no boy's job which the "prog
sive" schoolmen tackled when they sta
to knock efficiency, economy and the fun
mentals into a cocked hat. The Ameri
people thought they had grown great
prosperous through practicing econo

l efficiency, and were not easily to be suaded that it was proper to employ ir wealth for the purpose of establish- a reign of inefficiency and prodigality their public schools. Again, teaching fundamentals had tradition back of it, some people, a bit old-fashioned per- s, were disposed to demand the con- ued teaching of them, even after the s had been let down for certain new s and frills. But the trick of winning r this lay opposition was swiftly and ctively turned by the schoolmen when y instigated a rivalry between all the tems to see which could blow the school lget biggest—in other words, when y turned the prevailing go-getterism to uses of pedagogy.

Observe how the thing worked. The lent Babbitt of, say, Cleveland, (whose pring, if he had such encumbrances, ended private schools), would never e responded on altruistic grounds to a posal that he bear a tax-rate which uld permit the Cleveland common ools to surpass in costliness of main- ance the most exclusive private institu- ns. But when this idealistic butter-and- man was told that in this matter, veland was competing with Chicago, tsburgh, Los Angeles, and like cities, h bent upon seeing which could make lic education cost most, his sporting od warmed up. Soon he was not only dy to approve the budget in hand, but nanding that the school officials find and costly features to tag on to it. It imperative, he felt, that his city be gnized as the most progressive, educa- nally, in the country. That, he believed, good advertising for Cleveland, and, dentally, for his butter-and-egg busi- s.

There is something sublimely American ut the spirit with which various cities e entered this contest for supremacy in costliness of their school buildings; the ries paid their school officials and, to a ller degree, teachers; and the number uxurious fads included in their school programmes. A single illustration will show how perfectly the thing works in practice: A certain city contemplates erecting a new high-school. Under the old style of school administration, the substantial citizens of the community would have sought facts by asking such questions as: Is a new building actually needed? What student body will it accommodate? How much can the town afford to spend? What type of structure will best serve the purposes for which this school is intended? Will it be both efficient and economical? But under the new spell of inter-system rivalry, an entirely different type of information is sought. School officials scour the country for the big "show" high-schools. Details are tabulated concerning size, style, equipment, extras, and especially cost. This dope is turned over to the architect with instructions to create something that will make all existing high-schools look like thirty cents—and he does it.

As a device for increasing the cost of public education, this rivalry is almost perfect. Witness how the annual bill for schoolhouses and equipment rose 1050% in a quarter of a century, while school expenditures for "other purposes," which largely cover the high cost of operating the new plants, jumped 1130% in the same period, although the student population scored only a 59% gain. Witness, also, that in the short space of twelve months, from 1925 to 1926, expenditures for buildings and equipment went up 166% and outlays for "other purposes" increased 90%.

But the progressive schoolman has not been so shortsighted as to put all his eggs into one basket. While developing his scheme for putting each system's building programme into competition with the programmes of all other systems, so as to make public education costlier, he has also given profound thought to the possibilities of the payroll. He could, of course, expand the salary item on the budget by periodically increasing the pay for all school positions, including his own. He has done

this, in fact—by diligently keeping his community fully informed about what other systems were doing in the matter of raising salaries. But increasing the pay of existing functionaries did not, by itself, produce as quick results as were demanded by educational "progress." Therefore the payroll was subjected simultaneously to both a front and a rear attack. At the same time that the average of teacher's salaries was being raised 296%, during the period 1900–1926, the army of pedagogues drawing this steadily increasing wage was expanded 90%.

What to do with the additional teachers was a problem. A simple solution would have been to put them on the payroll and then send them into the parks for sunning. But such a method would have missed the service these newcomers could render, outside the pay they drew, in making education cost more. Therefore, new types of activity had to be devised. All kinds of fads, many of them exquisitely futile, were grafted on to the public school system and piped to the public exchequer. Of course, all these innovations appealed strongly to the big butter-and-egg man, once he had been won heart-and-soul to the side of educational "progress." Just as he likes to boast that every new automobile contrivance, no matter how senseless, is put on his cars the instant it becomes available, so, having caught the fever of inter-system rivalry, he insists that the school officials in his home town be constantly on the lookout for the very latest novelties in education. If the local superintendent chances to be in a town which is entertaining Col. Lindbergh, and instantly telegraphs his home papers that he proposes to start a course in aviation as part of the elementary curriculum, he is hailed by the butter-and-egg man as a truly progressive administrator. Thus, any project that promises to be costly and futile finds the latch-string of the up-to-date school system hanging out for it.

The champions of these new fads, of course, do not take kindly to those who still believe in the old-fashioned fu mentals. But this difficulty may be smoo over by prohibiting the teaching o fundamentals in really "progress schools. Evidence of such a trend is se the costlier private elementary schoo the so-called experimental type, wher fundamentals are treated like unloved children; while a parent who dares plain because his offspring is not lea to read, write and cipher is treated l bigamistic step-father. These institu are already being copied, with fair suc by State-supported schools. I could certain public schools wherein the pri teachers boldly assert they are engag encourage the "natural development the child through a "socialized" sc atmosphere, and announce that the not propose to stoop to teaching the a bet and multiplication table.

By expanding the field of the p schools horizontally through addin the new fads, and by elaborating the s visory side, an opportunity has bee forded the progressive schoolman to c many new and highly remunerative tions. Prior to 1900, educators were tious about building any formidabl ganization outside the force of class- teachers. At present, however, the sm system, if ambitious to rank well, s the need of an elaborate bureau around the administrative office. The ess of such elaboration has been stan ized. An individual is hired as an exp a specialized field. So soon as he fi place to hang his hat and a desk wh to prop his feet he begins dreaming c pansion. If only he can arrange to get assistants, he may convert his office i department, and his own appellation that of director. He consults the m money-for-education superintendent, discovers that the thing can be arra Thus there blossoms forth a depart with a director, supervisors, assistant a budget. There is no end to the activ that justify such departments in a sy which is ambitious to spend money-

ional education, vocational guidance, nual training, Americanization, educa- nal research, curriculum study, tests and asurements, mental hygiene, physical ıcation, home economics, domestic sci- e, music, art, continuation schools, ning schools, Summer schools, play- ound activities, kindergartens, primary ıcation, intermediate grades, junior h-schools, high-schools, special classes, . To maintain the rate of growth each h unit will soon or late place within ry school building a representative who l be part of the special department or eau rather than of the particular school of the system as a whole.

III

ving thus glanced at a few of the means ployed by "creative administration" to ke public education cost more, one may : Will these things be sufficient to main- n the present rate of yearly increase in ool costs? Not by a jug-full! More must invented—ever more and more. Thus it gigantic task which confronts the edu- ional forward-looker. The total expen- ures for public schools jumped from 4,964,618 in 1900 to $1,946,096,912 in 5. If this rate of increase—ninefold in ctly twenty-five years—is to be dupli- ed during the second quarter of the tury, then for the year 1950 the schools st be able to consume $17,514,872,208 ublic money. To find ways for spending much money in a year will surely be a t job.

Suppose a newly-rich chain-store pro- etor instructs a caterer to furnish for n a banquet which will surpass anything r before put on. A caterer of imagination uld be able to accommodate him. But his same newly-rich comes back, time l time again, and on each occasion insists t the next affair make the one imme- tely preceding appear, by comparison, ne and cheap, the caterer will have the l task; all the chain-store Croesus will ve to do will be to pay the bills. There is a similarity between this hypothetical situation and the actual case of the "progressive" schoolman and the public. The people have merely to provide the funds for meeting the increasing expenditures, but the unfortunate schoolman must rack his brains to devise new means for making education cost more.

So far, this discussion has been concerned chiefly with what is being done by the educational caterer in the matter of the elementary and high-schools; but it is unreasonable to expect these two parts of the public school system to bear the whole burden of making education costlier. Therefore, most wisely, forward-looking educators are already engaged in building the public school system up into the life of the adult, so that eventually his education at the public expense will stop only when he dies. And at the same time the system is being built down into the nursery in order that the new-born child of tomorrow will literally tumble into a classroom.

No need here to rehearse what is being done even now by the State-supported colleges and universities. Occasionally a bilious individual, out of tune with the ideals of modern education, undertakes to criticize them for their alleged sins of omission and commission. But a glance at their budgets discloses the fact that practically all of them are doing their share to make public education cost more. What if they do take all sorts and conditions of youths, wrestling with the question of what to do in life, and arbitrarily assign them to courses which give them neither pleasure nor profit, and then turn them out, after four or more years, with their ability to wrestle with their original problem somewhat reduced?

Simply on the score of conformity with the latest purpose of making education costlier, such a course is now regarded as commendable. We should not forget that these higher institutions have accepted the responsibility of training students, not only for the vocations and professions, but for leisure as well. When a liberal arts college

in a State university takes in hundreds of students, year after year, for the purpose of preparing them better to fit into American life, and then turns them loose, as graduates, with only a few fragments of useless knowledge, its aim doubtless is to train them for leisure, even though it be that of the hobo.

What is really needed is that the production of graduates be speeded up. The coming of the junior college, taking just two years to make a full-fledged college man, should give considerable help here. All sorts of junior colleges can be established, at the public expense, to offer vocational training of an elementary type and confer dignified degrees. The possibilities here have been already scented. Dr. G. Vernon Bennett, of the University of Southern California, in "Vocational Education of Junior College Grade," indicates what may be done in this line to increase the nation's expenditures for public education. In collaboration with a group of pedagogues interested in vocational education, he compiled a tentative list of the vocations for which training could be offered by State-supported junior colleges. This group decided that such callings as those of the café manager, the auto salesman, the detective, the dressmaker, the railway station-agent, the storekeeper, the upholsterer, the traveling salesman, the hotel keeper and the undertaker should be regarded as of junior college grade.

An exhaustive study was made of twenty-eight occupations accorded this grading, and it was found that in order to keep that limited number supplied with graduates, 471,000 students should be kept in training, producing an annual crop of 189,626 graduates. By this scheme the country would be able to spend $143,000,000 more money annually on public education. Dr. Bennett, it will be observed, took account of but twenty-eight vocations out of more than one hundred that might be regarded as of junior college grade. Moreover, there is no reason why thousands of colleges of slightly lower rank might not be created, out of the public funds, for training r curists, collectors for instalment ho grocery clerks, waitresses, doorke and flunkies for movie cathedrals, an like.

Again, there is the rapidly develc project of adult education. This newc in the pedagogical grove is peculiarl pealing, for, on the more or less s theory that "once an adult, alway adult," the taxpayers may at one acquire millions upon millions of life customers.

There is little tradition back of the e prise; therefore educators may use imaginations freely. Frankly, I know r ing about the subject myself. Some mc back, Mark Van Doren assigned me task of reviewing for the *Nation* the six volumes on adult education to be lished in America. I read them all, no cause I am a conscientious reviewer, because I hoped to pick up informa My net gain from this exhausting rea was a suggestion, made by Dr. A Lawrence Hall-Quest in "The Unive Afield," that when we think about a education we should recognize certai isting agencies already at work, suc the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., chautauquas and lyceums, the publi braries, and the museums.

Whether adult education is merely ferred elementary education, as in the of illiterates, or the application of a cultural polish, such as may be gaine sitting at the feet of the Hon. Th Heflin when he lectures,—this, after a an academic question that will no allowed to retard the growth of the m ment. Almost anything imaginable c be included in its province—teaching women bridge, bankers the game of nurse-maids the technique of horseb riding, and flappers the art of cro their legs. There are so many possibil in adult education, such unlimited portunities for spending public mc that, as a taxpayer, I am naturally for strong.

IV

lic education is soon going to cost
re in another way—and here scarcely
beginning is in sight. That is through
lding a magnificent substructure be-
th the primary grades. Not so many
rs back, pedagogues debated seriously
ether the schools should admit pupils
five or six years of age. Tight-wad
nomy complexioned the discussion.
economy has since been cast to the
d, and the schools are ready to tackle
child while it is still an infant. Accord-
to a circular being distributed by the
ryland Association for Kindergarten
ension,

> e early years of childhood are today receiving
> e attention of American psychologists from New
> gland to California. Clinics and laboratories
> the observation of children from birth to six
> ars of age have been established in most of our
> eat universities. Why? Because psychologists
> lize that these years are the formative years of
> e; because they see in them the seed time from
> ich the fruition of later years is to follow.
> on this new knowledge and understanding is
> ing built a new education, which begins at the
> dle. It provides a nursery-school as a supple-
> nt to the home for the children from two to
> r.

ince the primary aim is to make educa-
cost more, is there any sound reason
educators should arbitrarily select the
of two years as the time when the pub-
reasury will begin educating the child?
start in fact, could be made much
ner. Dr. John B. Watson, formerly pro-
or of psychology at Johns Hopkins
versity, addressing a group of women
ntly, made the point that what is done
h the child long before it reaches two,
ed while it is still the tiniest infant,
decide whether it is to be another
thoven or just another shoemaker.
haps the first two years are really the
portant ones, since, according to Dr.
tson, all habits and reactions can be
ilt in" to the child while they are be-
lived. Just so soon as a technique for
building in has been developed by the
aviorists, the American public schools
l begin to specialize in the production of geniuses, provided, of course, enough pupils can be saved from the corrupting influence of mother love. The home, we are told, is not able to assume responsibility for training the child even during its first years, and so the job must be shifted to the schools. However, I suspect that no need will be found to discontinue the present courses for training adolescent girls and young women for married life and motherhood. Even though they will not be permitted to employ the knowledge gained from such courses, the courses themselves will remain useful, for they will make public education more costly.

But let us go back to the preschool child. The leader here is Dr. Patty Smith Hill, professor of kindergarten education at Teachers College (Columbia). While mere male educators are dabbling with picayune schemes for increasing school costs 50% or 100% a year, this great female leader has prepared a programme which, almost over night, could carry our annual expenditures to the seventeen billion mark. America deserves the note of rebuke with which she opens her article, "Preschool Education as a Career," in the *Journal of the National Education Association:*

> Very young children have just as much right to all those influences which make for maximum growth as any later stage of development, yet the state is slow to grant this. Maximum growth at any stage of development demands an environment equipped to stimulate developing powers plus a highly trained guide to utilize these facilities to produce achievement of a high order. . . .
>
> We are not fully civilized today. Boards of education all over the land refuse a tax for preschool children, leaving them to chance, for better or worse, in homes with untrained mothers, or in the streets with no supervision. It is only recently that a tax was procurable for education of children from four to six years of age and the battle is yet to be fought for the nursery-school child.
>
> A new day is dawning. We are asking and demanding our right to a professional preparation commensurate with opportunities offered those in the upper grades and secondary schools. We are also invading the homes of the present and future, insisting on parental and preparental training for mothers, and shall we venture to say fathers, as well?

Not only will the public, tax-supported nursery-schools of the future provide for

all such infants as may be voluntarily brought to them; this champion of the new baby-schools hints that her group will not hesitate to invade the home and literally cart off the youngsters. If, in the next twenty-five years, such baby-schools are established in sufficient number to provide for all babies, then there is no question about the stupendous educational progress, measured by dollars, which this suffering nation is destined to make. Here are Miss Patty's plans:

> There is a periodical medical examination far more thorough and superior in every way to those offered by schools of any type in the past; there is the daily inspection given by trained nurses before the child is allowed to join his playmates; there is the daily régime of scientific feeding, sleep, rest, and open air work and play; there is a psychological and psychiatric clinic with its mental, emotional, and social diagnosis; there is the daily record kept by the nursery-school teacher herself which, when put together with the findings of doctors, nurses, psychologists, psychiatrists, nutritionists, dentists, posture experts, and case workers, give as full a clinical study or picture of the child's whole personality as is possible to secure. In addition to records made in the nursery, a home report is brought daily by the mother with a record of the child's home sleep, both as to quality and quantity, the appetite, elimination, emotional disturbances, and open air opportunities. Parental coöperation is required as a condition of entrance and the education of the mother is considered an integral part of nursery education.

Parents, no doubt, will willingly comply with all these requirements, for they will realize that no royal prince ever enjoyed, since he could not afford it, the kind of nursery care the taxpayers of America will accord all its babies—white, black, yellow, and mixed. Here we see the type of pedagogue who will teach baby:

> The nursery-school teacher must have some of the knowledge and skill of the trained nurse, together with the attitude and ability of a wise, intelligent mother, since she takes over many of the duties which only trained nurses and mothers in the past were supposed to be willing or prepared to do for little children. Nothing that the child needs can be regarded as menial by a thoroughly trained nursery-teacher. She must have a goodly share of the medical knowledge which pediatricians are supposed to possess. She must be well inducted into the intricacies of psychiatry or mental hygiene and skilful in the use of such knowledge in meeting the emotional disturbances and behavior problems of child life. She must be prepared t enter intelligently into the nutritional programm mapped out by experts in this field. She must b expert in teaching correct habits of sleep and pos ture. In addition to such knowledge and skills not usually possessed by teachers, the nursery school teacher must have a full knowledge of th relation of her curriculum to those in kindergarte and primary education, with their literature, art music, games, dances, and social studies as car ried forward in modern education.

What a soul-inspiring picture! Could a red-blooded American refuse to pay tax until it hurts and, if need be, hock shirt, that the humblest child hereaf born in America may be started aright life in such a nursery-school? What fo for the idealistic imagination! Let's ha just one nibble:

A tiny tot is carried by its mother to door of the baby-school. There the moth surrenders her offspring to the receivi official, together with a detailed rep of its life since the closing hour of the p ceding day. The receiving official conv the baby to the studio of the trained nurs where it is thoroughly inspected bef being permitted to join its playmates. D ing this inspection a nurse, inadvertent jabs a finger in its eye and it begins bellow. It is rushed posthaste to psychiatric section to have its emoti interpreted. A psychiatrist tickles it un the chin with the left hind leg of a gra yard rabbit, and the youngster responds smiling, whereupon the learned gentlem announces that it has been restored t proper mental state for mingling with playmates. Then a thoroughly trai nursery-school ma'am leads it into spacious school gardens, where, in the o air, it can play on the sand-pile.

The little tot surveys its playma glances at the thoroughly trained nurse school teachers who form a fringe arou the group of pupils, scrutinizes the pala structure to which it will shortly be corted for scientific feeding and scient rest, and then, just to prove that out of mouths of babes and sucklings occasiona may come a word of wisdom, say *boloney!*

EDITORIAL

nd that's the end. He passes away under a cloud, ıscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and ccessively romantic. Not in the wildest days of is boyish visions could he have seen the alluring ıape of such an extraordinary success.

QUOTE from "Lord Jim" toward the glorious end thereof. In order to make the words fit the earthly pilgrimage of e Hon. Calvin Coolidge, LL.D., thirtieth esident of the United States, there may need to change a few of them. But not ny, nor important ones. As for me, I uld let stand even "excessively roman-." What, indeed, could be more romantic ın the sudden appearance of a new nebula interstellar space, of soft, yielding ses and wild surmises all compact? What uld be more romantic than the down-ht creation of matter, or of an appear-ce passing by its name, out of and in the id? It was from that void that Dr. Cool-ge issued, palpitating, unprecedented and redible, and to it, on March 4, he will urn. His coming and his going constitute osmic phenomenon of the first magni-le. Such things happen only at long ervals and on the more felicitous planets moral universes.

What he thinks of himself, I daresay, ll never be known. His self-revelations ve been so few and so wary that it is n difficult to guess. No man of his august tion ever talked about himself less. One verses the dismal acres of his speeches l state papers without finding a single h flowering of the ego. He lays down great principles of statecraft in the im-rsonal manner of a schoolma'am teaching multiplication table. He never doubts m, but neither does he ever try to im-ve them. If, flowing from his pen, they e on the unpleasant dubiousness of the vious, then it is simply because they m completely obvious to him. So with those grand postulates of ethical science with which the head of a Christian state must deal. To him they not only appear impeccable in content; they are also inviolable in text. He'd no more think of changing them, even to the length of a jot or tittle, than he'd think of painting the White House scarlet. All wisdom, as he apprehends it, is a closed book. Revealed to man, in its crude but pure form, by God, and refined by the apocalyptic Founding Fathers and by a long series of Republican national conventions, it now approaches the austere and invariable excellence of a parallel of latitude.

There is no room in this scheme for taste, preference, prejudice, weakness, gusto, indignation. The old Puritan lust to improve the world is toned down to a mere diligent determination to keep it going. Whatever is, is right, at least statistically. There may be objections to it in theory, but practical men will carry on. Thus the prime duty of a President becomes indistinguishable from that of the chief engineer of an electrical works. The machinery must be kept in motion at all costs. There must be no shutting down and no slowing down; there must be no gaping out of the window at passing parades; visitors with umbrellas and walking-sticks must be kept out. Here I quote in substance from one of the few confidences that Dr. Coolidge has vouchsafed us: you will find it in his letter to the publisher of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, dated August 10, 1928. The curse of the Presidency, it appears from that letter, is the temptation it offers to play with ideas. A President is naturally a man of vast influence, and all sorts of people want to hear his views on this or that. But it is his duty to deny them that "entertainment and amusement," and to hold himself rigidly

aloof from even "worthy public movements." His one and only business is to perform faithfully the operations that he was elected to perform, according to the principles that never change.

In the same letter there are even more intimate revelations, though surely not many. Being President, it appears, is uncomfortable physically. One cannot travel without taking along a gang of secretaries, servants, secret agents and newspaper correspondents. It is hot in Summer in Washington, and almost as hot down the Potomac on the *Mayflower*. It is hard to avoid getting late at meals and to bed. A President is apt to suffer from lack of exercise. There follows the one venture into self-analysis that I can find in the entire Coolidge canon:

> I have often remarked that at least I had one distinction. I have been the healthiest President that the country has ever had.

II

Let the historians put it down. The chances seem very good that when they come to write the Coolidgiad they will have little else to say. It would be difficult to imagine another man so eminent who was at the same time so obscure. His talents, such as they are, are predominantly those of the cuttle-fish. He has a passion for dissimulation and concealment. Whether the business before him was the political manipulation that is his chosen art or the craft of governance that was thrust upon him, he has always preferred to work in a darkness of his own making. The one remembered phrase of his career is remembered solely because, for long months, its precise meaning was hidden even from his intimates. Already a complaisant nation forgets his oblique and murky maneuvers in the oil scandals. It was plain enough at the time that he knew more about them than was ever got out of him. But he managed to maintain his reticence through thick and thin, and to this day he has said nothing against the thieves, and done nothing that he was not forced into by powers beyo his control.

What the private ethics of such a m may be is beyond precise determinatio That they have no sort of relation to t platitudes he utters officially is obviou but beyond that it is hard to go. In gener his view of what is seemly seems to that of any other professional politicia whether of Tammany or of the Anti-Salo League. He has no apparent detestation corruption as such; it seems to be evil his eyes only to the extent that it co votes. A mountebank looks precisely t same to him as an honest man, provid only the mountebank can get away wi it. Any blow is fair in a fight, provid only it does effective damage. The histo of the proceedings against Senator Wheel if it could be unearthed in full, would ma very instructive reading. Those proce ings, it must be said, showed no appre able heat; there was no bluster of mo indignation in them. But neither was the any trace of common decency.

With shadowy ethical ideas go vag and rudimentary tastes. I doubt that t chronicles of mankind show another ru who was so pathetically unacquaint with the genuinely salient men of his pl and time. His cronies have been d nobodies and his chief official dependa have been jokes. Seeking to recreate hi self with the artists of his country, he se for a gang of movie actors. Desiring honor eminence, he took boatloads chain-store newspaper proprietors do the Potomac. The Cabinet that goes with him on March 4 shows men of a w variety, from hard-faced political hacks the calibre of New and Sargent to gurgl evangelists of the stamp of Wilbur John J. Davis, but since the withdrawa Hoover there has not been a man in it any ponderable ability or dignity. Its st are two vacuums, Mellon and Kello both destined to go down into history comic characters. As for Hoover, his ventures as a member must await the E. Woodwards of the next generation.

ılls today only the incredible affront t was flung at him when he aspired to State Department, and the surly silence en he hoisted himself a step higher. No manners, no taste, no enthusiasm, passion, no ideas. It is a record probably aralleled. Six years in a place of gi- tic and singular power, and all that rges to engage posterity is a workman- job of bookkeeping. Out of the oppor- ities of a statesman flow only the ievements of a respectable garage- per. Not a problem of any importance been solved, or even so much as clearly ed. The situation of the farmers re- ins precisely what it was. Prohibition till a nightmare to wets and drys alike. oreign relations remain parlous, it is , not to honest experiment and error, to sheer neglect and numskullery. The partment of Justice is as bad as ever, and Federal bench, burdened with Anti- oon League nominees, is worse. The ulls and the Dohenys, coming upon the ne with a *posse comitatus* pursuing them, s out under the presidential wing, with riend in the Cabinet. A scent of decay ngs in the air. In the midst of the muck nds a grotesque and forlorn little figure, wned in a huge sombrero. One thinks of abianca, L'Aiglon, George V. Better l, perhaps, of Cinderella, peerless hero- of romance—but puzzled by the spoons. e thirtieth President returns to nothing- s not knowing what it was all about.

III

e succession goes to a quack—a shrewd l daring one, but still essentially a ack. The buffoonish "good-will" tour the Latin seaports followed naturally er the realistic rounding up of black- oor delegates, the pleasant transactions h the Anti-Saloon League, the Klan l the Methodist bishops, and a campaign platitudes and evasions. Hoover has the lity of a hundred Coolidges and the rgy of a thousand, but dubiousness gers in his aura. He was trained for statesmanship in the mine-stock business. He is an American who came within an inch of being an Englishman, a Republican who came within an inch of being a Democrat, and a dry who came within an inch of being a wet. He is extremely cocky, and with sound reason, and puts a low estimate upon the courage and decency of other men. On the "good-will" tour he tried out the newspapers, and found them pathetically docile. He will try them again.

Nevertheless, there are the makings of a grand failure in him. His first two or three years may be prosperous enough, for the plain people will quickly respond to his hurrah, and the Anti-Saloon League has obligingly cleared most of his ablest enemies out of Congress. But reapportionment will run against him, and so will time. The rock that he will find it hardest to get over is Prohibition. Pious words will not be enough; he will have to do something—and whatever he does will get him into difficulties. The essential problem, I suspect, is completely insoluble, like most of the other capital problems of mankind. But he will have to try to solve it, and quackery will not suffice him. My guess is that he will end with both the honest drys and the implacable wets infuriated, and the fair men in the middle disgusted.

In any case his gyrations will make a gorgeous show, and for that, at least, the gods may be thanked politely. Six years of shadow boxing are enough. Those who must suffer the indignity of being subjects of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals deserve better entertainment for their pains. They crave heavy slugging, with a vast emission of blood, and they seem likely to get what they crave. Not only Hoover was triumphant last November, but also a long file of eager and prehensile men, from the survivors of the Ohio Gang to the wizards of the Klan, and from the political parsons to the heroes of Teapot Dome. They will all play their parts after March 4, with a gifted star to adorn the comedy. It promises to be a first-rate show. H. L. M.

ACROSS THE COLOR LINE

BY M. S. LEA

She resembled a little a portrait by Botticelli. Her figure was tall and supple, and clothed in a limp muslin dress from which all of the color had been washed, and her soft brown hair was drawn down in a loose knot at the base of her round, rather long neck. But it is her face which today remains fixed in my memory, with its slight modelling and its unrelieved pallor, luminous as a jasmine flower in mountain twilight. As she came toward us through the dusty village street the stripling son of Kentucky at my side leaned down and said in a stage whisper directed at the brim of my leghorn hat, "Look quick! Let me know what you think of her!"

"I think she's awfully pretty."

"She's a nigger!"

I didn't belong to the town, but I had been brought up in New Orleans, where, in those years, I considered myself something of a judge. I responded with sixteen-year-old forthrightness, "I don't believe you!"

I turned and looked at her closely and perceived only a modest young woman, somewhat older than myself and quite as white outside, walking a trifle absently through a Kentucky valley. She was near enough for me to have touched her with my hand.

The boy insisted, "I tell you she is!" He held his tongue then, to let her pass out of earshot, and went on, "More than that, she lives with niggers over the other side of town. She looks white, but she's the only one in the family. The rest are plain black, or maybe some of them are kind of mulatto. The mother's almost white, only it's easy to see she's not: a this girl—well, she don't mind or a thing."

She didn't look as if she minded. Th was an expression on her face as thou she were unconscious of her immediate s roundings, being occupied with thoug of her own of no particular general terest. She hadn't looked at us as we pas her, and seemed indifferent to my co panion's thinly restrained comments ab herself. I suppose that she was used being pointed out as a freak of breeding a place where everyone busied hims with the concerns of his neighbors.

We passed through the business sect of the sleepy hamlet and out on to valley highroad, and the Kentuckian t me some gossip about the girl with still, white face, and a drummer.

I think that he said a drummer: he v some sort of wandering gallant. While girl was living with her brown and bl kinspeople and not, as he pointed o minding, the drummer came through valley peddling his wares and saw her the postoffice one night waiting for evening mail to be handed out throu the window. He said to some men from village he'd been talking to, "Wh that?"

They saw that he was smitten. It v too good a joke to pass up without a la

"That?" said they. They told him name, and it might have been the name any girl he knew. It wasn't enough. blushed, but asked them, "How abou little introduction?"

Then they knew he was mashed. T stopped the girl as she was leaving

toffice with her letters and mumbled
name with the travelling man's. They
their tongues in their cheeks, but she
w better than to stay and talk with a
ite man in that town.
he said "Howdy!" and went home to
Negroes she lived with. But the drum-
stayed around downtown and won-
ed how he could arrange for the chance
see her again. He thought she must be
, and that that was why she had left
building in so nervous a fashion with-
waiting to talk to him, or to any of
men from town standing about wait-
for their mail. He went back to the
el that night still thinking she was
ite, as they had planned he should.
Ie was leaving the valley the next
rning, but he expected to be back in
ut a week. He thought he'd write and
her if he could call. He didn't know
ere she lived, but reasoned she'd get a
er if he wrote her one addressed to
neral Delivery. He had put her name in
ook so he wouldn't forget it.
When the Kentuckian came to this part
he story he said with lusty satisfaction
he spice it had taken on in the telling,
ie must have thought he was trying to
fresh. Only a lot of them wouldn't
e cared; they'd have tried to keep him
n finding out some way, and met him
vntown until they'd got some presents
something out of him, anyhow. But
girl's peculiar; everybody around here
s so. She don't care or anything if any-
y calls her a nigger to her face. So
en the drummer's letter came she sat
vn and wrote him he'd better go with
s his own color."
had been impossible to imagine that
nine white face as anything but the
nless thing it seemed. No hint appeared
its surface of the long line of moody
cks somewhere in its past. There was
rored in it no mountain pastoral, like
image on a television plate, of the
nble shanty housing a brood of black
brown half brothers and sisters: no
stly hint of a steaming wash boiler
beside round tubs in a littered back yard,
and the linen of the town's best families
flapping scarecrow fashion on a rope.
Where yesterday had been a timid appear-
ing young thing with tender eyes and a
milky skin was now a monstrously de-
mented nitwit with God knew what in-
credibly come by store of misinformation
concerning himself and his forebears. He
wrote her in some heat that he'd have her
know that he was every bit as white as
she was!

II

The story reminded me, in a broad way, of
one my father used to tell about a man
from St. Louis who wished to locate the
residence of a great-great-grandfather in a
file of old New Orleans directories that be-
longed, in the eighties, to the office of a
law firm of the city.

Like so many of his kind, he was pos-
sessed of a compelling charm, not to be
questioned in the hour when he himself
thought that he was what he appeared to
be, a Caucasian out and out. The men he
spoke to about the matter took a genuine
liking to him, and never, to my knowl-
edge, mentioned his name while telling of
what befell him. That was the sort of im-
pression he made on them. He was the
equal of anyone among them when he
came into the room, and by a sort of un-
voiced agreement they let him go that
way. Only when he found what he'd come
after there was an abyss between them for
a moment while he left them.

He had the old gentleman's name and
the square he had lived on down on a piece
of paper with a kind of inescapable ac-
curacy. He simply walked into the offices
of the firm one morning and introduced
himself, remarking lightheartedly that he
had heard of the file of directories and ask-
ing in a pleasant, deferential way if he
might make use of them: he seemed to
want to verify his notes for a genealogical
record of some sort he was trying to get
together. His likableness was the thing

they spoke of oftenest around the office afterward. They damned themselves to a man if they had ever been so sorry for a young fellow before in their lives. They regretted with explosive genuineness that they should have been called upon to witness the monstrous thing that took place under their collective eyes, because they all helped him, since the books were frail with age and most of the neighborhoods had shifted this way or that. And they found what they were after, his great-great-grandfather's name, and following it like an overweighted tail to a tugging kite, the letters f. m. c., branding him irrevocably as a Negro, a free man of color.

III

In Haiti a single drop of white blood makes a man white, although he may be as black as stove polish to look at. You'll say to a blackamoor on the street corner, "What time is it, friend?" And he'll answer you laconically, "Ahsk the w'ite man yondah, stan'in' by the sto'." There won't be the difference in two midnights in the hole of Calcutta between them. But the first blackamoor knows that the second blackamoor has white ancestors.

There was a white man from down there who looked white to boot; but when he arrived in the United States to take up his residence he followed his African blood and fell in love with a French quadroon, and, renouncing his native claim to call himself a white man if he chose, set about establishing himself among the Negroes.

Just here he discovered difficulties in his way. No one would believe he was a colored man. Indeed, he seemed to the dusky families on the Gulf Coast a creature from an alien star, a character not to be trusted, an individual of a sinister and shady kind.

This was because he had sleek hair and trimmed his beard in a point, while his manner was polished and elaborate as a result of his having gone to school in Paris. It is possible, too, that he wore spats and a morning coat, and pressed h trousers too carefully and kept his han kerchief in his cuff. Anyhow, to the rollin eyed Cotton Belt blacks he appeared abo as congenial as a personal emissary of th Devil. They refused to believe his tales Negro ancestry and spewed him out the town. Even his high-yellow, willow bodied fiancée used to say, through h mouthful of pins and dressmakers' too that she dreamed of snakes every time s made up her mind to marry him.

This was regrettable, because it forc him into white boarding-houses where, happy ignorance of the abhorred taint his blood which bound him to the bla white men of Haiti, they made much him, while he suffered mightily with himself at his enforced residence among tepid and unimaginative a people. Event ally the flirtatious brown girl married h and made him a home of his own. But s never tired of sly references to his sojou in the world of palefaces.

You can't tell the man in the street story of that sort and expect to be believe "Don't tell me I don't know a nigger wh I see one," he'll say. And he'll say, "Pe ple can't get away with that in a count where they're known. If the fellow h been an American somebody would ha gotten the drop on him quick enough It's always meat for a rowdydow discussio

Usually only two starting points are a mitted from which a line may eventua take the color hurdle, and both of the are discounted as immediately as presente The first has to do with illegitimate ch dren of representative white fathers w are barred from recognition in their nati communities by reason of their notoric origin. The second sets up, and right enough, ejects without pause the hyp thetical adoption by white women negroid strays belonging to their husband Such reasoning is at once flamboyant a unessential to the problem at hand: t game, if a person's determined, is an ea one to play. What can't be proved is bett to ignore.

IV

ere was a little red-headed runt, arrived ne of the border States some years after Civil War, who had no such jungle or. He set out at once to make himself ispensable to the town he selected, a lement heavily Southern, where nigger a fighting word with the majority of inhabitants. The usual bad blood wed up wherever the question of race concerned, and seethed and boiled, sank to old levels, and boiled up again, ling itself in petty feuds; but the little ow with red hair and a determination have the liking of the community rked his way to the top through divers l activities, and finally settled himself the niche of a valued citizen.

ut one day a chap came through who known him around the race-track in w Orleans, and he said to the first per- he met, "What's that nigger doing in s town?"

ometimes that's said about a man and history is so well known or his Cau- ian backing is so powerful that the tement makes no impression on the ener. But while the runt was well liked, only hold he had on the place was per- al. He had to get himself out of the usation single handed the best way he ld. And that was where the situation ame delicate. He was a familiar guest all their homes, a popular member of ir lodges.

t was necessary to prove without delay t the man from Louisiana was a liar. e stench of Negro must be lifted from ir firesides with all the haste possible. ibel suit was tedious and might prove atisfactory. Moreover, it would make m a laughing stock in the place where runt lived if the Louisianan could ke good his accusation of the tarbrush. Here it is possible that they considered wives' formulas for ferreting out black od, and rejected them. "Look at the e of the fingernails," say their books. blue moon is plainly visible on the fingertips of an African." But poor circulation or sudden cold snaps had made their own nails blue at odd times. They glanced down obliquely and looked further.

Back of the ears a dark line might mean sluggish blood around a scar, or another man's imagination. They couldn't pull the little chap's head off his shoulders trying to decide as absurd a thing as that. Beside, there might be no marks of any sort on him, since to all appearance he was as white as anyone among them. He hadn't a family tree about him and he said his family had never had one made up.

Sharp practice can put a man where it's a nuisance to his neighbors to know him. They gave him a pistol and told him to go out and shoot the chap from New Orleans if he was the white man he was passing for. They didn't think he'd do it if he wasn't all right. A murder of that sort isn't easy to go through with without justice behind it to give it stomach.

So the little red-head took the gun and went down-town looking for the Southerner, and when he found him, shot him through the heart. When the insult was explained to the bystanders, no harm came of it. Calling a man a nigger in a community of that sort just after the Civil War meant trouble up to the hilt.

Just the same, the man who spoke of it to me said, "But do you know, that little scoundrel *was* a nigger? His father was a filthy rich carpet-bagger and his mother was a classy octoroon—used to pass for a Spaniard around Houston. My folks knew all about them, but they weren't looking to get shot like the chap who told on him; neither was anybody else down that way. So when they heard of it they all kept their mouths shut."

V

I eventually swapped this yarn for one from Mississippi which seemed to me rich in color values beneath its cracked surface, like an old canvas glowing with mellow, unquenchable life. A physician, a representative of a stately and honorable line,

was called to the bedside of an aged quadroon dying of malaria in a tiny settlement at the edge of a cypress swamp.

It was one of those places that isn't a town and isn't even a village; just a handful of shanties at the head of a tiny bayou. Back of it was a line of scummy water, blanketed with Spanish moss and crawling with snakes and mosquitoes. On the tumble-down doorsteps sat old men and women like images from the hands of the mother tribes in Africa, like murdered skins shrunken with fillings of hot sand. Naked children played under the mournful, unquiet oaks, or rolled in the flat mud yards with underfed pigs and rickety cats and dogs.

The old woman in the miserable, sagging lean-to had been a belle in the days of quadroon balls. Now she was shrunken like a rancid walnut, and clawed at her toothless mouth with hands that were unsteady talons, and mewled, and huddled wretchedly in the disordered bed.

A man's portrait on the wall looked down at her with a supercilious smile. It was the likeness of a Nineteenth Century dandy, a white planter with a horse fancier's stance in the angle of the legs, and love of women in the thin, braggart's face. The artist had pinioned them there to watch beside the foul deathbed of his mistress three quarters of a century later.

Money wouldn't buy it from her. The doctor offered her a great deal, in a fever at the abomination, because the portr was that of his own great-grandfather, a he himself was a man with early gray ha acquired in a lifetime of hard work a rigid adherence to the attenuated livi of an impoverished aristocrat.

The sitter for the portrait had little do with it. The old woman had forgott him. But his natural great-grandson in t North had extracted a promise from h that it should be his at her death. She h stripped herself of clothes and belongin regardless of all physical need, and h bought him a law practice in a city wh he was unknown, where his swarthy gc looks and hearty manner made him popu and a good mixer, with no questions askl in a pleasure-loving set of fly-by-night

Horrifying as the situation was, t doctor found his hands tied as complet as if they had been bound with ropes. T dying old woman whimpered that she h been given the picture as her lawful pr erty when the man who had owned had married; and produced documents prove it. Short of theft, there was chance of possessing it.

And there the tale rests, with the ph sician endangering his none too rob health with his sweat about it, and young near-white lawyer waiting for day when it will hang in his library w every semblance of authority and gat within his walls the dignity of a seemin unassailable house.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE A. F. OF L.

BY EARL W. SHIMMONS

THE American Federation of Labor cannot be understood without a knowledge of Samuel Gompers, whose long er epitomized its history from its radpioneer days and struggling formative od to the height of its power and the nning of its decline. The ghost of Gom- still haunts the halls of the Federa-'s ornate home in Washington and pres over the Executive Council.

e was born in the Whitechapel district London, of Dutch Jewish parents, in . His earliest recollections were of the ry of poor lace-makers thrown out of loyment by the introduction of lacing machinery. The tide of the Indus- Revolution was wiping out another licraft. The craftsman, who had been keystone man in industry since the days udalism, was losing his trade skill and ownership of the tools of production. vas being demoted to the ranks of the illed. Gompers was to become his npion.

t the age of ten young Sam was forced ave school to help support the family. ever forgot that bitter experience and ter days was to become a relentless foe hild labor. He was apprenticed to a rmaker and worked at the bench ity-six years before becoming a paid n official. Into the dismal depths of London slums seeped tales of a wonul land to the west where "a man was an if he were willing to toil." The rmakers' Society helped pay the pas- of the Gomperses to America and arrived in New York in the dark year 864. In the front room of their tene- t home in Houston street, in the heart of the East Side, the father fitted up a work bench and the boy helped him roll cigars. Years later Sam was to lead the fight for legislation which abolished the cigar sweatshop.

A natural student, he was soon enrolled in the free night-school at Cooper Institute. He was full of vitality, warm sentiment, and social idealism. He early showed signs of leadership by getting himself elected president of a debating club. In the bitter battles of his later years he developed into a parliamentary tactician of great skill, and a master of biting sarcasm and repartee. He also showed an early flare for the dramatic, and as a result the A. F. of L. conventions of his time were always adroitly staged.

The debating society changed into a lodge of the Odd Fellows, with Gompers as noble grand. Then he became chief ranger of the Empire City Court, Ancient Order of Foresters. Later he joined the Masons, Elks, Moose, Eagles and other such orders, and took an active interest in their theatrical pomp to the end of his life.

At fourteen he joined the Cigarmakers' Union, but at the start seldom attended its meetings. When he had learned his trade he sought a job in an outside shop. In that shop there existed a grievance over working conditions and he was selected to present the workmen's case to the boss. The boss tried bribery on him, but found that "there was many a Marius in young Cæsar." Already he showed that hard independence of character which caused his friend of twenty-seven years, Professor John R. Commons, to call him "the most incorruptible figure of his long generation."

On his seventeenth birthday Gompers married a stripper girl employed in the same shop, and thus, while still a youth, found himself saddled with the sobering responsibilities of a family. They made him cautious, and to the end of his life he was distrustful of footloose young labor leaders who wished to try out radical experiments. In the turbulent 70's New York was the center of the American labor movement and the mecca of exiled social revolutionists from abroad. Most of these were members of Karl Marx's International Workingmen's Association, the American branch of which dominated the labor movement of New York. Gompers attended its meetings and became well acquainted with its leaders. He studied German in order to read "Das Kapital," then untranslated.

A former European labor leader who worked beside him in the cigar shop was Ferdinand Laurrell, who had been secretary of the Scandinavian branch of the International at Copenhagen. Laurrell became Gompers' tutor and guided his first-hand studies into the warring philosophies and tactical programmes of socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, communistic co-operation, and "pure and simple" trade unionism. Seeking a safe road to economic freedom for the wage-earners, Gompers gradually evolved the ideology on which the A. F. of L. still stands. Its main principles are that economic power is the magic key that unlocks all doors, and that organization opens the road to power. In later years Gompers waged a bitter battle with the orthodox political socialists, under Daniel DeLeon and Eugene V. Debs.

Although he never called a strike, he took part in hundreds, usually as a mediator. The first was in 1869, when the cigarmakers struck against the introduction of molds in their work. The strike was lost and the molds were introduced, along with bunch-breaking machines. In his autobiography Gompers says he then first realized the futility of opposing progress. The rapid introduction of machines resulted in increasing production and this caused annual decrease in the piece rate, with c sequent lower wages. Gompers began tending his union's meetings, seeking so way out for the cigarmakers. Another tir he was placed in charge of a coöperat union cigar factory which furnished s employment for 2,500 men. When the str was settled this factory closed and Go pers found himself blacklisted. For mon he tramped the streets in search of wo and pawned everything but his wife's w ding ring to keep his family from starvi

The Cigarmakers' Union was reorg ized and the locals were fused into an ternational. It adopted the modern h dues and benefits system to accumulat war fund strong enough to finance sm strikes and lockouts. Discipline was stilled in the membership to end haphaz walkouts. Working rules were written i wage contracts to safeguard shop libert Gompers was by this time president Local No. 144, which at one time 6,000 members. When the Internatio was organized he was elected vice-pr dent and reëlected annually for forty years.

He introduced a resolution in its convention providing for the admissio all cigarmakers, without regard to color or system of work. He was in vance of his time. It took forty-six y to get this liberal membership clause i the constitution, so strong was the craft exclusiveness. Even then it was war measure designed to regain contro what had become a non-union indus Today these union handicraftsmen, than 18,000 of them left, are compe with automatic cigarmaking machi operated by ill-paid girls, which roll 4 cigars a day. The story of Gompers' union is symbolical of that of score once strongly organized crafts. Yet never tired of holding up the Cigarma as a model for other A. F. of L. union pattern after. Most of them did so, v the result that the A. F. of L. is now g downhill.

II

r the A. F. of L. had established itself
ıe industrial field Gompers' time was
easingly taken up with national poli-
He was an independent when party
larity was the rule. He had joined the
ıblican party out of boyhood admi-
ın of Lincoln, but soon found out that
spirit of the Emancipator had left it.
Tweed was then teaching municipal
rnment at Tammany Hall. In 1886 the
mers united in a crusade against Tam-
y, and Gompers stumped the city for
y George. When Bryan rode forth to
battle to the golden dragon of Wall
t, Gompers campaigned for him. But
years later he was hand in glove with
k Hanna, the boss of Big Business,
organized labor leaders to head his
dinner pail brigade.
ith the return of prosperity at the turn
e century the membership of the A. F.
., which had barely doubled in a dec-
began jumping 300,000 a year. The
onal Civic Federation was organized,
Hanna as president and Gompers as
president, ostensibly to serve as a
ator between capital and labor and so
about industrial peace. When Gom-
and his lieutenants began banqueting
millionaire open shoppers at the N.
orgies, Daniel DeLeon, of the Social-
abor Party, delivered his famous phi-
c, "Two Pages from Roman History,"
hich he predicted that the leaders of
A. F. of L. would go the way of the
ian leaders of republican Rome.
t Labor's sudden growth in power be-
to make it respectable and Labor Day
me a national holiday. Labor lobbies
n to obtain an increasing share of fav-
le attention in State and national halls
gislation, and departments of labor
to administer the new laws. The ad-
e caused the open shoppers of Big
ness to undertake a counter attack.
methods they used to halt labor legis-
n were exposed in the celebrated Mul-
investigation. In Congress, Uncle Joe Cannon's Old Guard sandbagged every labor bill at sight. In consequence, the A. F. of L., in 1906, was forced to modify its nonpartisanism and take to the warpath under the slogan of "Defeat your enemies and support your friends."

But no tangible results were forthcoming and in 1912 it was decided to give nonpartisanism another trial. The rise of the Progressives and the overthrow of Uncle Joe released the log jam of labor legislation. The Department of Labor was created and a son of toil who carried an A. F. of L. card took a seat in the Cabinet. The Clayton Amendment to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was put through for the benefit of Federal judges who thought the Sherman law was aimed at labor unions rather than at tariff-protected trusts. It declared that labor was "not a commodity or an article of commerce." Gompers hailed it as Labor's Magna Charta and a vindication of his nonpartisan political policy.

The A. F. of L. was deeply in debt to the Democratic party by the time 1916 rolled around, so it was thought expedient to abandon its nonpartisan stand and endorse Woodrow Wilson and his "He kept us out of the war" campaign. According to Gompers, organized labor was credited by Wilson with having swung the balance of power and elected him. Gompers became a power behind the throne and a telephone call from him to the White House opened its doors. Soon the war clouds from Europe began to spread over America. Instantly Gompers, by then a thin, bald-headed and near-sighted old man, set out with the fire of youth upon the crusade to make the world safe for democracy.

On the eve of the declaration of war, the A. F. of L. bosses pledged organized labor's loyalty to the government—with reservations. These reservations provided that the eight-hour day and union working conditions should prevail in war work, with equal pay for equal work to guard union wage scales against the unorganized women who were flocking into industry. They also provided for the enforcement of

labor legislation, and for labor representation on the war boards. Maximum production was the main consideration of the government, and labor and capital agreed to a truce. Dollar-a-year patriots handed out fat cost-plus contracts to corporations in which they held interests, and the labor leaders volunteered to serve for nothing, to get what they wanted. The Department of Labor grew so large that it was said that labor was in the saddle. Gompers served on the advisory committee to the Council of National Defense, as chairman in charge of labor relations.

This loyalty soon began paying the A. F. of L. big dividends. Wilson broke the employers' opposition by ruling that public opinion demanded the eight-hour day for American industry. Thus the A. F. of L.'s first big objective upon its reorganization in 1886 was achieved. McAdoo, as head of the Railroad Administration, favored organized labor and the A. F. of L. received 1,000,000 new members from the transportation army alone. Gompers made a gentlemen's agreement with Secretary of War Baker providing that the union scale should be paid on cantonment construction jobs, which principle was later extended to the shipyards holding Emergency Fleet Corporation contracts.

With the closed shop prevailing, all the enemies of the A. F. of L., such as the members of the I. W. W., were forced to join its "voluntary" unions to get and hold jobs. A golden flood poured into the treasuries of the internationals and the A. F. of L. built itself an office building in Washington. As skilled labor became scarce, the organized trades were able to advance their wage scales. With time-and-a-half and double-time for overtime many members were able to buy silk shirts and automobiles.

The A. F. of L. thus doubled its membership during the war and rose to the height of its power. But on the spiritual side it suffered heavy losses. Its idealistic minority—one-third of its membership were socialists in 1915, according to the late Professor Robert F. Hoxie—v disheartened and is still soul sick. Havi been educated to look upon the militia scab herders, and the A. F. of L. as a fo arrayed against war, many of the rank a file felt that the leadership had sold ou precious principle when it made an ov night switch to a pro-war stand. T apathy in the American labor movem today is partly due to this war-time l of confidence in the leadership. The 1 convention of the A. F. of L. endorsed Conscription and Espionage Acts, alo with the rest of the administration's leg lative programme. Gompers persona headed the government-financed Americ Alliance for Labor and Democracy, wh had been organized to still the protests the anti-war socialists and the pacifist l erals who sought to uphold the consti tional guarantees through the medium the People's Council.

When, near the war's end, the we socialistic labor leaders among the Al were thinking of settling the mess wit social revolution, following the exam of the Russian Bolsheviks, Gompers other "safe" American labor leaders w sent to Europe to convert them to ort doxy. The pilgrims were wined and di by diplomats and deluged with gov ment inspired newspaper praise. Gom was solemnly presented to His Maje King George V. He was from then on erally regarded by the leaders of Euro labor as a bourgeois, with only a chi conception of European politics and of underlying causes of the war.

When the American Peace Delega went to Paris, he was taken along, tho not as a member of the official inner ci He became chairman of the Internati Commission on Labor Legislation wh drew up a forward-looking charter of l principles. This was incorporated in League of Nations section of the Treat Versailles. Gompers doubtless visi himself as presiding over the Internati Labor Office at Geneva, but fate r otherwise.

III

en he returned home he found the A. f L. fighting on all fronts against re- on. The open shoppers, led by United es Steel, were now in the saddle and ernment support of the A. F. of L. had withdrawn. Gompers waved the flag n, but the newspapers, having shifted r propaganda barrage from pro-Ger- s to Reds, no longer treated loyal labor ers as heroes. Big Business was out to labor in its place and former corpora- attorneys on the Federal bench were ling out strike-breaking injunctions t and left. This post-war open shop e cost the A. F. of L. 1,000,000 mem- . A similar number was rounded up and nized into works councils or company ns by anti-union employers. Protected ellow-dog contracts, these company rolled unions have become perhaps the est obstacle to the A. F. of L.'s ad- e. During the past two years, while number of companies supporting works cils has decreased, the larger corpor- ns have found them to be good A. F. . insurance, with the result that the ement is growing from the inside and total membership has increased.

he A. F. of L. was thus practically en out of the trustified basic indus- , but a series of desperate strikes, fol- ed by a revival of industry, resulted victory for its principle of opposing vage cuts. When the cost of living be- e stabilized the organized skilled smen found their theoretical wages to o% higher than they had been before war. Since 1925, however, in spite of mpts to coöperate with employers on rofit-sharing basis through increasing luction, union wage scales have made tically no gains.

he courts having virtually outlawed s picketing and other effective strike hods, Gompers was forced to seek re- ial legislation. Platform committees of capitalistic parties, with one eye on the ce of campaign funds, flouted the pe- titions of the A. F. of L.'s legislative committee. They refused to bid for the labor vote, apparently being advised that it could not be delivered. So nonpartisanism was again abandoned and Gompers from his sick bed told the Executive Council to endorse LaFollette and his third party. A fine showing of 5,000,000 votes was made, but no immediate and concrete results being in sight, the El Paso convention reaffirmed the old touching faith in nonpartisanism.

The same situation faced the Executive Council last year, but there was no Gompers this time. Unofficially, organized labor was for Smith, partly on his labor legislation record, but principally because he was wet. Unlike the Knights of Labor, which barred saloon-keepers from membership, the A. F. of L. unions, many of them born in the back rooms of saloons, usually vote solidly against Prohibition.

Gompers is said to have been largely instrumental in preventing war with Mexico when relations with the United States were strained. He was invited by the Mexican labor party to attend the inauguration of President Calles as a guest of honor. The members of the Executive Council and many of the delegates to the El Paso convention went along. Gompers' reception was second only to that of President Calles. Ragged revolutionists from Central American republics begged his support for their outlawed labor organizations. As his doctors had warned, the high altitude affected his heart, and he was rushed back to American soil. He died surrounded by the chieftains of the A. F. of L. who filed in to say good-by to Sam. Upon the arrival of his body in the nation's capital it was accorded military honors. In the history of American labor the death of Gompers marked the end of an epoch.

He left a stable national organization, run by a machine which had long been the envy of politicians. A large volume of labor legislation was on the statute books, and trusted labor veterans were in strategic positions to see that it was enforced.

The competition of European immigrants, with their lower standards of living, had been blocked by the restrictive Immigration Act, administered by the friendly Department of Labor. Friendly relations had been established with organized labor throughout North America.

The last of the founders of the A. F. of L. passed from the Executive Council last year with the death of James A. Duncan, the first vice-president. The men on the bridge today are of the second generation. They are more suave and diplomatic in their deportment than the hard-fisted pioneers, and they bear fewer scars of battle. Like most men of the second generation they are more interested in conserving their heritage than in seeking new worlds to conquer.

Aggressive leadership is lacking and President William Green has said in the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the A. F. of L., that the strike weapon has become obsolete, and that moral suasion must be used in seeking working agreements with organizations of employers. Despite the fact that State and city labor bosses have from time to time been found on the payrolls of companies that their unions had dealings with, the members of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. have so far maintained their financial integrity. As much cannot be said of the intellectual honesty of some of them.

IV

The most powerful personality in the organization today is John Llewellyn Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, once called "the backbone of the American labor movement" and "the greatest industrial union in the world." Lewis challenged Gompers' faltering leadership at the Denver convention in 1921. He is now regarded as the Warwick behind the throne. The actual president, William Green, a Baptist and an Elk, was formerly secretary of the Mine Workers, but was not an outstanding leader in A. F. of L. affairs. Lewis is the fruit of labor polit and the inside story of labor politics America is a long and complicated o Some of its high lights were touched u by William Z. Foster, leader of the s strike of 1919 and candidate for presid on the Workers party or Communist tic last fall. In his "Misleaders of Labo speaking on the meteoric rise of Lewis the head of the miners' union, he says:

> He came to power by the back door route. He w a technical worker for the union. His tool, t weak Frank J. Hayes, appointed him vice-pres dent to fill the vacancy made by Hayes himse when he took White's place as president. Lew then . . . involved him in a compromising si uation which forced Hayes to resign. Lewis the automatically became president.

According to current reports, Lewis n exerts a great influence on Green. Perh the fact that he controls the largest bl of votes on the floor of the convent when the annual election of officers ta place is a consideration. He rules the M. W. like an autocrat.

Coal is now competing with oil and e tricity and is badly disorganized as an dustry. The A. F. of L. policy of oppos wage reductions in the face of such a s ation resulted in strike after strike foll ing the Armistice. The last one, wh ended last year, left the miners' organ tion a wreck. After each lost strike ther a natural reaction against the strike lea ship, and these rank and file revolts c to a head in the international's con tions. The Mine Workers' biennial con tions have become a by-word through the A. F. of L. Lewis, instead of bl firing by sending his shock troop organi into the threatening non-union district West Virginia and Kentucky, is allege utilize them as a political machine to guard his own job.

Several months before the last an convention "blue sky" locals bega blossom out in open-shop stronghol Then Reds were discovered and a wh sale expulsion of locals followed in a fort to forestall a hostile majority communist, in the eyes of A. F. of L

ldom, has come to be anyone who is ly to take the floor and demand to w who is getting away with it. If, in e of all precautions, opposition orators in and raise an uproar in an attempt obtain recognition from Chairman is, strong-arm sergeants-at-arms sim- pick them up and throw them bodily of the hall. When, despite all this, the osition shows a clear *viva voce* vote nst Lewis, as was the case several es in the 1924 convention, he plays ssolini and ignores it.

he A. F. of L. has no jurisdiction over international's elections. But in the eration's own election the Lewis ma- ie has for the past four years been cast- a vote based upon a membership *per ta* tax for 400,000, although the actual s-paying membership of the miners' on has shrunk to less than half that re. If the U. M. W. were counted as 000 the A. F. of L.'s membership fig- would show a further loss.

ast year the opposition candidate ng the miners was John H. Walker, ident of the Illinois State Federation abor, a former official of the U. M. W. r Walker had been nominated he was d off the ballot on the ground that was not employed at the trade." But ker is at least as much a miner as is is, and pays just as much dues into organization. A Federated Press story ribed the natural outcome of this ation:

> ere being no opposition candidates, President n L. Lewis, Vice-President Philip Murray l Secretary Thomas Kennedy were declared nimously reëlected by the United Mine rkers of America. Two years ago John Brophy Pennsylvania ran against Lewis and many rges of fraud were made when Lewis was lared reëlected at that time. Radical opposi- n elements in the union have since withdrawn l formed the National Miners' Union, a dual anization, at a convention in Pittsburgh last tember.

has been decided that, to save ex- es, there will be no convention this . Lewis is a Republican and is said to e hopes of preferment under Hoover.

V

Vice-president Matthew Woll, head of the Photo-Engravers, ranks second in power to Lewis. He was born in Luxemberg and is a member of the Knights of Columbus. He is often in the spotlight, taking the lead away from President Green by appearing as A. F. of L. spokesman before public bodies. Woll represents the extreme right wing in the Federation and is the acting president of the National Civic Federation.

The real story of the National Civic Federation has never been written, but when it is, confirmation will doubtless be given to DeLeon's prophecy as to its probable influence over the "pure and simpletons" who supped of its lotus flowers. In connection with his comments on the "lynching" of Brookwood Labor College, instigated by Woll, which was the crowning achievement of the New Orleans convention, Professor John Dewey has said:

> There is no evidence that Mr. Woll has used his position to alter the policies of the National Civic Federation toward organized labor. On the contrary, he has subtly employed his dual official position to cramp or paralyze action on the part of the Federation of Labor that is not in line with the policies of the Civic Federation. Positive confirmation, aside from the negative evidence of total absence of protest, is found in the history of old-age pensions, State and Federal, an idea actively sponsored by the American Federation of Labor when it had the militant leadership of Gompers, but skillfully side-tracked in the consulship of Woll.

Gompers trained Woll to be his successor, and he was known as the Crown Prince. The day after Gompers was in his grave, the Executive Council met behind closed doors. Lewis is said to have dominated the proceedings, with the result that the Crown Prince was shoved aside and Lewis's man, Green, was crowned. Green in four years has pretty well entrenched himself and Woll has given up immediate hopes of reaching the throne. Much of his time is now spent at national union conventions trying to sell them blanket insurance. His present ambition is said to be centered on building up the Union Labor

Life Insurance Company. He will then outshine the post-war crop of labor politicians who now preside behind mahogany desks as presidents of labor banks.

John P. Frey, president of the Moulders and also head of the now weak Metal Trades Department, represents the liberal forces in the Federation. Frey is one of the few American labor leaders who are real students of the international labor movement, and he is one of the few really able labor editors left in what was once a very promising field. Today labor journalism is at a low ebb, with the *American Federationist* fat with open shop advertising, full of conservatism and respectability. Frey has made the *Moulders' Journal* probably the best organ of any international.

Other leaders with progressive ideas are John Fitzpatrick, head of the Chicago Federation, and James H. Maurer, for sixteen years head of the Pennsylvania Federation. But labor politics tends to elevate opportunistic politicians rather than "economic statesmen" to positions of power in the inner body, and so there is little chance of the Federation being headed by a really progressive man in the near future. Such a man, however, will be needed to change what has become a steady retreat into a new advance.

The higher strategy espoused by the A. F. of L. after the war was heralded by its promoters as opening the road to the promised land. Labor was to lift itself by its own bootstraps through trade union capitalism. Banks, the centers of power in the business world, were to be captured by the unions by the purchase of stock control. The unionized banks were then to lend to fair employers and withhold loans from concerns which favored the open shop, and thus serve as heavy artillery on the industrial front. As stockholders and investors in such endorsed enterprises the "dear brothers" were to acquire steady and substantial secondary incomes, with the prospect of in time graduating into the class of the idle rich.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers pioneered in the field with a coa to-coast chain of banks, which were so linked up with labor-controlled mortga investment and industrial companies. terlocking directorates unified control the hands of President Warren E. Sto and his associates. Mistakes of judgme and misplaced confidences soon began cut into the anticipated profits and t labor financiers plunged heavily into t Florida swamps to recoup their losses. showdown was called for at the 1927 of L. E. convention. As near as could found out, at least $20,000,000 of t $100,000,000 invested in the various co panies involved was a loss. The B. of L. like all the other railroad brotherhoo is largely based upon insurance, becau the old line companies formerly refused insure men in dangerous occupations. T labor bankers had to seek aid from the surance and pension funds, and today t engineers are paying an additional $5 month special assessment to rebuild the

The A. F. of L. leaders had been qui to plunge into the banking game, but f lowing the crash of the B. of L. E. ent prises, the Federation issued a storm wa ing against such "experiments." The to resources of the score or so of labor ban have shown a decrease during the past t years, a period of banking prosperity.

VI

With economic forces drawing textile a other industries southward, from orga ized to open shop territory, the A. F. of was forced by circumstances to face t issues involved in an industrial South. latest slogan, coined by the Execut Council for the inspiration of the New O leans convention, is "Double trade uni membership in 1929." The South w picked as the battle ground where t A. F. of L. was to halt its retreat and resu the offensive. Even its coiners, howev took the 100% slogan with a grain of sa

The mill industries of the new South largely based upon woman labor, wh

A. F. of L. has found it very difficult organize. The economic and political us of the "pure American stock" in the le company towns borders in many re- cts on serfdom, and labor organizers t in from the outside have had a myste- us habit of disappearing without trace. e well organized Christian employers of South want no "agitators" shaking foundations of its economic structure have a reputation of fighting rather n mediating in dealing with organized or. Public opinion, which the A. F. of L. of late years increasingly relied upon aid, expresses itself through such itutions as the Ku Klux Klan. Many F. of L. unions bar Negroes from mem- ship and it is not likely that a drive l ever be made that might collide with e first law of the South." No plan of paign and no war chest have been pro- ed for this year's ambitious programme. s the South, regardless of "conditions g ripe," does not appear to be a very mising A. F. of L. recruiting ground. he same fanfare of trumpets was heard he Detroit convention three years ago. open shop automobile industry was n to be organized. But when the A. F. . delegates emerged from their tour of d's great Highland Park plant they e dazed. Modern straight-line produc- n, whereby men become but cogs in an ost automatic machine, presented a blem that the minds of Nineteenth Cen- craft unionists could not solve. Expert hine-tenders could be made with two ks' training; the old four-year appren- ship to learn whole trades, the corner- ne of the craft unions, was no more. ustrial unionism could only cause a lot itter jurisdictional battles among jeal- craft rivals. Ford's men were enjoying igh wages as union men, and as short horter hours, so there was little in erial benefits the A. F. of L. organizers ld offer them. Thus these organizers d a dilemma. They had blown their npets and the walls of Jerico had not fallen. So they folded their tents and left the citadel of American mass production, and the committee on ways and means of organizing the great automobile industry has yet to bring in its programme.

Anti-injunction legislation was not obtained in the last Congress, and with a less liberal Senate judiciary committee in the offing there seems little likelihood of halting the injunction judges unless the new administration gives aid, which is considered unlikely. Injunctions, as now used, practically hamstring all effective strike action. The Federal courts have even used them to guard the sanctity of yellow-dog contracts, so called on the supposition that a dog would not sign one of them. These one-sided contracts in turn are used to protect the company controlled works councils, shepherded by personnel and efficiency experts. The Clayton Act has been shot as full of holes as a sieve, and labor unions may now be sued for strike or boycott damages. They have very few friends left at court.

Of the many labor organizations which have risen in the United States in the past century, the American Federation of Labor has lived the longest, grown the largest, and accomplished the most for its members. But during the past decade it has been steadily losing membership, and it is still far short of a fully developed national labor movement. Four years ago the end of non-partisanism was seen, but with its local leaders in alliance with political machines like Tammany Hall, the A. F. of L. is making no progress toward a national Labor Party. The gigantic consumer coöperative enterprises that are allied with the trade union movements of Europe have made little progress here, and get little A. F. of L. support. The A. F. of L. remains what Gompers and his fellow hand craftsmen designed it to be: a life raft,—though now beginning to get waterlogged,—for skilled labor. It is still, in the second quarter of the Twentieth Century, a trade union "pure and simple"—with emphasis on the simple.

BUCKETS OF BLOOD

BY OWEN P. WHITE

For anyone at the present time, with the hero only sixty-three years dead, to monkey with the halo of the late William Clarke Quantrill would be extremely hazardous. For this there are two reasons: Kansas and Missouri. Let the historian step into the former State and warble but one measure in praise of the great guerilla, or let him hop across the line into Missouri and chirp but one note of criticism, and in either case he will be immediately beset by a whole host of octogenarians, who, snatching butcher knives from their boot-tops, will proceed to carve forget-me-nots on his façade.

Under such circumstances there is but one safe course for me to pursue, and that is the course of Quantrill himself. I shall pick up the crimson tale at its beginning, and with as little comment as possible, follow it through to its vermilion close. In this way I think I may please everybody. Mr. Quantrill's deeds, indeed, can be relied upon to speak for themselves, and in perusing the simple record partisans on both sides of the line should be able to read into it whatever will make them happy. The Kansans can chew on the tale as something upon which to fatten their waning animosity for their sinful neighbors; while the Missourians can wring from many of its paragraphs comforting draughts of good red blood, fresh-drawn from the veins of their most cherished enemies.

To begin with, William Clarke Quantrill was *not* born in Hagerstown, Md. He used to say he was, but his family Bible distinctly calls him a liar. According to it, he actually came into the world in Canal Dover, O., on July 31, 1837. As one ga at his genealogical tree one sees, dangli from the branches thereof in his immedi vicinity, a number of illustrious characte Among them one notes a gambler, a forg a seven-degree bigamist, a pirate, an e bezzler, and last but not least, a ho doctor whose chief professional trick w gashing the under sides of young hors tails, to the end that the said tails sho no longer rest supinely on their natu couch between the buttocks, but wo have to be held almost straight out. T gave the colts a very stylish appearan and they brought high prices as fan hacks.

Regarding Quantrill's immediate f bears there is not much to be said. His fath had three trades, which, it seems, he w able to combine. As tinker, author a embezzler, he wrote a book called "T Tinners' Guide," published it with fu belonging to a school of which he was t trustee, and later on came into lo prominence when a milliner gave hi public cow-hiding for commenting t freely on her nocturnal habits.

During the early years of his ca William himself was only a normal b One of his biographers makes much of fact that he used to capture live snak nail them to tree trunks, and watch th wiggle. But what of that? The Purit put old women in the stocks and thr stones at them. If anything, young Will was to be commended for his nerve holding the snakes. I wouldn't have d it.

By the time he was sixteen he finished his schooling, and, as b

loped rapidly in those days, he started at once to make his living. Leaving e, he went to Mendota, Ill., got a in a lumber-yard, and a short time eafter was discovered standing behind le of 2 x 4's with a smoking pistol in nand. There was a dead man at his feet, as the general public seemed disin- d to believe his story, but couldn't rove it—that the dead man had tried ob him—, things became so unpleasant im that he moved to Fort Wayne, Ind., re he taught school for one term. He returned home, but evidently he was popular there, for his mother at once e arrangements for him to go to Kan- with two men named Torrey and Bee-

nese good men advanced the money the youth's trip, and took him with n to the new country near Paola, re they all took land. One night, when on and Quantrill were sleeping to- er, the man, in rolling over, pulled too h of the cover off the boy, who at once up, procured a Spanish dagger and was about to administer the last rites to bedfellow when Mr. Torrey, who was bily awake, hit him with a boot-jack. racket, of course, awoke Beeson, who, ng a sensible view of the situation, eeded to administer proper justice. He e, went outside, cut a supply of *bois* switches, and treated His Future nence to one of the finest thrashings rded in history.

his broke up the partnership, and the day Quantrill went to live with a named Bennings, from whom he ned a good many things not taught in night courses of the Y.M.C.A. One nese was gambling, and thereafter it is a great while until we find the tinker's under the name of Charley Hart, eling across the plains as a card-sharp, n a government supply train bound for Bridger, Utah.

t Fort Bridger, where he remained until r in 1859, Quantrill, or Charley Hart, ck it rich. With almost unfailing good luck, and always with his gun on the table in front of him, to "insure the game," he tapped the monte lay-outs and called the turn at the faro banks until he came to regard anything as small as a dollar as not worth picking up. But in the end his luck deserted him and he went broke. Gradually he degenerated from his high place as a gambler to the low rank of a dish-washer, and in 1859 he returned to Kansas and again went to live with Professor Bennings.

During his first days in Kansas, although he had written his mother that any man who owned slaves ought to be hanged for it, he had not taken any active part in the warfare of the border. But now, considerably toughened by his year in the West, and reëntered in the Bennings' Academy for a post-graduate course, he threw himself heart and soul into the strife. Operating under the name of Charley Hart, and posing as a detective, he played the game both ways from the middle. Working with the Kansas Jayhawkers, he stole slaves out of Missouri, and then, in conjunction with the Border Ruffians, he stole the same slaves back again, and, either returned them to their owners for the sake of the rewards, or sold them into further slavery down the river. Many transactions of this kind are marked up to the credit of "Charley Hart." In fact, during this period of his career, he seems to have double-crossed everybody he had dealings with. He lived for a time with the McGee family, near Lawrence, and did his part in earning for one of his hosts the title of Cuckold Tom. He accepted the hospitality of the Delaware Indians and paid for it by stealing a lot of their ponies and getting away with a saddle and bridle belonging to an old squaw. He made friends with a free nigger, kidnapped him, and sold him.

As a detective he entered into confidential relations with two gentlemen from Missouri who had come into Kansas looking for stolen property. Unfortunately, these Missourians were carrying plenty of cash, and so, a few days after his meeting with

them, Charley Hart reported to the authorities in Lawrence that a double murder had been committed, as he had seen two corpses floating down the river. This statement was verified when the corpses were fished out, but it was not until after the disappearance of Hart and the reincarnation of Quantrill that the identity of the murderer was established. It was then too late to take action.

Such antics as these could have but one result. Crossing his own trail so often, Quantrill was bound to trip himself, and when he finally did so, as the aftermath to what was known as the Cass County Raid, he suddenly found that he was the most thoroughly indicted man in Kansas. He was wanted in Lawrence for nearly every crime on the statute books and therefore he didn't go there. Instead he bivouacked in the bushes close to the line, consorted with the Border Ruffians, and finally, without taking anyone into his confidence, concocted a scheme by which he could move openly into Missouri and at once win for himself a high place in the hearts of its people. In brief, he induced five or six men, three of them being Quaker Abolitionists who freed slaves as a matter of religious conviction, to join him in a raid on the Morgan Walker plantation, a few miles across the line in Missouri. Black ivory is what these Quakers went after and black death is what they got.

Following Charley Hart's lead, the raiders secreted themselves in the brush a short distance from the Walker home, and there they waited while their valiant commander, as he said, went out to reconnoiter. But instead of that, he called on Walker and informed him politely that a few doses of buck-shot would do some wicked Kansans, who were coming that night to steal his slaves, a whole lot of good. Mr. Hart, of course, at the same time made proper arrangements for his own safety, and that evening the party was pulled exactly as he had planned it. He led his Quaker friends up to the door of the Walker house; he stepped inside, ostensibly to advise Walker to yield peaceably; and then, as he cros the threshold to security the roar of sh guns made it perfectly plain to the th Quakers that they had been betrayed. Ho ever that made no difference to them. fore the roar died out they were all de So was Charley Hart. There, at Morg Walker's the "detective" died and Willi Clarke Quantrill was reborn.

II

In order to account to the Missourians his betrayal of his comrades Quantrill h to have some kind of a tale to tell, and got up a beauty. Here it is:

Three years before, he said, he and mythical brother, accompanied by a myt cal free nigger, who went along as a serva had started out on an overland trip to Pik Peak. But they never got there. *En r* they were set upon by a blood-thirsty ba of Kansas Jayhawkers, who slaughte the brother and the free nigger and left tinker's son, naked and wounded, al on the plains for the wolves to eat. Providence intervened. After the na one had spent three days shooing the b zards away from the dead body of brother an old Indian came along rescued him. This old Indian took him the teepees of his tribe, the Red N nursed him back to health, and therea he changed his name and went into b ness as a professional avenger. Up to d so he asserted, he had already disposed twenty-eight unbelievers (in slavery) he was now ready, with the help of C and Missouri, to go ahead and finish job.

Missouri signed up at once. It ope wide its arms to the poor man who had his brother, and so likewise did one of Walker girls. Everything was now lov for Quantrill. For some time he lived c fortably in the bosom of the Wa family, watching his greatness grow; th for some reason or other, he made a tri Texas. When he came back, the Civil was on and he became a hanger-on in

federate army, but as he objected to any of discipline he was not an official of it. He still lusted, though, for the d and booty of Kansas, and pretty he went after it. He began modestly engineering a few impromptu raids ss the line and robbing and hanging any of his former friends as he could his hands on. In Missouri also he did bit by hunting out and shooting ed traitors. Finally, in December, , feeling that his already wide expe- e in murder and robbery qualified him mmand, he elected himself as chieftain a gang of seven men. This done, he ucted his men to go out after recruits then reassemble on a certain date, and unced that he himself would retire n to the Walker place, where he could practise love and plan carnage.

uantrill's orders were carried out. n recruits that swelled their strength irty men, his berserkers were back on appointed day, and, although there o papers to prove it, it is quite likely by that time "Captain" Quantrill had given some kind of commission as a of Partisan Rangers. That word, san, was much to his liking. Like her great character in history, he gnized no neutrals. All men were either im or against him, and woe be unto e who were not for him. He converted n at once into corpses, confiscated their stock, and burned their homes. To rule there were no exemptions. The t was that he soon became almost as n of a terror to the inhabitants of ern Missouri as he was to the in- tants of Kansas.

ay almost as much, for there was, after real difference in his doings at home broad. At home, that is in Missouri, e there might possibly be some doubt a man's eligibility for execution, the ises were often conducted along hu- lines, and sinners in some cases, pro- they first gave up all their best s, were allowed to repent and come the fold. But over in Kansas, where there was no question as to the status of anybody, the evangelist's orders to his missionaries were to convert 'em all. Women only were excepted.

In accordance with this general plan, and possibly because he wanted to get even for a slight defeat he had suffered at the hands of some Union troops near Independence on February 22, 1862, Quantrill took thirty of his men and on March 7 sacked the little town of Aubrey, in Johnson county, Kansas. There wasn't a soldier in the place and there was no resistance, but that, of course, only made it easier for the tinker's son. He and his men stole what they wanted, burned a few houses, killed five unarmed citizens, and rode bravely away. They should have killed a sixth man, who had known Quantrill as Charley Hart, but they didn't. They only wounded him and left him for dead, so that a few years later he was able to write the following:

> He [Quantrill] was a highway robber of the darkest shade, and a desperate leader of the most desperate demons that ever disgraced the name of man—infinitely worse than he was. None of them with bravery enough to face an enemy—but they took every advantage of the surroundings, by treachery, to drench the earth with blood and carnage.

That this opinion of Quantrill was shared by the Federal authorities is evident. A few days after the Aubrey affair he was officially outlawed, which meant that any citizen had the full and free consent of the United States government to shoot him at sight. But note the result. In joyful acceptance of this recognition, Quantrill and his men at once captured and "converted" four sinners. One of these was a sergeant who surrendered peaceably and was shot for it. Two others were men who came in looking for protection, and got it—around the neck. The fourth was an old man who was walking down the road with his young son, and was shot, apparently, just for fun.

Nor was this gory jubilee the only effect produced by the order of outlawry. Within three days after its promulgation Quan-

trill's force, by voluntary enlistment, had increased to more than a hundred men, and, thus encouraged, he prepared to spread himself over a much wider range of territory. Under his plan of campaign this was easy to do. Not being regular soldiers, his men were not rationed from headquarters. The whole state of Missouri was their commissary, and every man in it who had anything they wanted was a quartermaster sergeant from whom they requisitioned supplies. It was thus easier for Quantrill to split his men into gangs and allow them to ravage at will than to maintain them as a whole. He did this, and in so doing made it impossible, in the limited scope of the present monograph, to follow them in all their gory activities. From this point on, therefore, it will be necessary to stick to the trail of the great man himself.

He reappears late in August, and one finds him in the throes of an emotional crisis. Since his excommunication in March he has been having a rather exciting time. On three separate occasions his personally conducted detachment has collided violently with the godamnedyankees, and on each occasion he has lost his horses and been forced to retreat on foot. In the whole record, extending over three months, there is but one really inspiring episode. Late in June, with about twenty-five of his bravos, he participated in the battle of Independence, got away with much loot, and wallowed in much blood. But even in that jug of ointment there was a large fly. Shortly after the battle he was set upon by Union soldiers who pursued him so diligently that he was again forced to abandon his live stock and take to the bushes on foot. In doing so he not only lost his horses, but also he lost a man, one Perry Hoy, who was captured and carried away by the enemy.

But by August, when he reappears with fresh horses, Richard is himself again. As we come upon him in his camp he is taking his morning coffee and turning over the pages of the *Missouri Republican*. Suddenly his eyes fall upon a head-line, and he reads the paragraph beneath it. A look of agony comes into his face. He brushes it away. The look of a soldier, with jaws stern-set, takes its place. He turns to the sergeant.

"Have we any prisoners on hand?"

"Three, sir."

"Shoot 'em at once, and go out and get some more and shoot them."

"Yes, sir."

This was one of Quantrill's high moments. It was all done as he ordered it done. The three prisoners were immediately disposed of, and before night eleven more men, only one of whom was a soldier, were gathered in from the countryside and shot. Why? Because the great evangelist had read in his paper that Perry Hoy had been tried by court martial, found guilty, and executed.

But Quantrill's vengeance did not end there. In honor of the departed Hoy he called in several of his outlying detachments and led the entire mob over to Olathe, Kansas, where proper memorial services were held. "Not more than a dozen persons were killed," but much plunder was had and the sacrificial torch was so well wielded that the village was reduced to ashes.

After that, for a couple of weeks, we hear nothing of him except that he spent most of the time keeping one jump ahead of an industrious Yankee colonel named Burris, who was hot on his trail. Then, having given Burris the slip, he suddenly appears, on October 17, on the outskirts of Shawneetown, in Johnson county, Kansas. In the road ahead of him he spies a wagon train. It has halted for a rest. The men with it are all asleep. No guard has been posted. What could be nicer? Fifteen of those sleeping men never awoke. The rest scattered. "This whetted their appetite for blood and the guerillas dashed into Shawneetown and murdered seven citizens. The brand was applied and the village reduced to ashes. The stores were robbed and horses and household goods taken back to Missouri."

III

It was now Fall, the trees were beginning to drop their leaves, and there would soon be no shady coverts into which Quantrill and his gallant braves could duck when they were too hotly pursued. Hence it was high time for him to do something. He did do something. He assembled his men, told them that they would all seek a safe place for the Winter back of the Confederate lines in Arkansas, and the march began. On the road to Arkansas nothing much happened. On one occasion the two hundred did run into a wagon train and take it prisoner. Incidentally, they slaughtered six unarmed teamsters. But the same night some Union soldiers who happened along evened up the day's score by retaking the wagons and demolishing an even half dozen of Quantrill's best warriors.

Down in Arkansas, for the sole sake of rations probably, as it is not recorded that they did any fighting while there, the gang was attached to Gen. Shelby's command, but Quantrill himself didn't remain with it. Instead he went to Richmond to lay before the Confederate Secretary of War a request that he be commissioned a colonel with authority to raise a regiment, operate it under the black flag, and lay waste the entire United States. The Secretary of War told him very profanely that that was butchery, not war, and that therefore his request was denied. Quantrill thereupon retired in wrath.

He returned to Arkansas early in the Spring and immediately found solace in the arms of a new lady love. Her name, as it has come down in history, was Kate Clarke, and Quantrill liked her so well that he kidnapped her and carried her away into the brush. When he detached his outfit from that of General Shelby and led his berserkers back to business in Missouri he took her along. When he landed on his old stamping ground he found that he was now only the nominal leader of the band. His two lieutenants, Todd and Anderson, had superseded him as active field bosses and there was little for him to do save wear a becoming red shirt, and a big hat with a feather in it, and issue orders which were or were not carried out, according to the whims of his underlings. Thus, during the Summer of '63 it was Kate Clarke and not the war that took up most of Quantrill's time and thought.

But by August, knowing he would have to go South again for the Winter, and realizing that during the past few months his hands had been strangely free from blood, he felt that he had to do something to reëstablish his reputation. He thought it over and a brilliant idea came to him. He would get bloody well even with the town of Lawrence, Kansas, for not having treated him as it should have done two years before. The authorities in that little community should have hanged him, but they didn't, and for that lack of prudence they should suffer.

Quantrill no sooner evolved this scheme than he acted on it. He assembled the gang, told the men that he had something big up his sleeve, and sent able spies over to Lawrence to find out if the town was guarded in any way. It wasn't. The decision that finally doomed it was reached on August 10, 1863, and eight days later, at the head of 294 men, Quantrill marched boldly out on the road to lasting fame. The next day he added 154 candidates for blood baptism to his command and thus, with 448 warriors to sustain him, he crossed the line at dusk, six miles south of what was left of the little village of Aubrey.

From this crossing point to Lawrence was about thirty miles, and as Quantrill had figured that the safest time to reach the town would be at daybreak, when the men were all asleep, it was a question of hard riding in order to make it. For the first fifteen miles all went well, but then the trails got mixed. For this difficulty Quantrill had a ready solution. "Wake up the settlers," he said, "and make 'em guide us." This was done, and one sleepy settler after another was yanked out of his

bed and pressed into service. In eight miles ten guides were used and each one received his reward: they were all killed. Let us assume that Quantrill had them killed out of charity: he probably felt sorry for the poor fellows because they had to live in Kansas.

Just at dawn the vanguard of the guerillas came to a house on the outskirts of Lawrence. A Negro, an early riser who would have been much better off had he overslept that morning, was at work in the front yard. He was the first man killed in Lawrence. His name was S. S. Snyder and he was a Baptist preacher.

A little further on the army halted and Quantrill sent a few men ahead to reconnoitre. But with the table spread out before him he was too impatient for the meal to await the report of this committee. After only a few minutes he snatched off his plumed hat, waved it around his head, and cried: "Men, I am going in. Follow me!"

The first obstacle encountered was a camp in which twenty-two boy scouts, barely of enlistment age, were asleep. These children were uniformed but were unarmed and had never been drilled. But the mere uniforms were enough for the guerillas. In their eyes a blue suit was never so perfect as when it was riddled with bullet holes. By five separate miracles five of these boy soldiers escaped death.

In the meantime Quantrill, at the head of most of his men, rode down the main street of Lawrence, shooting at everything and everybody in sight. At the end of the street he stopped at the principal hotel and there he accepted the keys to the city from whoever it was who was duly authorized to present them. This is probably the only instance on record in America when such a ceremony really meant anything. In Lawrence, on the morning of August 20, 1863, it went over big. Quantrill's men took the keys and opened every store, bank, saloon, livery stable, warehouse and most of the residences in the town, while the leader himself, going to another hotel, entered the dining-room and ordered a hea breakfast.

When this meal was finished and stepped to the street again everything w going nicely. The town was in flam bullets were whizzing through the in every direction; women whose h bands were being assassinated in their ve arms were screeching pleasantly, and lo after load of assorted plunder was bei carted away. The courthouse, where were stored several bales of criminal dictments against Mr. Charley Hart, bo Quantrill, was burning merrily. Quantr noted all this and felt proud of his achie ment. His lieutenants began to arrive a report and he felt still prouder, until fina at about nine o'clock, when the offic returns showed that his men had kill seventeen boy recruits, massacred mo that 150 unarmed citizens, and destroy and stolen property valued (according the damage claims filed with the Fede government) at $882,390.11, he announc that he was satisfied.

He had established a record that is n approached in the annals of Americ slaughter. It was indeed a great day f William Clarke Quantrill. He ordered h bugler to blow the assembly. The men sponded, fell into the semblance of a lit and as they straggled out of town, most them drunk, they got another preach He was the last man killed in Lawren He was the Rev. Mr. Rothrock and he w an upholder of the gloomy faith of t Dunkards.

The retreat from Lawrence, althou extremely well conducted, was disastro All the way to the State line the guerill had to maintain a running fight agai Union regulars, Kansas militiamen a volunteer avengers. Except for the ca stolen, they lost all their booty also, ma were killed and many more wounded, a it was not until they crossed the line a scurried in small bands to the shelteri shades of the Missouri thickets that t rest were safe.

Then, within a few days, and as a dir

esult of the Lawrence massacre, came General Ewing's famous Order No. 11, which commanded all settlers living in outying locations in the border counties of both States to move themselves and their belongings into garrisoned towns, where they could be given military protection. This order constituted a body blow to Quantrill. It depopulated his particular play-ground. In it there were no longer any peaceful, non-resisting inhabitants upon whom he could prey, and therefore, when he exercised the last vestige of his authority and reassembled his men, it was to announce that they were going to Texas.

They all went—their adventures on the way were bloody but of no importance—and camped close to the town of Sherman. Texas was then a rough country, the guerillas were rough men, and naturally there was trouble. They fought among themselves, bringing on a definite split between Quantrill and Anderson, and then they fought the Texans. Several of the latter were killed and robbed, and for these misdemeanors Quantrill was called to the carpet before General McCullough, and placed under arrest. But not for long. With the aid of a pair of trusty guns he managed to subdue a couple of sentries, and that same night, with a part of his own detachment, and all of Lieutenant Todd's, he was on his way back to Missouri.

He arrived without mishap, but also without prestige. Had he gone soft? Probably. At any rate, his old ability to lead his followers seemed to have left him. He quarreled with Todd; they exchanged shots, unfortunately without damage either way; and after that, for many weeks, the great Quantrill, at the mention of whose name every heart had formerly quaked, led a dreary, desolate, lonely existence out in the brush. Lonely, that is, except for Kate Clarke. Regardless of his misfortunes and miseries, that fair flower clung to him as long as he remained in Missouri, and probably she was the only person in the State who wasn't glad when he finally left for Kentucky.

IV

How Quantrill recruited the few men who went with him to ravage the Blue Grass is a mystery. Probably they were outcasts, as he was, and certainly they were desperate. There were thirty-three men in the mob. They wore Federal uniforms, and Quantrill, as their commander, represented himself as Captain Clarke of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. Masquerading in this manner, they spread misery wherever they went. They plundered, robbed, burned, and murdered, just as they had done in Kansas and Missouri, and from January until May no man in all that unhappy land, outside the members of his own band, had any suspicion as to the identity of the new bushwhacker. By changing his clothes he had transformed himself from a Southern to a Northern guerilla. But under either classification he was a moving target at which anyone was privileged to shoot.

The end came on May 10, 1865. While in camp on the farm of James H. Wakefield, in Spencer county, Quantrill, with twenty-five of his men, was surprised by a Union detachment under Captain Terrel. The rout of the Missourians was complete. Most of them, however, got safely away. But not Quantrill. His horse became unmanageable and broke from him. He tried to mount behind one of his men and a bullet struck him in the back, lodged against his spine, and paralyzed his legs. He was picked up and carried to a farmhouse. A few days later he was transferred to a hospital in a military prison at Louisville, and there, on June 6, he died. He was twenty-eight years old.

Before he passed away he made two bequests. He left $2000 to a Catholic priest to say masses for his soul, and another $2000 to Kate Clarke, with instructions that she was to use it to start a bawdy house in St. Louis. Kate did as directed, and prospered. Thus for years after his death the patriots of Missouri were the unwitting beneficiaries of the philanthropy of William Clarke Quantrill.

A LUBBER LOOKS AT THE SEA

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

Cliff

Victorious over but and if,
Stands the high, impassive cliff,
As unconcerned with sun or star
As with the bumptious calendar.
The ocean washes every day
A little bit of it away,
And bugs prolific make their home
In its uncouth and tangled dome,
And yet it does not scratch or kick
Or curse the billow or the tick,
Accepting without hope or hurt
The ancient dividends of dirt.
It prods with no complaining mind
The loud and predatory wind:
It hears the dictum of the fates
And placidly disintegrates,
As mindless of Nietzschean balm
As Buddha's over-conscious calm.
It bears the burden of the suns,
Is robbed of slowly-gathered tons,
And swells the unearned increment
Of bandit blasts maleficent—
Yet yields to each his mighty haul
Nor waxes metaphysical,
Nor searches the bewildered sea
For systems of philosophy.
Thus, imperturbable and strong,
No prey to silence or to song,
It baffles with its noble mien
The gods in their perplexed serene,
And juggling neither but nor if,
Lives and dies the perfect cliff.

Oh, lyre (I mean the instrument)
Stand by, the while this high intent
I bang upon your bilious strings:
The glory of unquestioning things
I yodel in my febrile fashion;

The mute, immobile lords of passion—
The cliff, the stone, the tree, the sod,
Still hands, that in the lap of God
Lie quietly, while seraphim
And mortals flutter at His whim.
As distant from the hills of joy
As from the glades of *weh* and *oy*,
Midstream in time they stand and are
Bright with the light of every star,
Dark with the dusk of every root
And careless of them all, to boot.
No female of their kind compares
Another's happy lot to theirs,
Or with Icarian wings persuades
Ambition in their neutral shades.
Interdependent, yet alone,
They neither want nor owe nor own,
Nor wonder, while acquiring things,
If planets mumble in their rings,
Nor harry others and themselves
With nonsense from ten thousand shelves,
Whose fecund seed is chiefly sweat,
Whose yield, a heavenly Soviet.

Ah, noble cliff, that gives the sky
An equally Mongolian eye,
By lofty station undismayed,
And of no mystery afraid,
Cast one contemptuous glance on me
Out of your impassivity
Because I hug my but and if
And do not want to be a cliff.

II

Shore

I said, "The sea is lonely, and the sky
Intolerably deep and still and high,
So that the flutter of our upraised hands
Is but a quiver of the wave-worn sands."

I said, "The sun sets always in my mind
And leaves a watch of darkness and of wind
And those unbodied eyes that are the spheres
Upon our dreams, upon our very tears.

"Lay then, your near and understanding head
Upon my breast, against the monstrous dead,
For we, the quick, the passing, what have we
In common with the heavens and the sea?"

"How green the sea, how blue the sky!" she said.

I said, "There is laid upon us the weird curse
Of labor with an unborn universe,
And what has our gestation then to do
With ancient green of water or sky-blue?

"Inland upon this island have I seen
The darkness cradle the sun-weary green,
And stars fly low and pin upon the tree
Incongruous fringes of infinity.

"Yet lone the tree stood with its clinging sky,
And lone beneath a wider heaven am I,
For a new chaos cries in us with thirst,
And sea and sky remember but the first.

"For a new chaos cries in us for stars,
And a new order stands beyond the bars,
And ocean mumbling its primordial theme
Is but the scar of life upon the dream.

"Give me your hand, then; all the rest is old—
The sky is empty and the wave is cold;
The heart has long ago outworn the sea:
Give me your love and let the sunset be."

"As many worlds as there are eyes," said she.
"Far off the water glooms like dregs of wine,
But here the downs are bathing in the brine.
The moon comes like a lamb upon the sky."

"As many needs as there are hearts," said I.

She said, "The moon is waiting in the sky;
The sea is like a pasture for her mouth.
The dark comes like a shepherd from the south.

"The dark climbs like a shepherd north and east.
The foam is like a meadow for her feast.
The downs are waiting for her in the sea.
As many worlds as there are eyes," said she.

"As many worlds as men beneath the sky,
And how shall love bridge all of them?" said I.

"And how may love bridge any of them?" said she,
And saw the sun go down into the sea.

III

Voyage

On the other side of the setting sun
I've seen the ashes of things done
And the sand-bars of Avalon.

Peace was there like a white stone;
Peace you could lay your hands upon
And be healed of the hurt of things won.

On the other side of desire I've seen
Stiller than earth, a still demesne,
And colors better than blue or green.

And death walked on the farthest rim
Horizon-high and friendly and dim,
And all went to confide in him.

And they walked together, the little and large,
In a soundless air by a strange marge
Where time was moored like a spectre-barge.

And far away on the nearer side
There crept a little wounded tide;
And some remembered and some cried.

For that was the world and all its pain;
And that was living and all its gain;
A small cry in a handful of rain.

Yes, some remembered and some cried,
For note that none of us there had died
Though the spear was years-long deep in our side.

By our own graves on the gray strands
We sat and warmed our cold hands—
But the hands that we warmed were living hands.

And therefore, some of us heard the tide
Crawl and cry and on the nearer side,
And the hands remembered, and some of us cried.

But peace was there like a blessed stone
To lay the remembering hands upon
And the red stigmata of the sun.

And a great healing came thereof,
Of the ashes under, the sky above,
And closed the wounds of life and love.

Spread your sail and bury your mirth,
Your hope and sorrow and dreams and dearth
And your very love in the tight earth,

And sail to the dark of the setting sun,
To the dunes where all things done and won
Heap the pale sands of Avalon.

For there in the dark of desire I've seen
A gray sweeter than blue or green.

There in the dark of desire I've heard
The soft apocalyptic word,

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE REV. BEN M. BOGARD, pastor of Antioch Baptist Church, Little Rock, on the new Arkansas Anti-Evolution Act, as reported by the eminent *Arkansas Gazette:*

> If the worst comes to the worst, we had better let our children suffer from disease and even die from neglect than to instill into their impressionable hearts the idea that the Bible is false.

EXEGETICAL note from the learned *Baptist & Commoner* of Little Rock:

> Sister L. E. Goff, Granite, Okla., asks what scripture is there for women's auxiliaries in the churches. The word "auxiliary" means HELPER. It is scriptural for women to help in the church is about what it amounts to. No one objects to women helping as individuals but they do draw back when it comes to several of the women HELPING JOINTLY. To make it easy for all to understand the best way is for the church to authorize the women to meet together and study the scriptures together and to work together in anything that is honorable for the good of the church. They can make quilts and sell them for an honest price and give the money to the church and they can make garments and sell them for an honest price and give the money to the church. They can study our missionary work together and thus inform themselves on the work. If anybody asks where is the scripture for making quilts and garments and selling them and giving the money to the church will answer by asking another question: IF THE WOMEN SHOULD HIRE THEMSELVES OUT TO PICK COTTON AND TAKE WHAT THEY EARN AND GIVE IT TO THE CHURCH, WHERE IS THE SCRIPTURE FOR THAT? If it is scriptural for a woman to pick cotton and give what she makes to the church then it is also scriptural for her to make a quilt and sell it and give the money to the church. If several women should go in together and pick cotton for the benefit of the church why can't several women go in together and make a quilt for the benefit of the church? Can't find quilt making in the Bible? Is that so? Just where will you find cotton picking in the Bible? But I never heard of anybody objecting to women picking cotton and giving what they made to the church. Did you?

CALIFORNIA

NEWS of the married life in Los Angeles, reported by the *Times* thereof:

> When Walter Stenberg married his wife Pearl, she weighed 140 pounds. After the marriage she took to lying in bed for hours at a time reading detective stories, which ran her weight up to 210 pounds, and she would do nothing about it, according to the husband, who, through his attorney, Griffith Jones, yesterday filed a cross-complaint in the couple's divorce proceedings.
>
> When a wife gets fat and refuses to reduce when the husband is willing to provide money and appliances for it, it is cruelty, according to Stenberg.
>
> He declares that after Mrs. Stenberg gained so much weight, he gave her $100 to be used in reducing. She never lost a pound. Then he rented a vibrating machine, which cost him $30, he asserts, but Mrs. Stenberg kept on reading and growing fat. One part of the complaint alleges she was too lazy to feed the baby.

THE REV. HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY in the illustrious San José *Mercury-Herald:*

> I believe that Abraham was the first American. I believe that when he loaded up his camels, and went out from his father's house in Ur of the Chaldees, setting his face toward a land he knew not of, seeking freedom to worship his God after his own fashion and to free himself from the trammels of sensuality and idolatry, that the Stars and Stripes went before him, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. I believe that America is the spiritual leader of the world.

COLORADO

WANT ADVERTISEMENT in the *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver:

> OLD MAID
>
> Has no use for automobiles or men, wants to dispose of her car, very cheap; bring your pocketbook. 480 S. Broadway, South 6947.

GEORGIA

BOOSTER poem appearing in a bulletin of the State Department of Agriculture:

> GEORGIA
>
> BY T. M. LINDER.
>
> We people who share the great honor so rare
> As in Georgia to have been born
> Should always take glory in telling the story
> That her pages of history adorn.
>
> Both tree and vine in Georgia clime
> With cows and hogs and mill and mine
> Producing wealth and health and ease
> Without extremes of heat or freeze.

In every nook with map and book
Our children learn of the things it took
To make old Georgia the Empire State
And we invite others to come and not towait.

THE science of penology in Atlanta, as revealed by two news items in the same issue of the eminent *Constitution:*

A plea of guilty to an indictment charging embezzlement of $53,459 from the estate of the late Woodson H. Hudson brought George H. Gillon, attorney, a term of from two and a half to four years at the State prison farm.

Theft of a purse containing fifteen cents cost Albert Bussey a heavy toll when he pleaded guilty before Judge Virlyn B. Moore to a charge of robbing Ora Bell Hasty, of 304 Williams street, N. W. Judge Moore sentenced Bussey to serve from five to seven years.

ILLINOIS

THE state of scientific inquiry in the more pious sections of marvelous Chicago, as reported by the great *Tribune:*

Serious efforts, backed by unlimited funds, will be made to locate Noah's Ark and make it an exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition to be held in this city in 1933. William H. Strong, former president of the Chicago chapter, American Association of Engineers, has made the suggestion and offer of funds to Rufus G. Dawes, president of the forthcoming world's fair.

Strong, a *Mayflower* descendant, is an ardent Bible student and a member of the Moody Bible Institute Alumni Association. He intends raising funds among Fundamentalists to finance the expedition. Strong, who is a graduate of Harvard and also an alumnus of other colleges, is a former president of the Aviation Club of Chicago, as well as of the local chapter of the national engineering organization.

It is proposed to conduct the search over and all around Mt. Ararat by airplanes equipped with large cameras. Hundreds of square miles could be photographed in a single day and a corps of scientists would thus be enabled to get some sort of definite lead upon which to work. Vast sections of this territory have never been explored.

INDIANA

SPIRITUAL exercises in Indianapolis, as reported by the celebrated *News:*

A mock wedding, in which the pastor of the church was the bride, was held Wednesday at the Brightwood M. E. Church. With due solemnity, the Rev. Victor Hargitt, arrayed in a white dress, veil and orange blossoms, took the hand of the bridegroom, John Halderman, before 800 guests. The event was held under the auspices of the young men's class of the church.

IOWA

THE state of morals in the heart of Bible country, as revealed by a Uni Press dispatch from Lineville:

Husbands of Lineville today hailed the departure of a highway construction gang with sighs of relief. Four wives have left their homes here in the last three weeks. All are alleged to have departed with men employed in the gang. One deserted husband is reported to have selected another mate from the remaining women of the little town and to have left with her.

KENTUCKY

NEWS item from the grand old town Ashland:

The famous annual public foot washing, so great an attraction in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, will not be held by the Baptists this year. It had been called to meet at Glo, in Lawrence county, and hundreds heeded the summons, according to word from there to-day, but because one official of the church where the sessions were to be held admitted he had voted for Al Smith, such a disturbance arose that the ceremonies were cancelled.

LOUISIANA

THE discovery of a new danger to moral in Baton Rouge, as reported by the Kan City *Journal Post:*

Artificial legs displayed in show windows are a menace to public morality. That was the assertion made here today by Mrs. J. D. Grudger, prominent club woman of Baton Rouge, La., who is visiting here. Mrs. Grudger said that on a recent trip to New Orleans she saw some artificial legs in a show window, purchased them and then burned them.

MICHIGAN

How the Noble Experiment is working Detroit, as disclosed by a dispatch to t New York *World:*

A union established between inspectors and Canadian rum-runners was disclosed during the Federal Grand Jury investigation here today. When the Canadian runners discovered a fellow runner who was not making his payments to the inspectors, according to the evidence, the runners would tip off the inspectors when the delinquent runner left with his cargo. The inspectors then would set out after him and arrest him on a charge of violating the customs law.

The "free night" was another innovation by which both runner and agent profited. At this time an importer would pay an agent or agents to keep the river open for a certain period of time, usually four or five hours. Then, while the agents were out of the way, the importer would

bring in as much contraband as he could find means to convey.

As a part of the arrangement the importer would usually agree to tip off the inspectors to runners availing themselves of the clear river, but not in on the blanket payment. These "outlaws" were arrested and their liquor seized, which is the reason, investigators said, why most of the arrested agents have excellent records of arrests and seizures.

RULES for the government of dramatic artists laid down by the Hon. Lester Potter, the censor of the same town:

Don't ridicule any creed or nationality.

Don't try to embarrass any person in audience.

Don't have spotlight thrown on any person in audience.

Don't address any remark to persons in audience. (Use a plant.)

Don't come on stage with abbreviated costume; body must be covered from above navel to a depth below the crotch in keeping with decency. The upper portion of the body, including breasts, must be completely covered to within two or three inches of the lower covering.

Don't use immoral talk or words.

Don't use suggestive actions, shimmie, cooch or sensuous dancing.

Don't come into the aisles unless properly dressed (three-quarter dress, evening or street dress).

Performers coming on the stage must not use a cloak number, opening and closing the cloak in order to show the outline of the human body, and no strip numbers will be allowed in the future; performer must continue with same costume, except in trapeze, acrobatic tumbling, bicycle acts, etc.

No suggestive songs must be sung.

Bedroom scenes must be carefully presented.

Scenes of infidelity must be eliminated and only presented in dramatic sketches within the bounds of decency.

The presenting of scenes representing a bawdy house, house of ill fame, house of assignation, or the operation of same, is indecent, unlawful and will not be allowed.

Presentation of sexual pervert characters, commonly known as "Nance" or "Fairy", will not be tolerated.

Under no circumstances should the mode of preparing or administering narcotics be permitted when dope characters are represented.

Remarks or words of a sacrilegious or profane character will not be tolerated. The word God in an irreverent manner must not be used.

MISSOURI

THE celebrated St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* passes judgment on the Hon. Edgar A. Guest, America's favorite poet:

His verse is clean, pure and helpful; it builds up ideals in the young and maintains human integrity in their elders. His writings constitute one of the great influences in keeping the home fires burning in America, in enthroning kindliness of thought and purpose in human association, in guiding straying minds back to thoughts of Home, God and Duty. Mr. Guest's verses console the stricken, strengthen the weak, encourage the worthy and sing with the joyful. What more can one man do?

And what a son and husband and father and friend this man we know as Eddie Guest must be to expound the sentiment that runs so easily and so colorfully from his pen; what reverence for motherhood, knowledge of family values and sympathetic understanding of children; what insight into the fellowship of man and the problems of the toilers, of the burdens of the downtrodden, of trees and animals and composite nature. He writes of the things we feel but have not the ability to express with ordered words. . . .

He sings a simple note that is understood in every level of society and sings it well. His interpretations of human emotions reflect the wisdom of the ages.

NEW JERSEY

THE REV. CHARLES J. WOOD, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, as reported by the *Daily Journal* thereof:

Jesus Christ was a commuter during the last week of His life. After Jesus closed His day of teaching in the city, He returned to the Mount of Olives to give Himself to God and to undertake other responsibilities. This same programme may be likened to that of the commuter who visits the city in the morning and returns to the suburbs in the evening.

NEW YORK

ÆSTHETIC note from the eminent *World:*

Displayed at an auction yesterday was a finely woven Persian rug representing a scene from the comic strip of George McManus's "Bringing Up Father," the property of the late John M. Phillips, Queens sewer-pipe king. This oddity, along with other items in the vast collection of luxurious furnishings of his Freeport, L. I. home, will go under the hammer this week at the American Art Association, 30 East 57th street. One of the best of Persian rug craftsmen was employed to make it, and reports have it that Phillips paid $4,000 for it.

OHIO

FINAL proof that the war is over, from the *Journal of Commerce:*

B. E. Babcock of Phelps, N. Y., presided as some seventy-five sauerkraut barons from four States gathered at Toledo last Friday for the semi-annual meeting of the National Kraut Packers' Association. Behind closed doors in a hotel the kraut men heard reports of the success of the campaign to make *America kraut-conscious.*

From the secret meeting there trickled occasional reports of the barons' satisfaction with things as they are. Never in all its history has sauerkraut enjoyed the prosperity and popularity it commands this year. Sauerkraut companies pay dividends regularly. Sauerkraut itself finds its way regularly into the menus of polite society and smart restaurants. It has become a glamorous as well as a popular dish.

OKLAHOMA

PROFESSIONAL card in the Henryetta *Daily Free-Lance:*

DO NOT GAMBLE

—with DR. JENKINS unless you intend to pay.

Teeth Extracted $1.00

If there is any pain, you pay me nothing.

If there is no pain, you pay me twice—you be the judge.

Any kind of fillings $1.00

Upper or lower plates, the best I turn out for fifty dollars, now $12.50 each.

Gold Crowns $5.00

Bridge Work $6.00

If you have pyorrhea, see me.

Eight years in Henryetta. Those that have my work will say I am an artist.

Those who owe me and intend to pay, will vouch for me. Those who owe me and do not intend to pay, may say something.

I am the only dentist in Oklahoma that I know of who has taken a drink, smoked cigarettes, does not belong to any church, lodge or association, the only dentist who ever lied to his wife and did not get away with it.

Have your teeth fixed, wear a smile, teeth extracted while you laugh.

H. L. JENKINS

THE HON. TOM M. MARKS, Hollis county farm demonstration agent, as reported by the *Texas Extension Service Farm News*, organ of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas:

I think Jesus Christ was the first special or demonstration agent. He did not hold a meeting or institute to explain that He could cure the sick. He said: "Take up your bed and walk."

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT in the Hon. Cole L. Blease's archdiocese, as described by the Hon. John K. Aull, special correspondent of the Fort Mills *Times:*

That there are at least 1,500 commercial liquor stills in South Carolina making liquor every day for sale to retailers, and that there are from 5,000 to 7,000 or 8,000 retail liquor joints in South Carolina selling liquor every day to consumers of it is a conservative estimate, based upon an actual survey of the various counties of the State, in the light of information given by those who know what they are talking about, because there is no doubt they themselves are engaged in the traffic.

By commercial liquor stills is not meant coffeepot stills and tin-can stills, but liquor stills engaged in regular business, under regular management, with a regular force of hands, and turning out, some of them, liquor at the rate of two gallons a minute. Small stills that folks run for their own use or for the use of two or three families are not included. By retail liquor joints is meant not hip-pocket blind tigers (the latter meaning those who keep a pint or two under the mattress), but people selling liquor day in and day out by the pint or half pint, or whatever quantity you want, and many of them by the drink—people who are making a living out of the sale of liquor, and some of whom are putting by considerable money.

This is the situation in South Carolina, in the face of the most vigorous enforcement programme which the State has ever had. Governor Richards has used and is using the utmost powers of his office to check the violation of the Prohibition law. Without his strenuous, uncompromising efforts the State would be running wet with a stream many times as broad and many times as deep. Federal officers are assisting. But with it all, and through it all, violations of the Prohibition law in South Carolina have been on the increase—and a considerable increase at that—during the past year.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Pierre *Capital Journal:*

THE CITY OF PIERRE

is challenged to debate "*Resolved:* That the belief that the world is round is a heathen belief, with nothing back of it but ignorance and the Devil." And I challenge and defy the City of Pierre to produce any three men to meet me in a public debate on this issue.

J. F. RICHE, *Professor of pantheology and holder of the unchallenged world's debating championship.*

Blunt, S. D. 1t-ad-30.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the rising town of Sisseton:

Amos White, a Sioux Indian, bit off the end of his wife's nose so she would be less attractive to other Indian men. Today he was sentenced to two years and eight months in the State Penitentiary.

TEXAS

NOTE on ecclesiastical polity among the Hard-shell Baptists of this Imperial State from the celebrated *Baptist & Commoner:*

Brother S. F. Tipton, Farwell, Texas, asks what right a church has to ordain a seventeen-year-old boy as deacon of the church. The answer is that it certainly is an exceptional case. Never heard of such a thing before, but the absolute right of a church to do such a thing

cannot be questioned. But the good judgment exercised is altogether another question. I should think it possible for a boy of seventeen to fill the place of deacon just as it is possible for such a boy to be an ordained preacher. But I think it bad policy and poor judgment to ordain such a boy to either office. They have not been tried enough to hold such important positions.

WEST VIRGINIA

TERN and fearless editorial in the Kanwha *News:*

The *News* is advised that an effort is being made to have a Bell telephone installed in the sheriff's office. In this connection it will be remembered that several years ago such a telephone was installed in said office and as a result every Tom, Dick and Harry who had a pull with the sheriff used said telephone and had the fee charged to that telephone. It was also used by the sheriff in his private business and when settlement was made for this service the taxpayers had to foot the bill, which was quite a sum, so for that reason the county court ordered the Bell telephone removed. In the light of this experience, will the county court take another chance in establishing said telephone in said office, and if it should would history in this connection, repeat itself?

HE editor of the *Baptist Banner* throws a veet bone to the Devil:

It is exceedingly unfortunate that we [Baptists] have no accepted standard for ordination to the ministry in West Virginia. We are ordaining men every year who have no qualification, either by nature, training, or grace, for the work of the ministry. Thus, we are filling up the ranks of ordained men with many who are not able to render any service and are frequently sources of trouble and division in the churches. We have prostituted this solemn ceremony until it is no longer an honor but a pastime. Our practice is lower than the standard of even the jazz religious organizations to be found in our State.

HE life of man in this great moral State, described by the Hon. E. W. Howe:

His first job as a young man was as laborer at $1.10 per day. At nineteen he married, and ten children were born to him, all of which he took care of and loved. The best job he ever had paid him $3.25 a day, but was never able to save anything, his family was so large. The man worked for a sawmill company, and was steadily in debt twenty-three years. At the end of that time he had $4.20 coming to him, and celebrated by buying a pint of moonshine whisky, which he took a swallow of, but did not like. He had heard of people celebrating, and having good times, and thought he was entitled to try it once. That night officers of the law entered his home, and found the moonshine whisky. The man was fined $100, and sent to jail for six months. Within three days after his arrest, his family was on the county. All his life this man had worked ten hours a day, and was a faithful husband and father.

WISCONSIN

SPIRITUAL exercises in Milwaukee, as reported by the alert Associated Press:

Permit or no permit, the West Allis Presbyterian Church plans to hold boxing classes with Myron ("Pinky") Mitchell, former junior welterweight champion, as the tutor. When the church applied for a permit, the request was held up because one member declared it could not be issued to the church, which, he said, was not incorporated for the specific purpose of teaching boxing, as required by law. Today the Rev. W. S. Critchley, pastor, said the church would hold classes without one.

HIGH honor paid to the new Governor of this illustrious Commonwealth by his business associates, as revealed by the *Wisconsin State Journal*, published at Madison:

A unique floral piece, an accurate three-quarter size model of a Kohler enameled lavatory, was presented Gov. Walter J. Kohler upon his inauguration, and attracted considerable attention during the reception which followed the ceremonies. Between 400 and 500 white carnations, favorite flower of Wisconsin's new Governor, were used in fashioning the unusual decoration, which bore the card, "Greetings To Our New Governor From the Peps and Superiors." The Peps and Superiors is a social bowling club made up of thirty-four veteran members of the Kohler Company organization, including Governor Kohler, president of the company. The floral lavatory stands about two feet high and measures about eighteen inches in width at the top. It is an exact reproduction of the Kohler Columbia lavatory, the basin being supported on a square pedestal. The fittings are gilded.

BACK TO THE LAND—OREGON, 1907

BY H. L. DAVIS

THE opening of Spring, which, in most parts of the North Temperate Zone, comes in for an eager welcome and lots of minor poetry with heigh-ho in it, was the season which everybody in the sagebrush dreaded and hated. Winters were long, cold and mean, but then, at least the roads were good—hard and solid and smooth with packed snow, and better than at any other time of year. When the snow thawed, they went into bottomless, rubbery mud, and human activity stopped as if the country had been hit by a pestilence. There was not a road anywhere on which a horse could set foot without sinking to his belly. Travel was impossible. Nobody but fools ever attempted it.

The Spring the homesteaders attempted it was the longest and dullest and most hopeless of all. Perhaps it seemed worse because of the job I had. I was typesetter on the cow-town weekly, and there was nothing to set except patent-medicine locals and a few miners' location-notices. News there was not a trace of. Nobody in the country was doing anything. The printing-office was like a cave which even the bats have deserted. The editor went out into the gumbo, to try to collect enough subscriptions to get drunk on. There were three degrees in his collecting. If business was slow, he hoped for enough to get drunk on; if it was fair, he tried for enough to stay drunk on; and, if things were rushing, he kept on until he had rustled enough to pay me my wages. There was no chance of that happening, I knew. Nothing else had any interest. I set type drowsily, and wished, not knowing about the homesteaders, that the Indians would come.

The coming of the Indians meant th travel would start again. Indians were su posed to have some instinctive way knowing the exact moment when the roa had dried shallow enough for a horse pull his feet through. They probab guessed at it, the same as anybody else; b they did manage to hit it close enough f people to depend on, so it had got to be habit to wait for them. When the fir band of squaws, bucks, papooses, pac horses and dogs jogged through the stree the cow-town people woke up and u locked and put on clean shirts and g ready for business. The ranch-hands, th knew, would have seen the Indians, ar might be expected before night. The would be news, traffic, reunions, fight hubbub and gaiety and celebration. Peop would call at the printing-office and pa up their subscriptions and get their nam in the column of items of local interest, ar the editor would pay me my wages.

It was the best possible kind of festiva because it depended upon natural cause The enthusiasm was spontaneous, n pumped-up for some artificial occasion. wouldn't have traded it for ten Indepen ence Days, which always came when th weather was so scalding hot that eve hell-raising seemed forced. The coming the Indians was an occasion when peop blew off steam, not from patriotic dut but because they had accumulated mo than they could hold. I loved it. I can charitable with the homesteaders for spoi ing my career as a journalist, but their d stroying that Spring festival is somethi that history will hold against their mem ory forever.

The whole country was a mass of quiver-
g blue mud. Melted snow undermined it,
ıd rain pounded the surface to froth. It
as the lonesomest, dirtiest season in the
hole year; and, right in the height of it,
hen not even the most morbidly silly
dian would have stirred out of his wick-
up on a bet, the homestead rush started.
I had heard of homestead rushes before,
ıt had never seen one. I had imagined
ey meant noise, excitement, competition,
thousand wagons racing each other
ırough the sagebrush at a dead gallop.
he reality knocked all that in the head.
here were not a thousand wagons, but
nly three, so rickety that a moccasined
wash could have kicked them to pieces.
he horses wallowed through the mud an
ch at a time, whimpering with weariness.
very whip-cut almost knocked them
own. The people were dirty, sallow and
arved. They drubbed the horses savagely,
ke a man chopping a knotty stick of
ood. Sheets of rain slammed in their
ces, and they looked glary and scared. In
l three wagons were cold, half-naked
ildren who sat and bawled monoto-
ously, without opening their mouths.

They stopped in town only long enough
r one of the men to trade a silver watch
r some plug tobacco at the store. Then
ey plunged forward into the mud, leav-
g the town bewildered. Should the peo-
e take the homesteaders as a sign that the
ads were open, and get ready for business?
ould the ranchers go by this signal, as
ey had by the Indians? Suppose the town
ıt ready, and the ranches didn't? Suppose
e ranches got ready and the town didn't?
rgument and debate, founded on guess-
ork, filled every man's mouth, and the
d was confusion and disunity, with
erybody playing a separate hunch. Some
ıt ready; some got half-ready; and about
lf of them refused to make a move until
ey had something better to go on than
rmises. That the homesteaders had got
ırough the roads proved nothing except
at the homesteaders themselves were
ols. The ranchers who saw them, it was argued, would so conclude, and would wait for the Indians, just as they always had done. As for the other homesteaders who, it appeared, were coming along behind, they weren't worth fixing up for. None of them ever had any money, and, besides, all homesteaders were teetotalers.

The same disunity, it appeared, existed among the ranchers. Some of them insisted upon striking out for town immediately, some were for waiting, and some sent in a couple of riders to see how things stood, and report. Being valved off in this aimless way, the old enthusiasm and trustfulness vanished. There was no big day to look forward to. The ranchers, by ones and twos, straggled in, bought what they wanted, gazed around wistfully, and went home. There was nothing to see except the homestead rush—a rickety wagon, or two, or a half-dozen, wallowing through the street; women and bawling children and sallow, middle-aged men beating the tired horses forward with the brutality of a desperate hope.

And they were not much to look at. They were coming to take up farms, which the government was willing to give away; and everybody in the country knew that there were no farms worth having as a gift. There was no hundred and sixty acres of land that a man could farm a living out of. Not knowing that, or that their two hundred miles of mud-wallowing were useless, the homesteaders were pitiable; and the sight of a pitiable man is embarrassing.

II

On me they bore the hardest of all, because of my job. I had to set in type the stories about them which the editor, hoping for new subscribers, banged off whenever a new wagon struggled into town, and it griped my sense of honesty even to read such a set of lies, false surmises and impossible predictions as he let loose about them: This influx of sturdy latter-day pioneers and substantial home-builders. The country faced an agricultural future second to that

of no section in the world. It would become the granary of America, and all Hell couldn't stop it. I don't know whether he believed it or not. There were times when I suspected he did. For instance, when he explained to me that we must do everything we could to make the new settlers feel welcome, because it wouldn't be long before they would be running the country.

It was that policy that forced me out of a typesetting career. The rush had lasted about a week, the mud and the weather were about the same as ever, and I had helped print one lying issue of the newspaper, feeling like an accomplice to a fraud, when a new and very diffident latter-day pioneer entered, tracking mud all over the floor (I had to sweep the place) and trying to work up nerve enough to ask a favor. The editor greeted him effusively, and interviewed him forthwith.

He was tall and thin, with a little head on a long neck, big feet, and a rascally-looking black mustache. The right things about him might have made pretty good reading. The coat he was wearing, for example. It was a long-tailed cutaway, with silk facings and cloth-covered buttons. They were black. The coat was yellowish-green. Where had it come from? Did he buy it new, and why? Was it a hand-me-down, and from whom?

But the editor had a mind above such things. He yanked his interview out of the man like a district attorney buttering a State's witness. The homesteader blushed at his own prominence. He had come to take up a claim from the government. It was a hard, horse-killing trip, but he was in a hurry to get in before all the good land was taken. It was the advertisements that had decided him to come. The railroad was advertising for homeseekers to join the movement back to the land. And he had fetched his wife and six children. Which reminded him, he said, that the editor could help him out some, if he was a mind to. The idea was that it seemed like his wife was going to have another, and it looked like she might need a doctor, or something. Well, a doctor would charge-

"We haven't any doctor," said the ed tor. I thought he acted relieved, in spite his continuing, "It's a disgrace to th country to be without one, too. A co: founded disgrace. But, well, now, for ma ters of this nature the people usually ca in some of the housewives around tow: For matters of this nature they seem serve pretty well. And, besides, they don charge anything."

The homesteader remarked that that w: a mighty handy thing to know. But h looked worried, as if he still wanted som thing.

"Well, now, it's a mighty fine thing know you're welcome in this country, lik you said," he began. "Bein' a stranger he: and so on . . . not acquainted around, nc nothin' . . . uh . . . whut 'ud be the ma ter ef you was to ask some of them hous wives to help a stranger out, kind of?

For a moment, the editor looked pa: icky. He was a middle-aged bachelor, ar women scared him to death. Then he looke at me, peacefully distributing type, and th glassy look left his eyes. He became cordi again. "Certainly," he said. "Assuredl Most decidedly. My compositor, her needs a little fresh air, anyhow. We'll g him to tend to it."

They both looked at me, and I climbe down from my stool and got my hat. "G family ladies, remember," cautioned th editor. The town had a small collection ladies of another kind.

"And it wouldn't hurt ef he was to kin of hurry up with 'em, neither," added th homesteader.

I slammed the door, and stood in the ra: feeling abused and outraged. What busine did he have ordering me to hurry? Why d: I have to rustle his midwives? How shou: I go about rustling them? That was th worst. All the housewives I knew we grim, cranky, and suspicious of practic jokes. How could I word my errand so the would believe it? I thought up speeches open on them with. Everything sounde either licentious or flip.

The homesteader's wagon stood in the street, the back full of bawling children, and a woman holding the reins in the front seat. I couldn't see anything wrong with her, except that she looked notably shrewish and ignorant. She turned and rebuked the sniveling children with threats and cusswords that would have sent a ten-up team of mules into a stampede. If she was in need of help, I'd certainly have hated to be her little boy when she felt healthy. What would the housewives think of me for fetching them down to wait on a woman who swore like that?

I never found out, for suddenly my mind cleared, and I saw that the best way was simply to walk out on the job, and not fetch them at all. I wasn't married to typesetting, and I didn't have to go back unless I felt like it.

I closed my newspaper career there on the sidewalk in the rain, with the homestead woman glaring at me like a pet hawk; and it was so great a relief to have it over with that I felt grateful to her for having brought me to a decision. How she came out with her prospective maternity I never learned, for I rode out through the mud to a cattle-ranch and got a job that afternoon. They lit in some other part of the country, probably.

III

If the homestead rush was to blame for my losing one job, it was equally responsible for my getting a new one. The cattle-ranch had been torn by disputes, stirred up by the settlers' wagons passing. Were the roads open, or not? The foreman claimed they weren't, and forbade anybody to take a horse out until he gave the word. About a third of his force rebelled, quit, and waded into town afoot, where they remained, squandering their wages on dullness, leaving the ranch short-handed, and wishing, no doubt, that they could kick themselves till their noses bled. The foreman was pleased about that. About the homesteaders, he merely remarked that they had been overdue for a long spell.

"It's one of the things we figger on about every ten years," he explained. "It ain't anything a man can help. One thing, though; you'll have to be careful how you leave things layin' around."

I could see the sense in that, all right, but something more seemed to be called for. "Won't they fence off all the range?"

"Some of it, I reckon. Not enough to hamper us much. And they'll mostly all be starved out inside of a year after the roads they had to buck to git here. You don't know about homestead rushes, I reckon."

I told him that I knew as much as I wanted to, and hoped I never saw a homeseeker again.

"They don't run on sense, like ordinary homesteadin'. They can't, because there ain't any sense to 'em. A homestead rush runs on what the old-timers used to call afflatus. It's a kind of an edge, you might say, and they have to keep goin' till they git it worked off. If the roads was good now, like they was when the rushes come in '84, and '92, we'd have some land-buyin' to do to git rid of 'em. They'd tough it out the full five years till they proved up. But the way it is, it'll use up all the afflatus they've got to pull through that mud. They won't have none left for anything else. I know 'em."

I remarked that these might be a kind he wasn't used to.

"A little more up-to-date, maybe, but no better," he said. "Any of 'em tell you how the rush started? They seen an advertisement! You know what kind of people answer advertisements, don't you? They're the kind of humans that start in to raise hell and put a block under it, as long as their afflatus holds."

He went on talking, but I stopped listening. There was a sound of wheels ricketing, horses wheezing and children blubbering. It was a homesteader; maybe the prospective father in the cutaway coat coming after me. I stood ready to duck out of sight in case it was. But it was a different outfit —a young couple, with a long-chinned, black-eyed old virago of a grandma coiled

up in the seat between them. The young woman couldn't have been over eighteen, and nursed a gaunt, braying baby, beside fussing with two other children at her feet. The young man was pink-faced, filthy and talkative, and had a crippled foot bundled around with strips of gray blanket. He opened the conversation. One of their wagon-wheels was coming to pieces, and they wanted to swap it for a sound one. When the foreman declined to deal, the long-chinned old grandma leaned out and shrieked abuse—she would have called it giving him a piece of her mind—until he retired into the bunkhouse.

"Let her run," he advised me, though I had no intention of trying to stop her. "I'm used to it these days. Besides, it uses up some of her afflatus. The more she gits rid of, the less she'll have left to bother us with. . . . Are they leavin'? Stick your head around the corner and notice whether they try to pack anything away with 'em."

I reported that, by the looks of it, we were getting rid of them without loss.

"That's where you're wrong," said the foreman, emerging. "That's one kind of people there ain't such thing as gittin' rid of. Some of 'em, maybe, but there's always plenty where they come from."

I had quit a job that owed me wages for no other purpose than to keep from having to deal with them.

"I used to feel that way, too," he said. "I give up the notion. You can't git rid of 'em. The best you can hope for is to git used to 'em. It ain't their fault. It's afflatus."

IV

It was easy enough to talk about getting used to them, but trying to do it was different. As individuals they were simple enough to understand. A set of misfits, who had come homesteading because they could not be any worse off, and would try anything once. But, collectively, they had the weight and dignity of some great force of nature. The way the country filled up with them was frightening. They travelled slowly, and at such intervals. Yet, befo the roads got fit to travel, they had ove run the sagebrush from one horizon to t other. I don't understand yet how th could have seemed so few and been many. A schoolhouse on Cherry Cre opened the year with five pupils. It clos in the Spring with an enrollment of eigh and an epidemic of head-lice. There we families everywhere.

There was another anomaly. They h gone to so much work and misery to get before the good claims were taken, a when they got there they took anythi that happened to be close. Whether it w good or bad didn't appear to make a difference. They would work their wago through a ten-mile creek-bottom, almo killing their teams doing it, and take the claim on a rock sidehill where there was enough earth to hold up a fence-post. A uncle of mine who crossed the plains Oregon in 1852 has told me that the ear pioneers did the same thing. So perhaps t editor, in calling them latter-day pioneer wasn't so far out, after all.

They took after the pioneers, too, their tendency to help themselves to wha ever they happened to need, without i quiring whether it belonged to anybo else or not. With the pioneers, that work very well, because there was nobody object, except Indians, and nobody to p any attention to them if they did. But t wild game which the pioneers had appr priated was all gone. There was nothi left to eat but cattle, and they belonge not to the Indians, but to white people wh had votes and a pull with the sheriff. Sti it was either steal cattle or starve; an though some of the homesteaders were e tremely strong churchmen—one, I reca held family prayer every evening—I don remember a single case of death from fa ine. They did get pretty hungry sometime but the great thing is to keep alive, a that even the family-prayer man manag to do.

He was one of the toughest stock-steale

hat we had; not that he was hard to catch, ut that, when we did catch him, he always ad some kind of yarn fixed up to slide the lame somewhere else. He never attempted o deny that a steer wasn't his, or that he ad killed it. But there were always exenuating circumstances—the brute had ttacked one of his children, or he had ound it tangled in barbed-wire, and so adly cut that he shot it as an act of umanity. He was a tall, slab-sided man vith gray side-whiskers and a hard blue ye, dull and shallow like a marble. He had tarted out as a preacher—Nazarene, as I ecall—and he felt that he oughtn't to be xpected to work at anything else.

That accounted for him, all right; but vhat about the rest of them? They weren't reachers, and they didn't work, either. Not that they could have made a living, if hey had plowed and seeded the whole ountry; but, after the prodigious labor of ringing themselves there they might have iven it a try.

But they tried nothing of the kind and y the beginning of Summer we began to ear their wagons ricketing past the cattleanch in the night, leaving the country, as he foreman had predicted. Sometimes we vould hear a woman crying in a wagon. All the suffering and hardship they had one through to get to a place where, it urned out, they hadn't wanted to live—ne couldn't blame them for crying, though little more of that at the start would have aved a lot of it in the end. While they were vasting their effort was the time to have hed tears; not after it was wasted.

Some of them were left, like puddles fter an overwhelming sea. There was an ld bearded man who lived by cobbling oots, though he himself went barefooted. And a shrivelled-up little wart who harmed rattlesnakes, and was believed to at them; and a man with long black hair nd two thumbs on each hand—the extra nes growing, very small but perfectly ormed, in the heel of his palm—who made rooms which he couldn't sell, because vomen were afraid of him.

There were only those three, and why even they stayed nobody could tell, least of all themselves. They could have done better at their respective trades almost anywhere else in the world. They admitted as much themselves; but they stayed on. Except for them, the country was exactly as it had been to start with; and nobody minded them much. They never washed; but they were harmless, and even, as oddities, interesting. And they were totally without vices of any kind; but, indeed, all the homesteaders were. Drunkenness, any of the anti-social excesses, were unknown among them. To a man, they were kind husbands and indulgent fathers, for which circumstance, I have more than once thanked God. If they hadn't been, I might have been running a country newspaper and getting backache once a week from pulling a Washington hand-press until death. And died knowing this people only as nomadic nuisances. I've been lucky.

V

The range left by the 1907 homestead rush looked much as it had before they came. They had exhausted their energy on the roads, and had none left to spend on altering the country. When, being rested, it returned, they used it to pick up and leave. If the roads had been good, what would they have done with it? But the homestead rushes of 1884 and 1892 had better roads to travel over. They brought their afflatus to the country unimpaired and yet they, too, had picked up and left. Why hadn't it done them any good? The time came to graze cattle on the home range, among the claims of '84, and the first one I visited showed all I needed to know.

It lay at the bottom of a deep river canyon—a fenced field with a house in the middle. Only the bare legal requirements. All the extra touches had been spent upon the road that led down to it. The road was fifteen miles long, graded out of crumbling basalt, with all cuts and fills complete! Every inch of it had been done by hand! I

refused to believe that it was the work of less than ten men. The foreman swore that it had been built by one, and a very average-looking one, at that. Fifteen miles! To replace it would cost, today, ten thousand dollars. One could buy all the land in sight of it for less. What did he build it for? To get to his claim, in the canyon. And it wasn't worth getting to. It wasn't worth anything.

Riding down into the blue shadow between the broken cliffs of the river canyon, I used to try to imagine what he must have looked like, gouging at that naked-flanked red sidehill with one small shovel. The foreman hadn't remembered, and I could never manage to form a picture that satisfied me. All I could be sure of was that he had been middle-aged, for a young man would never have undertaken a job so monumentally dull and endless, and no old man would have lasted till it was finished. And also, he was a bachelor. No woman would ever have stood for his wasting that much of his time. The homestead women may have been ignorant of reality, but they were never indifferent to it, as this road-builder was.

I have given up hopes of ever figuring that man out. Didn't he know anything at all? He must have, or he could not have built his road. It took more than high spirits to go through with a job like that. Yet, if he did know that much, how did he contrive to avoid knowing anything else? How did he preserve himself from the evidence, spread around him for thirty miles in every direction, that the earth he was shovelling a road to wouldn't raise a crop? In that red, gravelly soil even the sagebrush dies yearly. Did he convince himself that wheat was hardier than sagebrush?

The best I can do with these questions is to surmise that he never even thought of them until his road was completed. And then he didn't have to bother making tests and drawing inferences. All he had to do was to seed his field and see. At the end of the road was the place where he had done it. There was a field of old stubble, a pile of old threshed-out straw, and, a little to o side, a mound of caked, queer-smellir earth, covered with sickly sprouts of whea That had been his crop.

It was not enough to be worth haulir to market, and he had poured it out on t ground and pulled up and left. The smal ness of the strawstack showed that he h considered one fizzle enough, and had n tried a second. His cabin, too, was t clean to have been lived in long. Its rafte were not smoked, and the assortment wreckage which accumulates wherever homesteader has lived any length of time- old clothes, newspapers, patent-medici bottles, scraps of machinery—was missin

Maybe he realized that he had been fool, and hated to go on living where would be reminded of it. Maybe—I am st trying to figure him out—maybe the hop fulness and ardor of making his road h been so pleasant that he couldn't brir himself down to cheapen his work making it the line of communication for mere ordinary starve-out wheat-crop. Ma be he moved off on to another range, a used his last energy on building anoth road.

VI

These vacant homestead houses were us by the cattle-ranch as range-camps. All t hands were required to know where ea place was, what its name was, and how find it. Getting them all straight in n head was one of the first jobs of my a prenticeship. Eventually, I got so that could have ridden to any one of them the darkest night; but while I was lear ing, I had to depend more on luck and sign One of the most reliable guides was a win mill. It was easy to see, hard to lose sig of, and a sure indication of a homestea

Only the homesteads had them. For th there were two reasons. They were a gre deal of trouble to install, and, during t season when water was scarce, they we perfectly useless, because there was n enough wind to make the paddles go roun

Why didn't they find out about that before they put them up? Why did they do any of the things they wasted their labor on? Building corncribs on land that wouldn't raise a tassel; ash-hoppers and smoke-houses in a country where the only fuel is juniper, which makes neither ash nor smoke; cordelling farm-machinery up to the top of a mountain, where there wasn't enough earth to bury a dog; planting orchards at an altitude where the fruit froze, every year, before it was even thoroughly green.

The orchards were one thing that I wholeheartedly liked. They never matured any fruit, but I liked to go and look at them when they were in bloom. There was one apple tree that overhung a spring, so deep and still that the water was black. The sight of the white petals floating down into it was too beautiful to miss. I used to spend whole days there, on the sly. One needs smallness in beauty for a change, sometimes, from the majesty of a big country.

Another thing I liked was the material the homesteaders papered their walls with —namely, newspapers. I like it still. Nothing gives a house so definite a character. It is not only less monotonous than wallpaper, but infinitely more interesting. What conventionalized foliage, or English hunting-scene, could have duplicated the delight of finding a cabin in the brush on Cherry Creek, papered with issues of a newspaper for which I had set the type? Could any number of family portraits give a man more background than a few carefully-selected copies of his home-town weekly? Beside, it encourages literacy. I learned to read at the age of four, through being stood in a corner, for punishment, squarely against an illustrated advertisement for a one-man stump-puller. Most farm-children of my time acquired their letters in much the same way, to the subsequent joy of small politicians, and similar pamphlet peddlers, the country over. That is, of course, regrettable, but I would be willing to put up with even that, rather than lose the custom.

And even the thinnest reading-matter gains from being papered on a wall. A house southeast of the Three Sisters, where I wintered once, was lined with pages from the *Saturday Evening Post*, and they gained a real ascendancy over me. Not by the print, which I can't even recall, though I read it all through; but by the illustrations. They were by A. B. Wenzell, and depicted a complete assortment of tall, hatchet-faced men, exquisitely attired in long-tailed coats, choke-bore trousers, and white vests. I can remember how their scornful regard made me flinch when, during a spell of zero weather, I was weak enough to go to bed without taking off my pants.

There was a house west of Ridgeway that was papered with an account of the battle of Shiloh. It came from Memphis, Tenn., and its politics were vehemently pro-Southern. So were—and are—mine; but I did think this editor carried his a little bit farther than the facts warranted. His headlines were at least eight inches high—"VICTORY! VICTORY!! VICTORY!!! The Yankees Defeated And Routed!!!!"

Which, as I knew from Barnes' School History, they weren't. Not that it would have made things any better if they had been. A victory in a lost war is the saddest of all. It merely protracts the agony, slaughters men uselessly, and causes editors to make fools of themselves. It was unpleasant to think of my people being whipped at Shiloh, but at any rate the whipping had got them somewhere, which was more than a victory would have done. The prematurely triumphant hurrah of those headlines used to get on my nerves. It was like a child laughing in a house where somebody has died. Yet I never went near the place without stopping in to read the thing again.

It was on the homestead adjoining that one that I encountered a wonder of an altogether different kind—not sad, like so many of the other signs were, but grimly capable. It was an enormous old gray gander. His owners had gone away and

left him, and he had held the place, single-handed, against all comers, for at least fifteen years. He held it against me, too. I had knelt to drink out of the spring, and, without the slightest preliminary, he charged me and tried to stab his big yellow beak into my eyes. When I mounted, to get rid of him, he sailed into my horse, almost scaring the poor animal to death.

I had to either leave, or kill him; so I left. He was too good to kill. His keeping alive for so long in that lonely place, among so many wild animals that might have preyed on him, was real heroism. He was neither swift nor cunning, and there were hawks, eagles, coyotes, wildcats, lynx-cats, snakes, skunks and owls, by day and by night, that were both, and stronger than he to boot. Yet he had managed to evade, or to whip, all of them. As far as courage went, he could have whipped a whole pack of coyotes. But how had he managed against their brains?

Apparently, though, he was used to getting the best of fights. He plainly didn't consider that he had performed anything unusual in licking me. When I retreated, he stretched his neck, gobbled a few spears of watercress from the spring, and retired into a sagebrush thicket to digest them. Fifteen years. If the homesteaders had possessed half his determination—

VII

Or the adaptability of their cats. Cats, it appeared, were the one thing they always brought and never took away. They throve and multiplied until there was one behind every sagebrush in the country. Food there was no lack of—chipmunks, sage-rats, birds, jackrabbits and snakes were even more plentiful than the cats. The amount of hell that one family of adventurous kitties could raise around a range-camp after dark appeared limitless. They prowled boldly over our beds, knocked things over, yowled murderously and fought and squabbled among themselves, and when we scatted them they ran under the horses, getting us up in our shirt-ta to quell a stampede, while they strol back to camp and fought in our blanke We hated them, and should have kil them. Why didn't we? Everybody thre ened to, but nobody ever did. It appears be a human failing everywhere to hate kill a cat.

Another pest around homestead hou was the pack-rat. One imagines, common that animals are gifted with instincts help them get food, or escape their enemi or continue their species. But what adv tage can a pack-rat derive from the insti that causes him to carry away and hide the old junk he can get his claws o spoons, keys, broken crockery, old harne buckles, bottle-necks, bent nails—anythi so long as it is portable and perfectly u less? I slept once in a cabin where pack-rats worked all night carrying ri cartridges from a wooden packing-ca and hiding them under a saddle at the posite end of the room. Out of curiosity left the cache undisturbed; but I lear nothing, for they left it undisturbed, t and never came near it again.

Since then, I have seen the same th happen many times. If there is any rea for it in nature, I don't know what it Race-aberration, maybe; or a holdo from an instinct that did once have so sense in it. One guess is as good as anotl The foreman probably hit as close as when he called it afflatus. Maybe the pa rats had hatched up some magnific scheme in which the rifle-cartridges w designed, vaguely, to figure; and w they got the cartridges moved all their was gone and they decided to play so thing else. If moving the cartridges done them any good I shouldn't h minded putting them back. As it wa cursed them for a set of addle-headed li pests, and talked about putting out poi for them.

I never got round to doing it, thou and I suppose they did get some good of moving the cartridges, after all. T had the fun of planning big; maybe t

vas all they wanted or expected. If that is o, their living in the homestead houses vas the most appropriate of all earthly oincidences, for they, more perfectly than ny other created thing, exemplified the eople whom they supplanted. If there is ver a monument to busted homesteaders, ne pack-rat deserves to be on it. He is ature's one victim of the Homesteaders' ever-failing curse—a fury for beginning hings and leaving them one-fourth done. t may have been from them that he learned is habits. I used to think so.

But the feeling that I had the oftenest, nd the most clearly, when we rode in to nake a night-camp in one of the old louses, among the ruins of work wasted, was one of abashment and shame. It was as if we were prying upon somebody's hurried, childish extravagances which were none of our business, and ought, out of decency, to be left secret. The people who built them had no need to be reminded of their mistakes, being either dead or too old to profit by them. And the newcomers had mistakes enough of their own, including the one they had made in coming there at all.

We used to hear them when they moved out, passing the cattle-ranch in the night, arguing to make their wives stop crying, and explaining that there was still a new section of country a couple of hundred miles farther on, where a man stood a chance.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Surgery

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

By Harold E. Hullsiek

> Imbecile, . . . now listen to what I have seen. When a soldier bleeds from a wound in battle these leeches say "Fever! Blood him!" and so they burn the wick at tother end too. They bleed the bled. Now at fever's heels comes desperate weakness; but these prickers and burners, having no forethought, recking nought of what is to come in a few hours, and seeing like brute beasts only what is under their noses, having meantime robbed him of the very blood his hurt had spared him to battle that weakness withal; and so he dies exhausted.

Thus in the words of Denys, the roaring, Fifteenth Century mace-swinger in "The Cloister and the Hearth," we have open rebellion against the venerated practice of phlebotomy. One feels it to be likely that Charles Reade was voicing the sentiments of his own times rather than those of his character when he put these words into the Frenchman's mouth, since in the days of the good Denys the letting of blood was far more universally practiced by both physician and layman alike than the conserving or replenishing of it. Be that as it may, it was only about two hundred years later, in 1667 to be exact, that another Frenchman, oddly enough by the same name, became sufficiently skeptical of the therapeutic value of removing blood to try the then novel experiment of furnishing to the depleted vessels of the sufferer a fresh supply of it.

Jean Baptiste Denys, physician to Louis XIV, had occasion to visit a child dying of repeated bleedings performed for the relief of some obscure ailment. Into the veins of the youth he caused to be injected lamb's blood, with immediate and beneficial results and the ultimate recovery of his patient. In this work is the earliest authentic report of a successful attempt at the transference of blood from a living body, either animal or human (transfusions h been done between animals), to the blo vessels of a human patient. It is a far c from the heroic work of this pioneer s geon and his sheep's blood to the prese day direct transfusion, using perfect matched bloods, grouped donors, and technique which not only reduces t dangers to zero but is so simple that t carrying out of the entire process requi only a few minutes' time. In this day blo transfusions have come to be performed frequently that the operation is no long considered news even by the most provi cial of newspapers.

When one considers the well-nigh insu mountable obstacles which confronted t early workers in this branch of surgery, c wonders that a transfusion was ever co pleted, and if so, how it was ever do without bringing about the death of t recipient. The first transfusions were do by means of some method of direct co munication between the veins of the don and those of the recipient, usually by t use of quills or tubes, and with only rough estimation as to the amount of blo transferred. Entirely ignorant of the no well-known fact that certain types of blo are incompatible with other types and r realizing the possibility of communicati disease by such a procedure, the early tra fusers naturally made a great many failur So dire were the usual consequences th for a time blood transfusions were forbidd by royal edict. This mandate had a d couraging effect on further research a under its shadow the operation gradua fell into disrepute. It was not until t Nineteenth Century that interest in it w again manifested, and this was broug about by another discovery, this time a German.

The chief technical difficulty in the carrying out of a transfusion had always been the irritating characteristic possessed by blood of coagulating whenever it was removed from the vein for more than a few minutes. The consequence of this was the rather prompt clogging and gumming up of all apparatus used, the occurrence of which phenomenon usually terminated the efforts of the operator in a mess of hopelessly plugged needles and tubes.

In the process of blood coagulation long strands of gelatinous material form throughout the fluid, and in the meshes of these fibers the blood cells are caught and held. As the fibers form and draw their network tighter and tighter, the serum, or fluid component part of the blood, is separated out. Bischoff, in 1835, perfected a method by which these gelatinous fibers, the so-called fibrin, could be removed, at the same time allowing the red cells to be collected with the serum or plasma. The defibrinated blood, containing all the essential elements, could now stand for any length of time without coagulating. This permitted injection into the vein without haste, and disposed of the drawbacks accompanying the use of normal coagulable blood.

With Bischoff's work making the performance of a transfusion technically very much easier, investigators again became enthusiastic, and many new types of apparatus, some of which were unnecessarily complicated, were devised. But in spite of the comparative ease with which the procedure could now be carried out, alarming symptoms continued to appear. Severe chills and elevated temperatures occurred in patients given even small amounts of blood, and fatalities were frequent among those receiving anything approaching therapeutic amounts. So common consent relegated the operation to desperate cases, where it was used only as a last resort.

Thus the development of blood transfusion was again practically at a standstill, little real progress having been made despite Bischoff's work. Here it remained until the early nineteen hundreds, when it was found by workers in hematology that the blood from any given human being contained substances which caused grouping or clumping of the cells when mixed with that of certain other individuals; also that certain bloods caused the cells of certain other bloods to hemolyze or dissolve. In this startling finding was immediately seen the explanation of the accidents and fatalities which had followed transfusions so persistently in the past.

Today it is a task requiring but a few minutes to procure a few drops of a donor's blood, a like amount of the patient's, and by comparing them with known or standard types, determine with absolute accuracy to which type each belongs. A patient whose blood falls in Group I may safely receive blood only from a Group I donor, a Group II patient from a Group II donor, and so on through the four groups. Assuming that the typing has been properly carried out, all danger from incompatibility, with the accompanying severe reactions or deaths, is eliminated.

In most hospitals at the present there are maintained lists of previously grouped individuals who have expressed their willingness to act as donors should the occasion arise, and who are immediately available. In fact in the larger cities there are persons known as professional donors, a portion of whose livelihood is gained by the selling of blood. These people have formed associations, to a certain extent regulate fees, and sometimes even advertise their wares. A donor may, and sometimes does, give blood as often as every two or three weeks, the frequency of his donations being controlled by his particular ability to regenerate new blood. The fee received for approximately one pint of blood varies in the different sections of the country from $25 to $75.

The modern method of circumventing the troublesome coagulation of the blood differs somewhat from that of Bischoff. It entails the use of sodium citrate, a small amount of which effectively prevents the

blood from clotting. In the technique using the citrate method the blood from the donor's vein is allowed to flow out by its own pressure through a small needle into a vessel containing the citrate solution, until a sufficient amount has been collected. The citrated and hence uncoagulable blood is then introduced into the vein of the patient through a second needle.

But after transfusion had been done long enough to make possible the collection of data on hundreds of cases it was found that in spite of careful grouping a certain number of mild reactions still occurred—not the fatal or even the alarming reactions of the pre-grouping era, but now and then a chill followed by a rise in temperature. When it was found that some of these reactions were due to the sodium citrate and that by eliminating it they could be cut down, the direct method was again resorted to.

Concomitant with the discovery of the use of citrate came a higher degree of perfection in the manufacture of the apparatus itself, with a study and removal so far as was possible of all factors contributory to coagulation. Thus we have reached the modern direct method. A needle is inserted into the arm vein of the donor, a second one into that of the recipient, and the two needles are connected by a length of rubber tubing. In the center of the tubing is placed one sort or another of syringe or pump for the double purpose of accelerating the flow and measuring the volume of blood removed. With any one of a number of the modern and beautifully accurate outfits now on the market five hundred cubic centimeters of blood may be transferred from one person to another without exposure of the blood to the air, and without coagulation, in from five to ten minutes. The normal clotting time of the blood being in the neighborhood of five minutes, an almost continuous flow, itself a factor in the prevention of a clot, allows one to complete the transfusion before coagulation becomes troublesome. The operation when properly done entails no more discomfort than that accompanying the insertion o needle into the vein and may be render entirely painless by the use of a few dro of novocaine.

The conditions which are benefited by blood transfusion are many, but the ou standing one, and the one in which t results are most constant and gratifyin is that in which there has been a sudd hemorrhage. In this type of cases the fre supply of blood replaces the actual volu lost and at the same time acts very effe ively as a hemostatic. Here the transfusi is nothing short of life saving, but to be use it must be immediately available.

In surgical shock, to replace in t vessels the fluid which has been allow to escape due to the increased permeabili of the capillaries, and in carbon monoxi poisoning, for the purpose of supplyi fresh oxygen-carrying cells to replace tho that are no longer able to carry on th function, transfusion is invaluable.

In hemorrhagic diseases of the bloo such as purpura hemorrhagica or thromb cytopenia, it acts favorably by replaci volume, increasing the patient's diminish coagulating power, and increasing t blood platelet count, and in certain typ of cases where a permanent cure can brought about only by removal of t spleen, it brings the general condition the patient to the point where such operation can be safely attempted.

Of late years transfusions have been us in the acute septic states, where there is bacterial growth in the blood stream, septicemia. New blood in these cases ca not always be depended on to give t striking results that are obtained in oth conditions, but is thought by most worke to be of sufficient value to warrant a tri Its use in primary anemia, while not co sidered in any sense curative, is an extreme valuable weapon in the battle against th disease, and produces temporary and som times very dramatic results.

The possibility of the transmission communicable disease is rendered prac cally *nil* by a careful selection of a healt

onor. The bogy of air-embolism, the al-owing of small bubbles of air to gain en-ance to the veins of the recipient, is no onger alarming, since it has been estab-shed that while it is not good practice to ermit this to occur, if it should, no harm ill result.

Most of the dangers which confronted he earlier workers in blood transfusion an be entirely obviated by proper atten-tion to detail. Agglutination and hemolysis no longer occur since the study and estab-lishment of the four blood types. It requires no more than a careful cross-matching of the bloods to be mixed to prevent the dis-tressing or worse sequelæ that were at one time so common. And those reactions which are definitely known to be due to citrate may be avoided by using one of the direct methods.

City Planning

URNING CITY BLOCKS INSIDE OUT

By Jacob L. Crane, Jr.

A mathematician explains that the idea of the fourth dimension could be illus-ated by turning the skin of an orange in-de out without breaking it. The plan I ere present contemplates turning the sual town plan inside out by facing home-weet-home away from instead of toward he street. The time may be approaching or city planners to cry "Ready about!", s the sailing skipper does when he wants o head the other way. The contest for the se of the streets, waged between the con-icting purposes of traffic on the one hand, nd play, promenade and outlook from he windows on the other, has been clearly on by traffic, and the losing side is now ooking for accommodations elsewhere han along the streets. In response to this ew situation there suggests itself an ar-ngement by which the street, passing etween the rear ends of reversed houses, ill be given over entirely to horseless our-wheelers hauling people and goods irectly to the service entrances and people nd refuse away from them. The sun-arlor, facing away from the street, will ook out upon the garden, or upon the reensward of a private interior park full f playing children.

There was no conflict over the use of the reets until the excitement of riding fast y gas filled them with motor-cars. For-erly all of the customary street activities ot along together. We could entrench our-lves behind half-drawn curtains or drape ourselves on the stoop and keep the chil-dren in sight while they destroyed the lawn and darted safely among the infre-quent carriages. Now, from the same van-tage point, the scene has greatly changed. At five minute intervals we have to bawl to the youngsters to keep out of the road-way. An occasional child's funeral on some neighboring street adds to Mother's terror. Conversation must be edged in side-ways between the racket of starters, sirens, klaxons, gabriels, and squeaking brakes. The ice man can't get in, and daughter has difficulty backing out because too many cars are parked along the curb. The quiet darkness of Summer evenings is destroyed by the glare of the street lamps necessary to keep the cars from wrecking one an-other.

We get out the old logarithmic slide rule to figure how we can pay the assessments for the pavement widening which will bring even more machines down the street and take out the parkway trees and the hedge so patiently developed for seven years. And over all there drifts a miasma of dust and carbon monoxide. Our streets have become traffic and service ways, and are no longer fit for playing, porching and promenading.

The most important consideration, it strikes me, is that of providing a place for the children. Shall their cavortings be limited to the back-yard? Maybe your back-yard is big enough; mine isn't. They require room enough to run, to throw and kick balls, and to emulate Tom Mix, Sit-ting Bull, Al Capone and Sergeant York.

The school yard is too far for going back and forth several times a day all Summer, especially for the smaller children. Also there are hazards in crossing main streets or railroad tracks. Mother can't keep an eye on them there. Even though it seems to be necessary in crowded playgrounds, the supervision of a janitor or a play director does not attract the gang with resources of its own. And so, the back-yard and the public playground failing alike to fill the bill satisfactorily, there is suggested (and in a few instances it has been tried out), the idea of a playground within each block.

The specifications call for a large enough area to provide for group play, say at least one hundred feet wide and as long as the block happens to be. There should be no access for automobiles. Woodmar in Indiana, the Country Club District at Kansas City, an outlying development near Dallas, and the Radburn project in New Jersey furnish examples. A two-thousand acre Illinois land operation now under development is laid out with interior playgrounds. Most of the little squares in Boston, New York and elsewhere do not qualify because of their limited size and the fact that they are generally surrounded by driveways. If we are to have sizable interior parks or playgrounds, we must turn our houses around and front them on open spaces. Sidewalks could be placed along the sides of the parks, inside the blocks. We could then push the houses back close to the service-way which the street has become.

Certain examples of existing interior playgrounds have been cited. Individual residences with their service entrances toward the street and their living quarters looking out on private gardens are even now not uncommon. From this experience we can understand the forces working against a general change. There is, first, the matter of custom, which is difficult for any of us to violate, even though we think we are as open-minded as the clerk in an Atlantic City hotel. Many will cli to the traditional pleasure of viewing t road where the race of men goes by. So will object to the noise of a playgrour and these, no doubt, will confiscate t baseballs knocked outside its boundari Subdividers will not be able to crowd many lots into a forty-acre tract. And the will be, as is the case with the interi parks already in use, the serious proble of financing the equipment and main nance of the inside ground.

But these difficulties may all give way the advantages of the arrangement su gested. If it is adopted there will be a pla for the children to disport themselv safely and adequately and near enough be called for dinner. The living-room a porch outlook will certainly be improve The yard and garden will in effect greatly enlarged by opening out into t larger space, and at the same time we w have far more privacy than the front-ya can ever again command. In-town wal ing, from one interior park to the ne will be more pleasant. All kinds of servi to and from the house will be easier wi the back door near the street. And we w be turning away from all the disagreeab features of the car-crowded roadway. T strength of these various factors, pro a con, is difficult to appraise, and their sultant is not easy to determine. But I ca disguise my prejudice in favor of t change, and I believe it may come abo within the next generation or two, least in new developments. The utilizati of existing shallow blocks is possible als but it will be slow.

This discussion, of course, assumes th the widespread, even if deplorable, custo of living in family units, one or more to house, will continue. Probably it will not, then a still more fundamental chan in our town planning will result when t children are left day and night at schoo the men live in dormitories and clubs, a the women are at last wholly free.

THE SPORTS SECTION

BY WILLIAM HENRY NUGENT

The United States learned its first lessons in sports journalism and sports slang from the British Isles, where flowered the first public prints dedicated to horseracing, the hunt, the chase, cockfighting, prize-fighting and other such pursuits and spectacles. The writers for these periodicals invented a special style and vocabulary that are still used by our modern sports-page literati.

Some of the terms thus transplanted in oral and printed speech have become so common that philologists, amateur and professional, often mistake them for Americanisms. *Chinaman's chance*, is an example. It has nothing to do with an Asiatic. It dates from the 1820's, when a writer in the *Weekly Dispatch* of London called the light-hitting Tom Spring, whom he thought likely to break in a long fight, a *china man*, that is, a porcelain man. *Palooka*, now signifying a fifth rate pugilist, derives from a pure Gaelic word. *Ham*, a poor performer in any line of endeavor, especially on the stage or in the ring, began as an abbreviation of *amateur* to *am*, which the cockney foot-racers and pugilists of the 70's pronounced *h'am*. Other locutions on the long list of transplanted English slang terms often mistaken for Americanisms are *to kid*, *faker*, *pink of condition*, *fan*, *cake-eater*, *to pony up*, *the fight is in the bag*, and *lucky break*. Despite a popular belief to the contrary, the English, the Scotch and the Irish have contributed much more slang to sports than the Americans.

That the British taught us sports journalism will not seem strange when it is recalled that they also taught us nearly all the games we now play or see. Out of thirty-eight covered by the New York *Times* last year, ranging alphabetically from archery to yachting, only four were natives of this continent. The Indians bequeathed us la crosse, our native baseball players promulgated their first regulations in 1845, Dr. Naismith synthesized basketball on the gymnasium floor of Y. M. C. A. College in 1892, and the football Justinians of the 70's first codified the American football rules. The remaining thirty-four games listed in the *Times* came from the British Isles. All did not, of course, originate there, for to cite only two exceptions, the French idled at tennis and the Persians knocked a polo ball around centuries ago, but the British reshipped these exceptions to us along with their own inventions.

Before the Revolution, the pioneer Americans, as part of their heritage from overseas, raced horses, hunted, played cards according to Hoyle, fought game cocks, and mixed drinks. After 1830 many other imported games took root and flourished here. Turn to the colleges for examples. Yale and Harvard first rowed against each other in 1852, twenty-three years after Oxford and Cambridge had began their rivalry on the river; American college athletes competed in the first intercollegiate Four A track and field meet in 1876, thirteen years after Oxford and Cambridge had inaugurated their dual meets; Rutgers and Princeton, in 1869, booted a football in the first intercollegiate match a decade or more after the English universities and club teams had given us the basis of the present game.

It will not seem strange that we inherited sports journalism from the British

Isles if it is further recalled that we also imported the organization of sport, the solemnities, the ceremonies, the rules, the first prizefight manager, the promoter, and the feudal distinction between amateur and professional. Again, despite those who applaud the English sporting spirit and blame everything wicked on Americans, the British initiated us into the mysteries of commercialism, faking, and publicity. But they gave us the good with the bad. The English, Irish and Scotch immigrants in the last century helped to break down the wall of puritanical prejudice against organized play. They acted as teachers. Think of all the English and the Irish pugilists, the Scotch golf professionals! In time, the pupils learned to play as well as their instructors and even better, and competed against them in international contests.

Anyone, then, who would trace the evolution of the present-day American sports section and its slang should examine certain early periodicals in England and their imitators in the United States. To save getting lost in a forest of papers, he may limit himself to the two cities where styles in sports journalism have always originated, or at least, got themselves popularized, London and New York. It will be sufficient, further, to limit the inquiry by blazing a few great oaks and ignoring the lesser saplings which multiplied from their acorns.

II

The sire with the greatest progeny was a weekly established in England in 1824, *Pierce Egan's Life in London and Sporting Guide*. After steering it for four years, Egan sold out to a publishing firm, which, placing an all-seeing eye and the motto *Nunquam dormio* over the title, rechristened it *Bell's Life in London*. Instituted primarily as an organ of the prize-ring, it also presented news of the turf, cricket, rowing, professional foot-racing, card games, gambling, hunting, the taverns, cock-fighting, and the theatre, and for a few years also printed cartoons and crime intelligence. It conducted an Answers to Queries department, whose editors never seemed stumped for a reply. For example:

> S. B. We cannot tell whether a white or a gray goose has the most feathers, but if you will send us one of each before Michaelmas Day we will have them carefully plucked and the feathers weighed.

All classes of sports sophisticates, the toffs, the howling swells, the milling coves and the Corinthians, read *Bell's Life*. It profited from advertisements and from a circulation that averaged 75,000. In the issue containing the description of the Heenan and Sayers fight, without a doubt the most exciting athletic event of the century, it ran to 400,000. The editors who succeeded Egan from 1828 to 1868 were his father, Vincent Dowling, and his son George. Exercising a Czar-like power in pugilism, they made or broke a boxer with a paragraph. They dogmatically scolded, praised and criticized. They issued a yearly handbook, "Fistiana, or, The Oracle of the Ring," which was the parent of the modern boxing-guide and contained a list of sporting inns and taverns. The elder Dowling wrote the London prize-ring rules, and his son helped to form the Pugilistic Benevolent Association for the "well behaved and deserving pugilist," and was elected the custodian of the British championship belt.

Yet the Dowlings only echoed Egan, whose influence is felt to this day in the sports department. Born in Ireland in 1772, he died in England in 1849. As a compositor on the *Weekly Dispatch* in London, he sought recreation on his days off at criminal trials, the hangings of important rogues, horse-races, cock-fights, dog-fights and prizefights, and, writing what he saw, modestly laid the sheets on the editor's desk until he was asked to join the staff. In 1818, he published his first volume of "Boxiana," based on Smeeton's previous work, and in 1829 his fifth and last. He dedicated one to the Duke of Wellington

and another to the King of England. Christopher North reviewed them in no less than eight full-length articles in *Blackwood's*. So popular was Egan that in 1824, Thurtrell, a murderer, awaiting death by hanging, regretted that he could not live a few days longer to enjoy reading his account of the Langan and Spring fight. Egan's serial in 1823, "Life in London, or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorne, Esq. and His Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, Accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in Their Rambles and Sprees Through the Metropolis," illustrated by the Cruikshanks, became the rage, and the heroes, Tom and Jerry, lent their names to all things from a drink to a drama.

Egan was the father of newspaper sports slang. Before his day, a journalist who knew the flash and cant idiom spoken in boxing and on the turf censored its terms when he wrote for the printer. Egan, an eager experimentalist, mixed into his articles words that he had picked up from the speech of vagabonds, jail birds, bartenders, soldiers and actors. Many of these words Samuel Johnson had excluded from the famous dictionary as "impure" and "not legitimate English," but thousands in the three kingdoms used them in their daily speech. Some that Egan adopted were silly, flat, and idiotic, and have become so archaic today that a reader needs a glossary to understand him, but others, colorful and vivid, live in the lingo of bums, I. W. W.'s, actors, gamblers, crooks and sporting enthusiasts.

These terms may be found assembled in a half-forgotten lexicon that Egan compiled in 1823, the third edition of a work first issued by Francis Grose in 1785. Etymologists have traced some of the entries to the gipsies, the Jews, the Romans, the French, the Irish. The 1823 title read in full: "Francis Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue as Revised and Corrected by Pierce Egan." Here is a typical entry:

> The Fancy: one of the fancy is a sporting character that is either attached to pigeons, dog-fighting, boxing, etc. Also, any particular article universally admired for its beauty; or which the owners set particular store by, is termed a fancy article, as a fancy clout, a favourite handkerchief, etc; also, a woman, who is the particular favourite of any man, is termed his fancy woman and *vice versa*.

The fancy was long a class name in England and America for followers of boxing. Baseball borrowed it and shortened it to *the fance*, *fans* and *fan*. I do not agree with Ted Sullivan, who asserts in his "Stories From The Diamond" that he originated it as an abbreviation of *fanatic*.

Here are some other things in Egan's dictionary that have a familiar sound today: *to kid*, *to fake*, *to stall off*, *where do you get that stuff?*, *cheese it*, *cut it*, *to hike*, and *to crab* (that is, "to prevent the perfection or execution of any intended matter or business by saying anything offensive or unpleasant."). A *racket* or *rig* was "a particular kind of fraud or robbery." To cheat was *to trim*, *to sting*. A dishonest man was a *sharp;* an honest man, a *square cove*, a *flat*. Money was *dust*, *iron*, *pony*, *stephen*, *darby*. *To post the pony* or *pony up* meant to put up the coin. *Even stephen:* even money. A *bean* was a guinea; a *jack*, a farthing. Terms of male disapprobation included *booby*, *youkel*, *stiff* (a dead one), *kiddy* (a young thief), *dummie*, *collegiate* (a jail bird, an inmate of Newgate prison, often referred to as the college), *gollumpus*, *squealer*, *sucker*, *cake* or *cakey* (a foolish fellow), *fish* (a seaman), *lobster* (a red coat), *lame duck* (a defaulter at the Stock Exchange), *scab* and *yellow-belly*.

Here are some synonyms Egan used in his boxing stories: Head—*knowledge box*, *tea canister*, *can*, *block*, *nob*, *phrenology box*, *pimple*, *dome*. Nose—*conk*, *snuffer-tray*, *beak*, *snorer*, *bugle*, *smeller*. Mouth—*gob*, *mug*, *potato trap*. Eyes—*peepers*, *squinters*, *shutters*, *blinkers*, *lamps*. A black eye was "a touch of the blue bag under the peeper." A blow might be a *zoc*, or a *wistycastor*, or a *leveller*. His dictionary of the nicknames for milling coves, that is boxers, included Young Sky Blue, Gas Hickman, the Fighting Quaker, the Old Ruffian, the Young

Pitch-pot Jack, the Tremendous Little Gipsy, the Birmingham Youth, the Chelsea Snob, the Clogmaker, the Prime Irish Lad, and the Nonpareil.

Bell's Life, carrying on the slang tradition, printed this bit in 1858 in telling how Tom Sayers defeated the Tipton Slasher for the championship of England:

> Sayers danced lightly out of harm's way, and then, stepping in, popped a tidy smack on the spectacle beam, and got away laughing. After dancing around his man, and easily avoiding several more lunges, Tom again got home on the snuffer tray, removing a piece of the japan, and drawing a fresh supply of the ruby. The Tipton, amazed, rushed in, missed his right, and also a terrific uppercut with his left, and Sayers again dropped in upon the smeller.

Bell's Life had disciples throughout the English-speaking world. *Bell's Life in Sydney* appeared in Australia in the 40's. Three weeklies in the United States before the Civil War, although they did not borrow its actual name, borrowed everything else, and by reprinting millions of words from its columns during a half century spread British sport slang here. These publications in turn served as models for the later newspaper sports departments.

After the younger Dowling died in 1868, the *Bell* cracked and its peals no longer charmed the ears of Englishmen, who, instead listened to the *Referee*, the *Sportsman*, and the *Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News* which introduced cartoons in the modern sports-page manner. *Sporting Life*, now a daily in London, bought the historic paper in 1886 and still carries in small type at its masthead the gallant name of *Bell's Life in London*. Today the English sports publications have almost a negligible influence here, but for half a century *Bell's Life* set our styles.

III

The first important sporting weekly in the United States appeared in New York on December 10, 1831. It was the *Spirit of the Times: the American Gentleman's Newspaper*. This pioneer lived until 1901, when it merged with the *Horseman* of Chicago. Horace Greeley, as a young printer, se type on it in 1832. Its editor and owne William Trotter Porter, who came of horse loving Vermont stock, attended Dar mouth, learned the printer's trade at Bible House at Andover, Mass., and a twenty-one descended upon New Yor City with the notion that a national spor ing paper devoted principally to horse racing would be a profitable venture. A friend wrote in later years:

> He was perfectly aware that there existed, in some sections, a marked antipathy to the very name of race-course, and a morbid apprehension of rumors and indefinite mischiefs which were erroneously believed to be its inseparable attendants. But in the Middle States, a tolerant and kindly feeling for the turf was quite prevalent, while at the South and Southwest out-of-door life, with its various sources of amusement and excitement, and its promptings to a zealous, yet rational regard for the horse, the gun, and the angling rod, was an ardent passion with agricultural gentlemen of wealth and spirit.

Porter made his paper national in scop by publishing correspondence from a horse-racing centers. By purchasing an absorbing in 1839 the more provincia *American Turf Register* of Baltimore, estab lished in 1829, he took rank as *the* horse racing authority in the Republic.

He advocated and ballyhooed the sam sports played up in the papers across th Atlantic. It pleased him when his ove seas contemporaries called the *Spirit* th *Bell's Life* of the Western World. H sprinkled his columns with hunting sto ries about the buffalo, the wild cat, th turkey, the panther and the 'possum. H had articles on old sledge, the brag steam boats on the Mississippi, an Answers t Queries column, a few woodcuts, dramati reviews, jokes, and an occasional seria novel. He popularized poker and "pea knuckle" by printing their rules and an swering questions on their problems.

Porter, known as York's Tall Son be cause of his six feet four, edited the pape for twenty-seven years, until his death i 1858. A partner, George W. Wilkes, su ceeded in control and kept on until h died in 1885. Porter, an excellent edito

ut a poor business man, was in the red 40,000 at the end of his first decade for npaid advertisements and subscriptions. Wilkes, a better manager, if not so brilliant n editor, prospered and died a plutocrat. Because he once wrote out a plan for a rans-Siberian railway, the Czar of Russia nighted him and gave him the right to ducate his sons free at the Russian West oint.

The *Spirit*, as masculine as *Godey's Ladies' Book* was feminine, was read by horsemen, reeders, farmers, college students, army fficers, Congressmen, gamblers, pugilists, all players, bartenders, all the knowing nes. Daniel Webster, a friend of Porter's, ook it at Washington while the Senate vas in session and at Boston when he returned home. The success of the *Spirit* gave irth to seven other papers bearing the ame title. At the outbreak of the Civil War it had, according to sworn testimony n a libel suit, a circulation of 100,000. Only one weekly in America, aside from he religious press, had more, *Bonner's New York Ledger*. Thousands of subscribers seeded with the South in 1861 and never ame back.

By encouraging cricket in the 40's and o's, just as he had sponsored other hyhenated pastimes here, Porter nearly made t the national game and indirectly helped o establish baseball. Up to a few years before the Civil War, indeed, cricket had nore advocates in the nation than baseball. Elevens sprang up not only in New York nd in Philadelphia, but even in Detroit and Naugatuck, Conn. The All-United States eat All-Canada in an international match nd the victors considered challenging the arent Marylebone Club of London, which s to cricket what St. Andrew's is to golf. The St. George Cricket Club, instituted by British residents in New York, built a lub-house on Bloomingdale road, and its nembers bowled and batted and drank tea ust as they had done in the old country. They ignored the jibes directed at them by ibald passersby. How unlike the attitude f the sensitive Philadelphians in 1828, who abandoned their wickets in a field at Camden, N. J., when onlookers and newspapers laughed at them for wasting time at a boy's pastime!

In 1844 the activities of the English gentlemen encouraged a group of young men who had offices in Wall Street to consider exercising after office hours, but instead of playing cricket they voted for the town-ball of their boyhood. They rented a field near Madison square, but later moved to the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. They gathered twice a week and imitated the St. Georgians by building a club-house, keeping a score-book and fixing a system of fines for non-attendance. This Knickerbocker Ball Club wrote out regulations in 1845 for a new game that it called baseball. It caught on. Just as the small-town Babbitts of today in plus fours play golf because it is the recreation of the Rockefellers, so did the young men of Brooklyn and in New York in the 50's organize baseball clubs in imitation of hightoned Wall Street. The game took because Porter gave it publicity.

He printed the first rules, the first scores, the first picture of a match in progress, the first box-score, the first allusion to it as the national game, and the first dope stories, and gave wide space to the first convention in 1858, when the players voted to make nine innings a game instead of calling it when the first side had tallied 21 aces. Cricketers, native and foreign-born, switched to baseball and carried over many terms to the newer game, among them, *lucky breaks*, *fielding average*, *batting average*, *batter* (instead of the old fashioned *striker*), *fly(ing) ball*, *innings* (instead of *hands in*). Henry Chadwick, an Englishman who wrote on cricket for the *Spirit of the Times*, first edited Spalding's Baseball Guide and won a press agent's title of the Father of Baseball. Harry Wright, another Englishman who played cricket with the St. George Club and baseball with the Knickerbocker Club, organized the first salaried nine, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1868 and later managed

teams in the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs which he helped to launch.

The *Spirit* also boomed prizefighting in America, introducing the London prize-ring code and the Marquis of Queensberry rules. For a considerable period the American ring, long a bootleg institution, was really only a branch of the English ring. It was under the control of Englishmen and Irishmen; they did the fighting, the managing, the training, the faking, the promoting and the collecting. Wilkes, in 1859, arranged with the editor of *Bell's Life in London* for Heenan, one of the few native-born pugilists, to fight Sayers for the champion of England's belt, symbolical of fistic supremacy. Wilkes sat at the ringside in England, and since the ocean cable had snapped and was under repair, printed a fight extra in London which he consigned to New York by the steamship *Vanderbilt*. He severed diplomatic relations with *Bell's Life* in 1860 after a dispute over that "great drawn battle." Dowling aggravated the breach during the Civil War by wisecracking about the Dis-United States. Looking on the war as a game between the North and the South, he chided the Yankees for hiring Irish and German mercenaries to fight their battles. Wilkes got even, first, by telling his readers not to buy *Bell's*, which had a large sale here, as he would clip the essential news and reprint it in the *Spirit*, and, second, by publishing a woodcut of Dowling as a Lord Dundreary Englishman.

Wilkes also fulminated editorially against English sports jargon. An anonymous satirist, in 1868, aided him in this crusade by shooting darts at the current prize-fight lingo in a penny pamphlet, "Comical Fights," but himself added a new term in describing how a mythical Mike made a mythical Patsy's *viaduct* look like a *damaged cauliflower*. The Fancy, instead of interpreting *viaduct* as *beak* or *bugle*, as the author probably intended, translated it as *listener*, and thus was born one of Fistiana's clichés, *cauliflower ear*. Wilkes spoke up too late for a restricted immigration la against British slang, for he and his co temporaries had admitted boatloads aliens, among them, *knockout*, *pink of co dition*, *fighting trim*, and *walk-over*. As la as 1867 the *Spirit* considered *to kid* alie enough to write that "Coburn *kidd* McCoole, as the English say."

Wilkes in 1869 threw prizefightir news overboard mainly because the dai newspapers had begun to serve it up, if n better, at least faster. By that time th American reading public had become a customed to telegraph specials, ext editions, and cable dispatches. Wilkes c adrift from *Bell's Life* only to tie to tw other London journals, *Land & Water* ar the *Field*, both organs of English gentl men amateurs who played football, ra rowed and boxed. The editor of *Land Water*, John G. Chambers, one-time Cai bridge rower and foot-racer, had founde an exclusive athletic club which defined gentleman amateur athlete and laid th foundation for the British Amateur At letic Association.

The *Spirit of the Times*, in the 70's, in itated its two transatlantic contemp raries and introduced amateur boxing, foo ball, rowing, and track and field compe tions into America. Curtis, whom Wilk had engaged as his editor in the 70's, w the Chambers of the United States, formi the New York Athletic Club, defining amateur athlete (a rewrite of the Engli definition), and aiding in establishing th present Amateur Athletic Union. For go and for evil, the old *Spirit* for half a centu was the chief propagandist of British pr fessional and amateur sports, their sla and their journalism, in the Republic.

IV

The second important sports weekly w born in New York in 1845 and still liv It is the *National Police Gazette*. It circulat early among police officers, criminals, t Fancy, barbers and saloonkeepers. picked up stories of British criminals un

he American underworld had developed ts own heroes. Each week is summarized he nation's rapes, burglaries, murders and ıangings. But it remained for a rival, the *Illustrated Police News* of Boston, to set a lifferent alliterative headline each week ›ver the country-wide harvest of execu-ions, *e. g.*, "Spine Stretching," "Legally Lassoed" and "Justly Jerked."

The *Police Gazette* later added news about ›oxing, cockfighting and other pastimes. Wilkes, before going to the *Spirit of the Times*, had edited it, but it never had the *Spirit's* literary tone or class of readers. When Richard K. Fox, a Belfast Irishman, gained control in 1876 he changed it from a blanket newspaper sheet to a smaller ›ink one and decorated it with pictures of athletes and *déshabillé* ladies, especially ›urlesque beauties in tights and iron, hour-glass corsets. (He captioned these dizzy ›londes Dizzies, Lizzies and Fairies.) In he 80's he hung up diamond-studded belts for prize-ring champions in all classes, and nade and unmade them as a boxing com-nission does today. He bestowed collars ıpon pedigreed dogs that had won in pit ›attles or rat-killing shambles. He settled lisputes about poker, dog-fights, cock-ights and pugilism in his Answers to Queries column. Just as the *Spirit of the Times* in the 70's stood for amateur sports o did the *Police Gazette* under Fox boom ›rofessional activities. It scorned golf, ten-nis and college football. Fox died a million-aire and his sons still carry on, but they ack the influence of their father in Fist-ana.

The *Police Gazette* adopted the language nd style of the British crime and sporting ›apers. Its editor in 1859, George W. Mat-ell, compiled "Vocabulum, or, The Rogue's Lexicon," a dictionary of American under-vorld cant. Many terms came from Egan nd other English sources. Imported words hat then appeared in the files of the *Police Gazette*, or in publications similar to it, ›ob up today in speech or in print and are ometimes proclaimed as newly-created. For instance, tales have come out of Chi-cago that a gangster, lately machine-gunned to his reward, not only contributed the occupation known as the *racket* and the followers of it known as *racketeers* to our civilization, but also created the words to describe them. But the *Police Gazette*, which borrowed the term *racket* from Egan, spoke long ago of the *fight racket* and of the *empty-bottle racket*, and the *Illustrated Police News*, on August 11, 1888, had a story about *racketers*.

The New York *Clipper* cruised the journalistic seas from 1853 to 1924, carrying boxing, baseball and theatrical news, and from 1897 onward stage news only. It docked for the last time four years ago in the office of Sime Silverman's *Variety*. The *Clipper* not only helped to spread underworld and sporting argot from abroad, but also contributed idioms from the English-speaking stage and circus lot. Other weeklies containing sports news blossomed between 1830 and 1890. To note a few, there were the *Whip*, the *Rake*, the *Flash*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Mercury*, and the New York *Sportsman*. *Leslie's Weekly* and *Harper's Weekly* pictured important athletic events. Thomas Nast drew sketches of the Heenan and Sayers fight for the New York *Illustrated News*. But the *Spirit of the Times*, the *Police Gazette* and the *Clipper* were the big three in sports journalism in the last century.

Even before the Civil War some newspaper editors, though they looked on athletics as the province of the weeklies, printed news of any event that aroused public interest. The New York *Herald*, from its establishment in 1835 until 1885, assigned Uncle Joe Elliott, superintendent of its delivery room, to double as a reporter of prizefights and horse-races. Seated at the ringside, he dictated a story to a stenographer, who later transcribed the notes for a copyreader to cut down and polish. *Herald* pony-express riders, in May 1847, carrying Elliott's story of how Yankee Sullivan vanquished Caunt the Englishman early in the morning on a dew-covered battle ground at Harper's Ferry, galloped

from the ringside to New York in time for the *Herald* to print the yarn only two days after the mill.

Less than two years later, Elliott, in relating how Tom Hyer had won the championship of America by flaxing out Yankee Sullivan in eighteen minutes at Rock Creek, Md., dispatched from Baltimore to New York the first prize-fight message ever sent over Morse's five-year old magnetic telegraph. This epochal dispatch, plus other pugilistic intelligence, filled the entire front page next day. In April, 1860, the *Herald's* presses rumbled day and night for four days to provide an eager public with accounts of the "great international match" between the Benecia Boy, an American blacksmith's helper, and Tom Sayers, an English bricklayer's laborer, a landmark in ring history. Bennett did not send a representative from the home office, but economically clipped his report from English and American exchanges. The *Herald* also reported horse-races, especially the matches between Northern and Southern thoroughbreds, yacht races, and the early baseball games.

James Gordon Bennett the younger, himself a long distance pedestrian and polo player, offered cups in the 70's to winners in college rowing races and track and field events. Out of this developed the present Poughkeepsie regatta and the annual intercollegiate meets. In the 80's he introduced polo to Newport and found space in his paper for news about it, as well as about golf and tennis, old pastimes still indifferent to newspaper publicity. His *Evening Telegram*, established in 1867, had a clientèle among boxing and baseball zealots. When Elliott was superannuated in the late 80's, the *Herald* engaged Billy Edwards, champion emeritus of the lightweights and bouncer at the Hoffman House, to dictate a blow-by-blow account of boxing bouts to a shorthand reporter. Thus he was the founder of a long hokum dynasty of prize-fighters who "expert" for the newspapers at higher salaries than are paid to city editors.

Toppy Maguire, a contemporary of Elliott, served the New York *Sun* as a boxing and racing authority for thirty years. Sometimes Charles A. Dana accompanied him to a fight. Arthur Brisbane, while London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, cabled stories about Sullivan's visit to the Prince of Wales, and at other times wrote about the bare knuckle fights between Smith and Kilrain, Mitchell and Sullivan. The puritanical New York *Tribune* preached against prize-fights and horse-races, but its reporters were assigned to them and turned in excellent yarns.

These early American sports writers through oral and printed tradition, inherited a ready-made vocabulary. For while the editors of conservative newspapers with traditions of good writing toned down their excessive slang, but today all editors allow their sports writers greater liberties than those granted the reporters in the other departments of the paper. Many terms and wisecracks borrowed from the past still survive, some without change and some with slight changes due to the wear and tear of colloquial speech. American sports writers yet use a lot of this standing-metal slang, but they likewise create their share of new phrases, idioms and nicknames. Baseball experts, adapting boxing diction to baseball, introduced *initial sack*, *hot corner*, and so on.

V

William Randolph Hearst bought the New York *Journal* in 1895. Before turning his talents three years later to his war with Spain, he had worked out the modern newspaper sports section. Finding his rivals running from three to seven columns of sport news daily, he doubled, trebled and quadrupled the space and on occasional Sundays issued a bicycle or a horse supplement of twelve pages. Finding his contemporaries content with one column captions, he flew banner heads across his pages in 1896: "The *Journal's* Special Page For Amateur Sportsmen," "Special News

f Horses," "Champions Give *Journal* eaders a Sporting Page," "In The World f Professional and Amateur Sports."

Hearst not only invented the present-day ports page make-up; he whooped things p all along the line, putting the final rusher on the weekly as an authority in thletics. Before he breezed in with his pen purse other papers had appended the ames of the writers at the ends of sports tories. The New York *World*, for instance, ad baseball chatter signed by De Wolfe lopper, the actor, who had already dis-overed the poem "Casey At the Bat," nd Dominick McCaffery, the heavy-eight contender of 1889, explained over is own name that John L. Sullivan eat down Jake Kilrain, not by face hits, ut by blows to the heart.

The New York *Illustrated News*, in 1889, ppointed John L. Sullivan sports editor, ith the understanding that he would sit wo hours a day at his desk. John L. ollected his salary for eight months, ut did no work. He blustered in once, ought the staff a drink, and then refused o come again. The publishers, after fre-uent telegrams to Boston, ultimately cut im off the payroll.

Hearst placed the new byline rig on a etter basis. He signed his champions to a ontract and instead of giving them an npecunious $50 a week paid out real oney. He paid James J. Corbett and Bob itzsimmons, successors to Sullivan, $5,000 year each for the right to put their sig-atures in facsimile over articles. Further-ore he did not ask them to associate with ne staff, but gave them a ghost writer, obert H. Davis, to do the work of com-osition. He hired other champions, Ho-art on tennis, Bald on bicycling, Batch-der on wheeling, and Heffelfinger, the ale hero, on football. Amos Rusie, the iant's pitcher, told how he threw puz-ling curves; Arthur Irwin, manager of the iants, charted the science of the hit nd run; and under the shaky fac-simile gnatures of two dinge jockeys, A. Ham-ton and Willie Sims, appeared the story, "How A Horse Race Is Ridden." Hearst, in 1896 and 1897, had signed up nearly every sports champion. Of late the price of bylines has gone up. Dempsey was paid $45,000 a year for his name and Tunney is said to have received a still higher sum.

Hearst built up a staff of experts, including Ralph Paine of Yale on rowing, Charles Dryden on baseball, and Paul Armstrong on boxing. The *World*, in 1889, had boasted that Nellie Bly, in interviewing John L. Sullivan and his trainer William Muldoon to the extent of three columns both before and after the Kilrain fight, had been the first woman to achieve such a feat. The *Journal* assigned Winifred Black to visit New Haven and in the Fall of 1895 appeared a five-and-a-half column story and three sketches headed: "At Old Yale. The Journal's Woman Reporter Trains With the Little Boys in Blue. Once Around the Clock With the Lads Who Will Uphold Yale's Prestige. The First Time a Woman Was Invited to Dinner by a College Football Team."

The *Sun*, the *Herald* and the *World* spread out on college football reports, running seven and more columns with sketches. Hearst ran wild in covering the Yale-Princeton game in 1895. He printed two-and-a-half pages, with five sketches, one seven columns wide, and two diagrams showing "How the Ball Moved." Richard Harding Davis filled a whole page, aside from pictures, plus a breakover. Heffelfinger presented a technical description, and Jim Corbett in a signed story approved of football by saying: "It has a tendency to make a man a strong healthy animal and it is all right. I consider football as played today rough sport, but not brutal." Both the team captains signed statements. On Monday Captain Thorne of Yale told his own story of how he made that great run. Not only did Hearst splurge on football, but he gave space to other pastimes and a big prize-fight called for five pages. All this before 1898.

Other publishers in 1896 and for a long time thereafter shrilled that he was pros-

tituting journalism by his yellow methods. Today the innovations of 1896 have become commonplace. All publishers have adopted those identical methods, with the eight and the ten page sports section, the banner headlines, the cartoons, the pictures. Even the New York *Times* and the Associated Press, within the last few years, have allowed their sports writers to sign their names to stories. Others have gone into the market and bid away champions from Hearst. As a result of adopting his devices and newer ones, such as the double-measure sports column popularized by Grantland Rice of the Nashville *Banner*, the New York *Mail* and the New York *Herald Tribune*, a feature that has a thousand imitators, other papers have overhauled and passed him.

Since the World War the sporting section has grown tremendously. The *Editor and Publisher* has computed that the New York *World* devotes 40% of its local news on weekdays to sports and that the *Herald Tribune* gives over no less than 60%. All large city newspapers now surrender four or five pages to sports news on weekdays and eight and even ten pages on Sunday. E. Robert Stevenson, of the Waterbury *Republican-American*, after a survey of the newspapers of twenty representative cities, said:

> Sporting departments are making ever-increasing demands of space until distracted managing editors are wondering when the growth of this department will cease. It appears to move in the well-known circle, an increased quantity stimulating more interest and consequently more demand on the part of the readers, who constantly ask for more as it is given to them.

To supply this demand the Associat Press has lately organized a segregat sports department with twelve men on i staff. The International News, out of total of 45,000 words in a full thirtee hour report, carried 5,000 words on sport The United Press is sending out three tim the amount it transmitted a year ago. Pu lishers agree that circulation, prestige a reader interest are created by sports new One editor said that he did not regret gi ing away free space to sports, even thoug someone profited, any more than he r gretted giving away free space to stoc market reports because someone benefite financially. William P. Beazell, assista managing editor of the New York *Worl* observed:

> When I consider the amount of space given over to sports my intelligence is offended, but my editorial judgment supports it.

Today America leads the universe sports journalism. Our syndicated specia ists sell baseball stories and box-scores Japan and Mexico, prize-fight and po yarns to the press of the world. Readers the British Isles know the cartoons of Bu Fisher, Tad and Edgren. Slang from o sports sections has found its way to En land, often in movie captions, un nervous Bloomsbury critics write letters the London *Times* that we are corruptin that is, Americanizing, the mother tongu Few seem to know that many of the words are making a return trip to the place of origin. For it was the British wh taught them to us when they gave us o first lessons in sporting journalism.

KANSAS IN LABOR

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

My father made two or three barrels of wine from his own grapes every Fall. He also liked to stop and have a foaming schooner of beer at Frank Gard's saloon when he was selling hogs or cattle in Wichita. When he felt particularly domestic he would bring home a case or two of beer for the family, but the family, God forgive it, didn't appreciate the offering, and he invariably had to drink the whole of it himself.

When visitors came to our Kansas farmhouse, my father thought it a routine matter of hospitality to offer some of his wine. He would go down cellar and draw a tall pitcher of it, and bring it before the company, with glasses.

"Will you have some wine?" he would ask, quite innocently, for he was born in Ireland and he had sailed the seas and Great Lakes, and he couldn't quite believe that Kansans could be as queer as they seemed to be. "I made it myself," he would add, propitiatingly. "It is good medicine for a hot day—or for a cold one either."

The company, if it chanced to be local and respectable, would sniff. Perhaps there would be a pious observation upon the evil effects of wine and debauchery in general upon the young.

In such cases, my father would fall silent and seem to be considering the ways of persons among whom he was always destined to remain an alien. Then he would quietly drink the pitcher of wine himself, and go on about his work.

Since my father made no secret of his wine-making and his love for a cold measure of beer to temper the scorching Kansas sun, he became a sort of hissing in the valley. On the next farm lived Steve Balch, a hearty, loud-laughing, independent spirit. He made much wine of many kinds, and he didn't go to any church, and he minded his own business so well that he was conceded to be the most progressive farmer in the community. He loved to tell the preachers to go to Hell, but he explained to his good friends that that didn't mean anything, since there really wasn't any Hell. He just wanted to frighten the Prohibitionists.

Steve Balch, however, was a Yankee, born and bred. In fact, he was born in that very neighborhood, or came to it in babyhood, for his aged parents lived near him on another farm. The Balch ancestry went back to Connecticut or some such thoroughly American locality, and therefore Steve could afford to flout the common hypocrisy and go on making the good wine that he always was ready to give to the sick and ailing or to the rare spirit who might appreciate it.

You could be independent if you were a Yankee. But my father spoke with the rich accent of County Cork. He had his citizenship papers, to be sure, but the community never considered him a citizen. He was a Roman Catholic, while Steve was merely an atheist. The good people of the valley did not so far forget their Americanism as to consign Steve and my father to the same Hell.

We children went to a one-room public-school, a mile-and-a-half away. It was a sorry school from an educational point of view, but it was sound in matters of faith and morals. We were obliged to sing Prohibition songs for opening exercises, and

at least once each day we were given mass instruction on the evil effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the human system.

Kansas was the first State to put Prohibition into its constitution. Maine had a Prohibition law before Kansas was able to sit up and vote, but it was only a law. In 1881 Kansas adopted an amendment to its constitution, forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. The Prohibition Amendment under which we now groan nationally is taken bodily out of the Kansas constitution, with only a word or two changed to make it national in scope.

In my early boyhood, however, Kansas constitutional Prohibition was merely a blunt instrument, used to extort blackmail from saloon-keepers. It had no more force and effect than the Ten Commandments or the Beatitudes. Saloons were doing a slopping good business in every Kansas town, but they had to observe certain forms, out of deference to the hypocrites who wanted to pretend that the State was dry. No signs were permitted to say Saloon or Bar. The recognized name for a saloon was Sample Room. There were thirty-eight sample rooms in Wichita, our nearest town.

Besides the name, the saloons adopted another clever disguise, so that the ministers might go on telling the world that there was no hell-broth in Kansas. They curtained their front windows, or painted them, exactly as the saloons in Hoboken do today.

In this formal disguise, the saloon flourished. But it was against the law, and once a month, on the first day thereof, the saloon-keeper had to go to the City Hall and pay a fine of from fifty to one hundred dollars, depending upon his location and prosperity. This blackmail kept the city running, and the preachers pretended to think that their own taxes were kept low by the simple expedient of fining the wicked rum-sellers whenever they were caught at their devil's work. Of course, any preacher with a nose could smell a sample room a block away, but wh wanted to ruin the town and increase tax by analyzing odors?

Two of the best and most liberal ci zens of our town in those days were Tor mie and Johnny Mahan, who ran a whol sale liquor house and owned many saloon Whenever a charity committee or a civ graft gang wanted money, the leg-pulle went to the Mahans and started their lis The fattest man in town was Fritz Schnit ler, also in the wholesale booze busines Peter Getto, who never sold a dishone quart in his life, handled some excelle brands wholesale.

These good town-boosters did not hid in a corner. They advertised their war on the opera-house curtain, took space i every amateur programme, and had the names posted at church fairs and social wherever such publicity would aid worthy cause.

II

The Devil, I was early informed, nev sleeps. Some of his insomnia infected th Prohibition agitators who prowled ov the prairies in those days of innocence an sin. Kansas has always been a booze-co scious Commonwealth. The prairie preacl ers, the deaconesses with holy fire in the eyes, and the moral leaders of the Y. M C. A. talked and sang and prayed Prohib tion for many weary years before th country at large consented to take the mission seriously.

One of our teachers at the rural school attended was a squatty little man with flowing red mustache. He taught scho rather less efficiently than the teachers wh had preceded him, although that reall seemed quite an impossible feat. But Mr Mar was popular in the district because h lost no opportunity to inculcate the evi of strong drink. Under his learned tutelag we barefoot urchins were taught to sin twice a day, about some poor unfortuna who once took a sip of red wine, an eventually, at the end of the twenty-four

tanza, was borne in a cheap hearse, "o'er he stones to a wine-bibber's grave."

There was a large chart in the sanctuary f that temple of learning, and it was kept lways open to a section depicting the evil ffects of alcohol upon the insides of the uman body. Some of the more nervous irls were unable to look at this chart vithout becoming ill, but most of us be- ame so accustomed to the revolting ketches, in five colors, of an ulcerated tomach and a disintregating liver, life ize, that we much preferred them to the ull pink map of the British Isles on the pposite wall.

The laws of Kansas required that we be iven daily instruction in the evils of booze nd the desirability of Prohibition. Since t was much easier to tell about the de- ravity of habitual drunkards and the orrible deaths they invariably met than t was to teach the fundamentals of the rabic system of notation and numeration, ve spent much of our time taking notes pon Prohibition discourses.

The Last Day of School was the annual ocial affair of the district. The mothers of xtensive families cooked and baked for a veek in preparation for the event, and very wagon, buggy and buckboard that vended its way over the muddy roads to he school ground was heavily laden with ood food, especially cakes and pies. It was regular cake-and-pie orgy, and the strong armers fairly staggered home in the twi- ight, thoroughly done in by indulgence in amples of not less than forty pies and wice forty toothsome cakes.

The school children were drilled and re- earsed for half of the school term in reparation for the Last Day entertain- ment. Shortly after Christmas we began earning the new Prohibition songs and anticles. The drilling furnished a fine xcuse for occupying school time with omething other than study and teaching, nd helped to save the teacher from the mbarrassment of being caught by one of he big boys or girls in a fatal error in rithmetic or history.

There were dialogues designed to illustrate in a lifelike manner the dangers of taking just one sip, however small, of wine, beer, whiskey or mint julep. There were tableaux representing the plight of the deserted *mater familias*, whose unworthy spouse was at that moment enjoying the subtle damnation of 4% brew in a palatial hell-hole in the neighboring Gomorrah.

One of the most fetching of these dramatic interludes still haunts my memory in graphic detail. A chorus of a dozen girls, the non-bathing beauties of the valley, sang a song beginning:

> Oh here we are, as thus you see,
> Each one a farmer's daughter;
> We know just when to legislate
> And when we hadn't oughter;
> And we won't have any saloon men
> To kneel to us and bow, sir,
> For we can do without a man
> If he can't follow the plow, sir!

The adolescent swains who heard that noble chorus day after day could hardly avoid conversion to the cause of militant Prohibition. We pictured these fair ones spurning the grovelling saloon men who might become maddened suitors for their hands. I used to dream of the loathsome bartenders and vendors of spirits, vainly attempting to coax a promise of honorable marriage from my favorite among the long-legged Prohibition chorus girls. Secretly I vowed to hit a bartender right on the end of the nose some day.

Still I marvel that we were able to hate saloon-keepers and their patrons collectively, when we knew so many charming drunkards and so many Christian vintners and dispensers.

One member of the school board was Lem Sulka, a right noble tippler and a farmer beyond reproach. He was prosperous, but democratic. He would drink with anyone, and had been known to endow an unidentified tramp with the entire proceeds of the sale of a load of fat hogs from his pens. The tramp, it seems, had approached Lem while the genial farmer was reclining, somewhat stove in, with his

two legs strangely intermingled with the barbed-wire fence that bordered the railroad right-of-way.

"What's the matter?" says the tramp.

"I don't rightly know," replies Lem. "I think my horses got drunk. They ran away when I tried to drive down the railroad track so's to get home quicker."

"Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? I don't know about hurt, but I've got a roll of bills here that'll never do me any good, because I can't drink with all this wire around my legs. Here, you take the money and buy a drink for yourself!"

Lem had the most powerful horses in the valley. They all looked like graduates from the Ringling circus parade. And run! Well, if such a patron of the turf as Harry Sinclair had ever seen Lem Sulka playing Ben-Hur in a lumber wagon, coming home from town after a successful day in the market, the ancient and honorable sport of chariot racing would have been revived as a national pastime. Lem loved to travel rapidly, and as airplanes were still far in the future, he laid on the lash with a right good will, and the infuriated horses went madly galloping along the country road, while groceries, bottles, and bits of wagon gear went flying in a train of steadily mounting destruction.

When the valley folk passed along that highroad next day they viewed the sad disfigurement of the roadside hedges, the mailbox posts, all bent and broken over in one direction, and the splintered remains of rolling stock. Then they said one to another, "I'll bet old Lem Sulka's had another runaway. We better stop and see some of his kin and find out if he's bad hurt."

Nobody really wished Lem any ill. He was a thrifty, likable fellow, with that same rare ability to mind his own business that distinguished Steve Balch and others among the unsaved.

Tom Fahey was one of the first saloonkeepers I ever knew, and he was of the salt of the earth. He was all that a jovial Irishman is supposed to be in song and story, and his home was the dwelling pla of hospitality. Down town he ran a samp room until he began to grow too old f such activity, and then he set up h favorite son in the business.

"It takes a man in ivery sinse of th wurrid to stand behind the baar!" d clared Tom Fahey, as he looked upon h son and was well pleased.

I remember waiting outside of Ed F hey's sample room one hot Summer da holding the reins over a patient farm hor while seated in a cart that was the Ford the farmers of that time and place. M father was within, imbibing great draugh of Fahey's cooling beer. Out came o Tom Fahey, fat and hearty and cool, hol ing high a foaming schooner of beer. H stepped up to the cart at the curb.

"Here you are, me bye!" he shoute "A drink on Tom Fahey! Fine and coo and 'twill make a man of ye!"

I refused. Or was it I who refused? Ce tainly, there is something gravely awr with this philosophical theory of Person Identity.

But there sat one whom I then called refusing a perfect glass of wholesome bee while the unbelieving Tom Fahey stare in wonderment that Old Man Drisco should possess a boy who didn't kno enough to drink a freely offered contain of joy. He stood there and argued an urged and descanted upon the merits this particular brand of beer, which a ready had made Milwaukee a center civilization. He went away beaten and di couraged, after tossing the flat stuff in the gutter. He had wasted golden wor upon an ignorant spirit, and the hot su had robbed his nectar of its life.

My father, I am told, wept when I heard his old friend's report upon the wa wardness of the son of an Irish sailor.

"The boy would be all right," said m father weakly, "if it wasn't for these Go damned Prohibitionists! It seems there's law that we have to send the children school, and the teachers and preachers the have at the school are trying to mal

ssies out of them. Glory be to God, ahey, I don't know what this country's oming to at all, at all! You best put a case f beer in the cart, and I'll see if the family on't feel like a little drink before going o church Sunday morning anyhow."

While the Yankee neighbors pointed to y father as one lost in Romish superstion and devil's brew, I never saw the man runk but once, and I fully believe it was is only lapse into genuine inebriation. He as past fifty, prosperous, and at peace ith the world. But he conceived a violent islike for a certain prospective son-in-w. The family took no heed of his likes nd dislikes, since he was generally conded to be a bit old-fashioned, and never oroughly Americanized.

So my father prepared to get drunk as gesture of protest. That Fall he made even barrels of wine, instead of two or ree. There was some good wine left over om other years, too, and he started on it hile the new wine was a-ripening. He id in a few cases of beer, a five-gallon jug f whiskey, and a few little jugs of gin. y Thanksgiving it was clear that he was bit groggy, and by Christmas he was irly plastered.

He sobered up suddenly, a year later, and e never drank more than enough to make im a bit reminiscent during the thirty ears of life that still remained to him. He ad registered his protest, and no stress f circumstance could ever induce him to tter a word against the objectionable n-in-law thereafter.

Every once in a while a holy pilgrim ould come to our house, laden with tracts ealing with liquor and tobacco. Cigattes were already under the ban of Kansas w, but some dudes from the cities were ootlegging in the vilest kind of cigattes, we were told. These instruments of e Devil were packed subtly, perhaps by tan himself, who was said to frequent bacco plantations and factories where his eed was made up into smokes. Pictures f shameless play-actresses, some in tights at displayed their legs to an inconceivable height, were to be found in these packages, and fond mothers were warned that their boys often secretly collected these pictures and stored them above the rafters in the barns.

As if to point the moral taught by the wandering salvationists, a family of townies bought the farm adjoining ours on the south. The Burwell boys used to ride out to the farm from Wichita behind a spanking team of bays, and there were plenty of eye-witnesses to the fact that all three of the Burwells smoked cigarettes.

Coming home from school along the highway, we boys often picked up samples of the offending pictures of actresses. Then we knew the Burwell boys had been out to the farm again, or had driven back to town that way. One of my sisters was of the tender age of sixteen, and she was sternly forbidden to speak to the Burwell boys, even though they were our next neighbors. They smoked cigarettes, and rumor had it that they also carried a flask of whiskey out from town with them when they came to stay a week or so at the farm.

III

About this time there came eerie signs in the heavens, presaging the approach of a new dispensation. Three prophetic stars twinkled insinuatingly above the monotonous prairies. They told of the coming of the three prophets of reform: Carry A. Nation, Henry J. Allen and Myra McHenry.

Carry Nation came first, making straight the paths of the other prophets. There had been much stirring of the spirit at Sunday-school conventions and meetings of respectable married church women, and as ill luck would have it, Carry Nation was having domestic troubles. She lived in Medicine Lodge, and she was the town's professional troublemaker. She was short and fat and ugly, and her special mission was the preaching of damnation against women who were young and slim and beautiful. She had turned Medicine Lodge

upside down by publicly denouncing the ladies of the choir for wearing their skirts clear up to their insteps. Such hussies, averred this prophetess, were out after the husbands of honest women.

Having a pronounced beauty phobia, and not being able to find very many beauties upon whom to vent her despite in Medicine Lodge, Carry hustled over to Wichita, where, she had heard, there was a picture of a beautiful woman in the Carey Hotel bar, owned by Johnny Mahan. The picture was entitled "Cleopatra at the Roman Bath," and had been painted by John Noble, now a notable New York painter, in exchange for unlimited credit at Mahan's bar. It was a very large picture, and very nude, and it hung in front of the bar, so that the customers might be charmed ceaselessly by it while they sipped their potations.

Carry Nation had heard that Cleopatra was the most beautiful and seductive of all women, and she had heard something quite the reverse about herself. So she would have it out with Cleo, here and now. She went into the Carey bar on the morning of November 21, 1900, and, after feasting her eyes upon the winsome curves of the Lady of the Nile, she proceeded to lecture Eddie Parker, Johnny Mahan's brother-in-law and bartender, on the wickedness of beauty, especially nude beauty.

Eddie Parker uttered not a word, but cleared his throat a couple of times and even coughed a little, as he looked at the floor. He was a very polite and mid-Victorian gentleman, and he did not hold with those who say that a woman may use any words that a man may use, so long as they are both in a barroom.

Seeing Eddie somewhat chapfallen, Mrs. Nation turned and threw a piece of a stone through the glass and canvas, sorely lacerating the perpetually young seducer upon the wall. As Eddie still did not stir, Carry was inspired with her Great Idea. She threw another stone (she had put three stones into her handbag before entering) and smashed the mirror.

The mirror cracked from side to side, in the case of the one at Shalott, and th curse descended upon the American trad in strong waters. Carry smashed son bottles, and went her way. She was se to jail and there quarantined by a jol sheriff who thought that ordinary im prisonment was much too good for woman who would willfully waste goo beer and smash lovely pictures.

The world-wide publicity given th Carey Hotel bar-smashing spurred on th more spectacular of the ladies of the W. C T. U., and soon Carry Nation found he self the leader of a band of females wit long unsatisfied grudges against the temp ress who beguiled Mark Anthony. Ever pious dame who looked as unlike Cleopatr as did the doughty smasher rallied to h banner, and when the leader was out jail the gang of them went up and dow the streets of Wichita, smashing in samp room windows, seeking lewd pictures, an chopping open barrels and kegs wit hatchets that were the very images of the countenances.

Myra McHenry, who yet survives t scourge the ungodly in the plains regio was one of the trusted lieutenants Carry Nation. She often posed with hatchet in her hand, and many tim kicked and bit and scratched the officers the law who came to take her into custod when she stood upon street corners, vil fying the leading citizens and telling th unpublished lives of the most noted of th local ministers of the gospel. Myra hate booze and seducers so flagrantly that sh was willing to set even the First Christia Church by the ears with tales of its re erend pastor's life, shouted frenziedly noonday, right in front of the temple.

Henry J. Allen came along when th battle was waxing hot, and bought th Wichita *Beacon*, a mild-mannered evenin newspaper. He came out for God an against liquor in all its manifold form The stirring of the waters of unrest Kansas began to take on tempestuo proportions.

Marsh Murdock, who ran the *Eagle*, was very Stonewall Jackson for the beleaguered hosts of the rum power. He was for booze, and no nonsensical hyprocrisy was indulged in by him when he wrote about it. He predicted that the reformers would be the death of the town and of the state, and he meant, of course, the spiritual death, although his enemies chose to believe he merely threatened financial ruin to the Commonwealth. Marsh Murdock went down fighting, his circulation sadly depleted, his heart broken, and his closest associates whispering the treason of compromise in his deaf old ears. He was the last. His heirs surrendered sullenly to the rising clamor, and recouped the fortunes of the paper after the most vitriolic of the reformers had won the battle and gone to their eternal reward.

The sun rose on a dismal Kansas, one certain morning, after an election in which Henry Allen and Carry Nation and the Lord of Hosts had won a smashing victory. The Mahan Supply Company was in ignominious retreat toward free Missouri, in three long freight trains. Tom Fahey was standing forlornly outside his dismantled ample room, meditating upon the wickedness of the foes of joy and beauty.

IV

Kansas entered upon a new era. It was an era of self-glorification and of missionary activity. The forces of righteousness had so completely triumphed that they began persecuting the ungodly in the name of God. They hauled Jay House up before a court of justice to make him tell the names and addresses of all the saloons in Topeka, and when Jay refused to be a Smedley Butler they denounced him and deplored him throughout the length and breadth of Kansas. They dragged Steve Balch from his peaceful agricultural pursuits, and tried to make him divulge the name and address of someone from whom he had bought a half-pint. When Steve laughed his care-free laugh in the magistrate's face, he was consigned to the dungeon, and there held for contempt of court for the better part of a Summer, while weeds grew in his beloved vineyard.

Those were bitter days for the few free spirits who remained within the State. Billy Sunday came swooping down upon the wreckage of a once bibulous frontier civilization, and convicted the community of sin and lust and evil. Those who wanted their businesses to thrive upon public approval hastened to join the church, to weep publicly at the Billy Sunday mourner's bench, and to get as much publicity for their repentance as possible. Henry Allen, although already safely enrolled in the Book of Gold, stepped forward and grasped the great evangelist's hand, weeping, while the inspired community arose as one man and shouted, "Glory to God!"

By that spectacular maneuver Henry almost ran away with circulation and advertising. The Murdocks remained unrepentant in person, although they allowed their newspaper to join the ballyhoo for right living. Sons of old Marsh Murdock could deliver up their swords, but they could not quite bring themselves to bow the knee before the alien invader.

Gospel teams were now sent scurrying out into America Irredenta, to carry the tidings. Flying squadrons of Prohibition speakers went east and west, telling how Kansas had done it. New life was injected into the fight which the Anti-Saloon League and the Ohio Gang had been carrying on in so desultory and expensive a manner.

Raymond Robbins, Dan Poling and a half dozen other apostles met in an upper room in lower Fifth avenue, New York, and found themselves endowed for a foray. They went forth in what they called the Flying Squadron, stopping for one-night stands in the larger cities, from coast to coast, advertising the slogan: "A Saloonless Nation by Nineteen-Twenty!"

I was a reporter in Omaha when the Flying Squadron hit the town for two meetings, in 1914. When sinful Omaha

heard the slogan of the invaders, it roared with good-natured laughter, and lifted another bumper to Bacchus. That was on a Sunday, and I wonder whether any clairvoyant pastor of souls thought it worth while that day to preach on the text: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

During those precursive years, you met the Kansans everywhere, tirelessly and with staring enthusiasm, preaching Prohibition. They went into far fields, stumping the East and the West for silly-looking Prohibition party candidates for eve imaginable office, and taking defeat wi the same angelic smile with which idiot takes castor oil.

A short-sighted nation was somewh annoyed by the noise and confusion th proceeded from the general direction Kansas. Annoyed, and mildly amused. F the nation was too busy about trifles realize that Kansas was in labor, and th the ridiculous offspring she would soo bring forth would live to betray a cont nent.

FOOL

BY JOHN HUSTON

Victor du Lara was a young Italian. He had the shape of head you often see on clever boys. You would call it onical. From a small hard jaw it widened ward to a cranium that was round like bowl. He had a hard mouth, and his es were set wide apart. He was short ith a strong back, so he could hold like a se and pound in the clinches. He was a ugger with a lot of native speed. Like a il he made his own openings, and he llowed up fast, hammering like a carnter.

Victor and myself, and a fellow named arry who used to second for us, and a iend of Harry's, a man whose name I for-t, who had just got out of the army, were l of us on the street car. We were coming vay from Madison Square Garden down Darktown.

Madison Square Garden is a Negro fight ena, named after the big Madison uare Garden in New York.

When I think about that ride I get ated. Something had happened that put e at the dirty end of the stick. I had done mething terrible. I want to say that ictor and Harry and the soldier were ree men of mercy. They laughed at my n and didn't rub it in. They let it go at at. Their treatment rid my nature of a t of rubbish.

Victor du Lara and I had gone as chilen to the same school, but we had not nown each other. That is, we had never en friends. I was a few months younger an he, and that made a great difference. e was the crustiest boy in the school.

The neighborhood of the school was or. Most of the students were the sons and daughters of low-class Italians and Negroes and Polacks. Beside myself, there was only one other child who could lay any claim to being well raised, and he was slightly effeminate. The Italian boys used to gang him on his way home—not from lack of nerve, for any one of them could have handled him. They only desired to share the pleasure. I envied them.

One night after school I was alone with the tormented fellow. I hoped vicariously to enjoy the companionship of the roughnecks by beating him myself. But it was a heartless effort. He made no resistance. The yard was deserted except for the effeminate boy and me. I had been awkward about starting the fight. He would resent nothing. Finally I pushed him over. When he got up I knocked him down with my fist. Then he sat in the sand, rubbing his eyes and weeping, while blood trickled out of his nose. I threw him my handkerchief and went home.

To and from school, and in the recess periods, Victor jumped rope and shadow boxed. He was the youngest in his room and he was small, but he could teach tricks to anybody in the school. Into the Negroes he put the fear of God. He called them jigaboos. I have seen him step into a group of blacks, measure the largest, and without warning slap him flat-handed. The jigaboos came to understand that any defense meant twice the punishment. Whenever they gathered there was always one posted to keep a nervous watch for Victor. When he came toward them they'd separate. He never picked on a jigaboo alone.

In those days all paths led to love and physical supremacy. They were the male

and female and they embraced in constant beauty. The youth of the school were hot-blooded. Hardly any of us were graduated without physical experiences of love. At fourteen the Latin girls had swelling breasts. The eighth grade was a hotbed of romance.

Victor wore bracelets on his wrists, and rings too small for his fingers dangled on strings over his chest. The jewelry belonged to girls. It was secured by Victor's plights. He was a vowing lover.

His first professional fight was when he was sixteen. At the athletic club he had one or two starts. But he was full of contempt for the amateur. They tried to give him a bronze medal for clouting the State champion, but Victor said keep it: if he didn't get cash he wouldn't fight. His professional start was out at Monrovia, which is a little fight town about twenty-five miles away from the city. It is quite a fight center. They have several good Negro boys out there. They still have battles royal, which they wisely keep all black. They make up their main events by bringing two good boxers in. The crowds are mixed, but they are mostly white. It is a good tryout place.

Victor boxed a white man, who was getting old and going down. But he had been good in his day, and he had an awful stock of tricks. At Monrovia they like blood. They judge a card by the number of knock-outs. The matchmaker out there would rather put a ham and a good boy together than two evenly matched hams. The man Victor was to box had a little reputation, so the matchmaker must have thought it would be that kind of a fight. The State limit was four rounds. Victor forced the going from the first. His opponent was a general, and tried to stall by clinching. But he found that the young Italian was like a riveting machine. He could jar himself loose. Then the man got dirty. In a clinch he rolled the heel of his glove over Victor's nose, and when Victor lowered his head, he gave him his elbows and put his thumbs in his eyes.

Remember, this was Victor's first pr fessional fight. He had boxed up at t athletic club with kids his own age. He was something new. He'd never been u against a man like this before. What h did showed there was no dog in him. Noth ing in Queensbury could help him. So h bared his teeth and caught his man by th throat. Then he hung on. That's the kin of a guy he was.

II

The beginning of our friendship was on day in the gymnasium he asked me to wor out. It's best to be careful of a pickup. you're known to be any good, and if h isn't afraid of you, he'll usually try an put one over for the crowd.

"All right if you'll take it easy. I on want to sweat."

We boxed nicely. Afterwards I took m rubdown. Victor asked me to be firs While I was being rubbed he talked.

"I'm no good with tall fellows like yo unless I go hard. That's the only way I ca fight. If you can't box you can't beat man that won't fight. There are two kind of fighters, offensive and defensive. What your religion? Are you a Catholic?"

"No," I answered.

"But you believe in God."

"Yes, indeed."

We took our shower together. While th water rained down on him he stuck out h belly.

"You went to the Lincoln Heigh school, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I remember you. Yo were in the eighth grade when I was in th seventh. I only went there one year."

"Are you using your real name?"

"No." I told him what my real nam was.

While we were drying he asked if liked wine. I said that I did, and he invite me to come over to his house.

"There's no one there but my old lady.

When we got on our clothes I went wit him.

His mother was a nice Italian lady, who ke no English. She sat with me in the lor and smiled, while Victor got wine l glasses. I do not believe she drank any, t only held some in her glass, and smiled ile we drank, which was her Latin eeding.

The ride on the street car that I spoke at the start was after the night's bouts Madison Square Garden, where Victor l I had both fought.

I want to say that an all-black crowd kes about the best audience there is. aboos have a real sense of humor, no stake. What happened that night a ite audience would never have stood .

We used to get only fifteen or twenty llars for a fight out there. It would have en worth it if we had fought for noth-g. Those blacks were a picnic. The eree was a jigaboo who had been a hter himself. He was the most comic n I ever saw in a ring. He was a regular or. It was worth the price of admission see that man break up a clinch. He uld knock with his knuckle on a boy's oulder, very dignified, as though he were ocking at a door. Then when they broke would thank them, bowing from the ist. That used to bring down the house. The way they made up their cards out ere was a scream. Two days in advance ey wouldn't know who was going to ht. But the bills would have been out a week. How they worked it was they t threw a lot of fake names on the ster. Then first come, first served. You uld look over the programme, and oose for your own whichever name you ed best. Those jigaboos introduced me six different names the times I fought. This evening I fought an extra time to up a vacant spot on the bill. My first ht was the one I was matched for. It s with a big red-headed boy. They in-oduced me as Battling Levinsky, which very funny, as I am neither Russian nor v. The first fight was no match. We were pped in the third round. That black referee stopped more fights than any man I ever saw. Maybe it was because the matches out there were the craziest in the world. But all the boxers were not hams. Occasionally they brought in some good boys who were short on pin money, and two fine young Negroes were developed out there and got their start. Still, almost anybody could get on. At Madison Square I've seen boys fight in those Y. M. C. A. gymnasium pants, and tennis shoes.

The Irish kid whom I boxed that evening wasn't much above that class. He was heavier than I but he could never get inside my long arms. And for all his weight he wasn't even strong. Although I am not a hard hitter, they had to stop us because the Irish boy couldn't take it.

III

My second match you would never call a fight. It was with Victor to help him out. Everything was agreed upon beforehand. His boy did not show up, and there was no one on the card good enough to match him with. At Madison Square they never heard of a forfeit. He would either lose his twenty dollars, or we would have to pull a fake.

That fight was the funniest thing that ever went in a ring. I was a lightweight and very tall, and Victor du Lara was a welter. As I said there was an all-around understanding,—the matchmaker, the referee, even the audience.

To line us up just about as we were, I'll say that Victor was a hard hitter, a slugger with speed. He fought low, weaving his body and swinging them up from his hips, with his whole weight behind each blow. But for all that he was a very clean cut kind of boy. I was tall with long arms, and I knew how to keep them out. I was naturally a straight hitter, right from the start when I had my fights at grammar school. I developed a short jab in my left that was almost automatic. It would work without my thinking of it. The blow was not hard, you understand, but it was sting-

ing and cutting, and it used to make them first mad and then disheartened.

We were introduced and the fight started. No two boys ever came together who could fake less convincingly. Victor with a slugger like himself, or I with the other kind of fighter, a more scientific person, might either of us have stalled it out. But the two of us together trying to bluff were the craziest pair you ever saw.

My left went out automatically, and chopped him right on the nose. I knew what I had done and I climbed into a clinch where I apologized. Victor, as he was a welter, could have killed me.

The jigaboo crowd knew what had happened. They laughed. If a white audience had been around that ring, we would have been mobbed. But jigaboos are either sillier than whites or they have a finer sense of humor. I'll leave it to you.

In the clinch Victor didn't answer me, but only pushed me off. I was frightened and puzzled. I didn't know whether he was angry or just keeping up the bluff. I broke clean and began to dance around. Then he came at me hard, or so I thought.

"I don't like to do this," I thought, "but if he is going to make a real fight of it I'll stay in as long as I can."

So I nailed him again right on the nose.

I heard the crowd yell. It was certainly a peculiar situation. Jigaboos are quick to see a thing. They could tell about my dilemma.

Victor drove in with a one-two, but I caught both blows on my forearms, and gave him back two short ones right square on his nose. I felt the bone give through the pads on my knuckles. A red clot big as a polliwog came down out of his nostril and hung over his lip. I was certainly afraid. I was worried for fear it was all a great mistake. I grabbed Victor's arm and yelled in his ear over the noise.

"Vic, did I hurt you?"

He said something back, but for the noise of those jigaboos I couldn't hear. I tried to see the expression on his face. He was so bloody I couldn't make him out. It was time. I went to my corner worse than ever. In my corner I decided th was only one thing to do. Rather tl take any chance about his meaning bu ness, I'd leave an opening. If he wanted could knock me cold. It would be bet than my picking them off his nose tl way, and he trying to do the right thi I tried to catch his eye across the ring thought maybe if he could see me sm at him he might understand.

Harry, the man I spoke of, was second. He was a friend of Victor's a friend of mine. As Harry liked us both thought he might tell me, if he kne what was going on.

"How does it look?" I asked.

"It looks great," answered Harry. "N body ever saw anything like it."

I was all turned around. I believed, tried to, that Victor wasn't in earne that he could lay me out whenever pleased. But there was the shade of doubt. My mind was made up to do a said. I'd leave a spot open; then, if wanted, he could cut me down. Anyh I'd know what the game was.

But that is harder to do than yo think. Your instinct is not to drop y arms and let yourself be plugged. It v certainly nerve-wracking.

The bell had rung and I had come c I was dancing around.

All the blacks in the house were on tl feet, yelling their lungs out. The refe was making comic antics. I couldn't humor in anything. Victor edged tow me. The Negroes pounded their feet clapped. I never heard such a racket. referee darted around the ring like a b I just danced back and forth.

I thought, "I'll have to end this."

I stepped over and made a wild swin Victor's head. I expected him to dodge and maybe lay me cold on the spot. it landed, and I never hit a punch m solid.

That almost killed those jigaboos. T laughed and laughed. I never heard s laughter in my life. I grabbed Victor

nched. He pushed me away. I just stood ere with my hands down.

He looked at me strangely, and backed a little lowering his own hands. The eree paused in the center of the ring, d the Negroes all shut their mouths. erything was at a standstill.

Right then was the strangest moment I er spent. Victor didn't lead and I didn't. e whole world seemed paralyzed. I had ly one thought.

I thought, "I'm a shameful fool! I'm a ameful fool!"

The bell sounded. That crowd released. I an they let everything loose. Nobody er heard a yell like that crowd gave. I ran Victor and threw my arms around him. Don't believe I'm one of those guys who ses a boy after he's knocked him hell st and crooked. I never hugged any boy fore, and I never have since. I'll leave it you to understand.

It was only the end of the second round, t the fight was over.

"I didn't cross myself," Victor said. t was a fake, so I didn't like to cross rself."

We climbed out of the ring and walked wn the aisle. Those Negroes got up off eir benches and slapped our backs. And vant to say that I never felt anything so nforting as those black hands on me. To show you the kind of fellows those aboos were, when the manager and eree came back to pay us off they offered thirty-five dollars.

"For that last fight," I said, "I don't nt any money."

"You aren't getting any," the referee d. "The extra fifteen is just a present m the house."

So they made me take the money.

And I want to say right here that I er knew a guy like this Victor. He od up there and let me break his nose e the shameful fool I was when he could ve stretched me unconscious with either nd in less time than it takes to tell it here. That's what I call a man of mercy.

We got dressed and went outside and caught the street car. The soldier who had come with Harry, and Harry were along with Victor and me.

I remembered Victor as he was back in the Lincoln Heights school, when I used to stand back and envy him. Then I thought to myself,

"That same guy let me break his nose."

IV

Suddenly I felt happy. I stopped feeling terrible about the thing I'd done. I only felt glad I was with those three guys.

I began to talk without there being sense to anything I said. But those three fellows all listened to me as if they wouldn't miss a word. I never had such a time. I sat there with my cap in my lap, bent toward those fellows. When I had anything to say I would put my mouth to the nearest ear and shout. Harry and the soldier talked the same way. I guess we were having what you'd call the social instinct.

The soldier would speak, then Harry or I, then Victor would break in. After that long silence in the ring I certainly wanted to hear him talk.

He said: "Listen. I believe that Christ and Judas were in cahoots. I believe it was all laid out between them. Christ told Judas in private to sell Him for thirty pieces of silver, that if the Jews thought he'd been sold for that much, had suffered on the cross all for thirty pieces of silver, then they would not want to be like Judas and would want to be like Christ. It would make them good. I believe it was all fixed."

"I believe that," said Harry.

"Of course," said Victor. "He was the only one to die with his Lord-and-Master."

The soldier turned to me.

"What do you think? Do you believe that, too?"

"That was it," I said.

BIBLE ENGINEERS

BY ARTURO F. RATTI

In the old days, if a man longed to work for Jehovah but hadn't the talent to do it as a full-time clerk in holy orders, his opportunities were restricted mainly to a few simple ecclesiastical chores, such as washing the church windows, guarding the poor-box, and keeping the dust off the pastor's Bible. Now and then, if he was versatile as well as willing, he was perhaps allowed to shovel snow in the churchyard and to ring the bell on Sunday morning. Aside from these, and similar puerile tasks, there was little for him to do.

Today all this erstwhile simplicity is no more. Not only has church-working been harnessed to System and Efficiency; it has evolved into a vast and roaring science comparable to osteopathy or advanced cost accounting. This new science is now minutely organized all over the Republic, with huge and potent national associations to foster it. In addition to the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, there flourish such eminent organizations as the Students' Epworth League, the College Mission Band, and the Life Service League, with the Religious Education Association leading all the rest. The R. E. A., beside having national headquarters in Chicago, with a full staff of executive secretaries, is also graced by a board of trustees consisting of four college presidents, one Y. M. C. A. secretary, one bishop, several lesser men of God, a banker, and a Chicago corporation manager. It has an annual convention and the usual up-to-date and scientific house-organ. Consecrated to Service, Prayer, and Research, this organ, *Religious Education* by name, discusses all the latest problems of Bible Engineering, as for example, "Coaxing Them Into Church," "What Makes Leader Religious?" and "What Scien Offers On Character Education."

Like the new science of business, Bib Engineering has invaded and conquered t academic grove. To celebrate its arriv several new and improved collegiate d grees have already been put on display. T most popular of these, no doubt, is t degree of D.R.E.—Doctor of Religio Education—, now in the show windows Hartford, Southwestern Baptist, and t great Boston University. At the la named shrine of learning the larval Bib Engineer may also pick up the less a vanced, but none the less desirable B.R. and M.R.E. But naturally enough, for t most glittering of the newer academic ba it is to the Bible Belt that one must h This masterpiece is to be obtained at t eminent Southern Methodist Universi at Dallas, Texas, and is known as t M.C.A., or Master of Church Administ tion. In addition, of course, the more o fashioned Ph.D. is available: for th Bible Engineers who crave it, it is in stc at Boston, Yale, California, Iowa Sta Syracuse, Temple, Northwestern, and C lumbia. Columbia's chief reward in Bi Engineering, however, is not the Ph.I but a series of titles including Instructor Religious Education, Supervisor of I ligious Education, Adviser of Women a Girls, Director of Community Recreati Social-Religious Worker, and Rural Cc munity Worker.

To earn any of these honors the *studic* is naturally expected to do a great deal painstaking clinical research. To give h the chance most of the up-and-going hou

learning have made ready by installing fts of new and gaudy courses. The most mplete and up-to-date list is offered by ɔston University to customers of its hool of Religious Education. I name a w:

Case Method in Parish Work
Leadership A
Leadership B
The Family as a Social and Religious Institution
Child Accounting in the Church School
Statistical Methods of Religious Education
Surveys and Measurements in Religious Education
Prophets
Pathfinding
Adolescent Religious Education
Seminar in Adolescent Religious Education
Worship X, 3, 4, 5, 6
Practicum for Directors of Religious Education
Camp Management
Principles of Pulpit Worship
Gospel Team Work
Country Church Methods
Evangelism
Constructive Evangelism
Personal Evangelism
Field Laboratory in Woodcraft
Personality
Church Administration
Chant Répértoire for Religious Service
Coaching for Women
Country Life in the Bible
Greek Praxis
Care of the Sick
Worship in the Church School
Special Survey Methodology
Urban Survey Methodology
Life of Christ
Mental Diagnosis
Chapel Choir
The Evangelistic Message
Responsive Readings
Hymn Evaluation
Seminar in Worship
Voice Building
Technique of Pageantry
Summer Camp Study and Practice
Beacon Lights of Religious Education
Skiing and Tobogganing
Costuming and Properties
Choral Technique

In addition the nascent D.R.E. may en- rge such helpful arts and sciences as actical Hymnology, Mountain Climbing, amaic and Arabic, and Research.

Not all the academic shrines, of course, e as completely equipped for teaching e new science as Boston. Some of them ll stick to old-fashioned methods and eas. Such an academy is Parsons College, Fairfield, Iowa. Here the art of assisting the pastor to save souls is acquired in the tried and ancient text-book-lecture way. There are no gaudy degrees in Bible Engineering, but instead the simple B.A. and B.S., with now and then a B.Mus. Nor are there any such new-fangled academic appliances as field work, theses, seminars, and laboratory research. No. All that Parsons has on tap are five unadorned courses in Holy Writ. But this work, wisely enough, is required of all real Parsonians, whether they aspire to be Bible Engineers or not. "The aim," says the college catalogue, "is to maintain the highest standard of scholarship and at the same time to stimulate deep spirituality."

> The work is done along constructive lines. Criticism . . . is employed, but the aim is to strengthen the authority of the Bible as the Word of God. . . .

In addition to the five Bible courses, Parsons also offers a Training Course for Christian Leadership, one in the Earthly Life of Jesus, and one in Biblical Sociology. The real star at Parsons, however, is Course 317, announced as Prophecy. Prophecy's popularity is easy to understand:

> It seeks to discover the will of God for the Jew, the Gentile, and the Church. It looks backward . . .

But sometimes Prophecy also looks forward, "to discern what is yet in the mind of God for His people."

II

This plain and primitive sort of Bible Engineering is not to be found, of course, at any of the bigger rolling mills of learning, where the microscope and test-tube are supreme. Perhaps the archetype of the modern school is the great Temple University, in the town made famous by Mr. Vare. At Temple, as at Boston, the science of Bible Engineering is served up in a special school. This, while not quite as big as the Temple School of Chiropody, is none the less just as cold and analytical in its *modus operandi*. Temple tackles all its clinical research work with the feeling that

"Christian Education is the key to civilization." Perfection in the student is made sweet with the award of a Ph.D. There are, however, other and more up-to-date possibilities, as for instance:

Director of Weekday and Vacation Schools of Religion
Specialist in Young People's Work
Specialist in Children's Work
Director of Religious Pageantry
Director of Religious Music
Director of Religious Education

For some of these the coöperation of Temple's masters of pedagogy has been enlisted. But the heavy sweat, of course, drips from the specialists in Bible Engineering. The king pin of the Temple sales-list is Church Economics, which analyzes such things as

benevolences, advertising, development of community life through the church and Sunday-school; principles of administration for both church and Sunday-school and the various auxiliaries of the church. The Christian Stewardship movement and the every member canvass. Special lectures will be given from time to time by representative preachers and laymen.

Beside Church Economics, the Temple School of Religion also turns its microscopes upon the Holy Spirit, Evangelistic Preaching, Winning and Holding Attention, God, Sacred Oratory, and How to Train the Memory. The gates to all these sciences are flung open to females as well as to males.

But one has to travel below the Potomac to find the really up-to-date contributions to Bible Engineering. Down there the new science is so lusty and prosperous that it's almost impossible to pick the leading seminaries. In Holy Tennessee, especially, competition burns red hot, and in the end it's only with the help of the Vanderbilt cash-box that the famous Vanderbilt University is able to beat its rivals. As a tribute to this assistance the university seal is graced with the likeness of the original Cornelius. Vanderbilt, as yet, has no special School of Religious Education, but it has an up-and-coming department which, in some ways, is even better. Dedicated to all those "who are to be co-workers in the kingdom of God," Bible Engineerin Vanderbilt also "inculcates the reve scientific spirit." A special attraction practice workshop known as the F Church School. Furthermore,

students . . . have the privilege of taking with cost any of the courses by the faculty of the Y. C. A. School and of receiving credit for the sa

The Bible Engineer as he is turned o Vanderbilt is expected to "be a capa safe, and wise leader." Church wor examined psychologically, "by distin progressive means in the reintegratio life on the plane of the Golden Ru Evangelism, quite naturally, is one o major phases of the new science. Ind in this field Vanderbilt doffs its cap t one—not even the great B.U., as wit this sample:

3 (b) *Evangelism*—A study of the varied forms most effective methods of modern evangeli personal, pastoral, lay, social, Sunday-scho interdenominational, and other modes of evan ism.

Another course is in Leadership. In the nascent Bible Engineer studies a gramme of Action, beside "applying st ards and tests and other forms of meas ment." This advanced clinical wor under the capable guidance of Assoc Professor of Church Administration Ge N. Mayhew, M.A., B.D. All this reg laboratory work is bolstered up by e practice on the outside, such as is prov by the daily Quiet Hour and Eve Prayer Service at the Vanderbilt Y. M A., as well as by lectures by the Repub higher intimates of God, such as the D Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and the D Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Though a State university, and h supposedly hostile to God, South Caro is on top of the pile when it comes to B Engineering. Action, not theory, is w counts there. As usual, the neophyt started off with a series of scientific q tions, such as the following:

Did you attend Sunday-school as a child? H long?
Did you hear preaching regularly as you grew

What was the general type of preaching and its heology, such as total depravity, sin, salvation, lamnation, etc.?

Have you ever undergone the experience commonly called conversion?

What were the immediate after-effects?

If you did not have a definite conversion experience, when did you become aware that you vere religious?

Describe the process by which you consciously ecame religious?

Through its Y. M. C. A. South Carolina orks out the idea that "no religion is orth while that is not worth propagat-g."

ast year a deputation team of five students went o Cowards, and as a result of a three-day meet-ng thirty-seven boys and girls made a stand for he Christian life and a movement of far-reaching esults started in the community. The purpose of uch teams is to train the college men in active vangelistic work . . . and to teach the boys of igh-school age that college men are thoroughly hristian in their outlook on life.

As at Vanderbilt, students in Bible Enneering are treated to special lectures. re are some of the more lively topics:

Prayer and the Morning Watch
The Bible as a Guide to Life
A Christian
Sin as a Barrier to God
Strength Through Prayer
A Christian and His Job
Loyalty

uth Carolina's greatest contribution in ble Engineering, however, is its perted system of Church Attendance Conl:

ll students, except those excused for special reaons by the President, shall attend a full service very Sunday in some one of the city churches. Atendance on such services shall be ascertained by ach student placing a card in the excuse box at ne Marshal's office with his name and "Yes" or No" written upon the card, indicating attendnce or nonattendance. Failure to report will be ounted as absence. . . . A percentage of less than eventy-five in any term will subject the delinuent to dismissal.

Such efficiency naturally makes its apal, and so it isn't surprising to discover e learned members of the Columbia wanis Club raising the money for some ree dozen annual scholarships to perpete this sort of research. These tributes science are known, among other things, the Columbia Kiwanis Club Scholarship, the Coca-Cola Scholarship, the Columbia Paint Company Scholarship, and the Palmetto Compress & Warehouse Company Scholarship.

South Carolina's chief rival in the State is Furman University. Furman has done things in Bible Engineering that even such whales as Boston and Temple have overlooked. This achievement is not due to the help of the South Carolina Kiwanians, but to the scholarship of its president, the illustrious William Joseph McGlothin, B.A., M.A., Th.M., D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., author of "A Vital Ministry" and "What is Essential Baptist Doctrine?" Furman's paramount contribution to the new science is the seminar in Christian Leadership. This emphasizes

> *Christian* manhood, and it does this under the conviction that a *Christian* college . . . must make its students acquainted with *Christianity*, its character, its development, . . . its appeal and its present activities and methods.

Beside operating an athletic bowl that seats nearly 8,000, and "a kitchen with the latest improved equipment," Furman has in its stock-rooms the official Archives of Baptist History. Its other main attraction is a "thorough but not over-technical" study of Sin and Salvation. For the nascent Religious Director it carries in stock some specially advanced research courses which "recognize the need for more adequate religious education for the youth of America." Open only to Juniors and Seniors with high I. Q.'s, this work is crowned with the regular Furman degree and the much-prized Blue Seal Diploma of the Baptist Sunday-school Board.

III

In the wastes of Texas, scientific Bible Engineering is blooming. For example, the Southern Methodist University, at Dallas, offers "a clinic for religious work in the same sense that it furnishes clinics for medical students." With the help, moreover, of certain illuminati of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Southern Metho-

dist is able to run a fully equipped Correspondence School, with up-to-the-second courses in Religious Engineering. As at Temple, the female is equal to the male, and for the same cash and research she may pluck the same M.C.A. One of the bright spots in Southern Methodist's curriculum is Course 52:

> *Church Methods.* This work includes the study of community and church fields within the territory of the school, mapping and charting tabulated facts, . . . followed by a thorough study of the principles of programme building, the actual construction of a sound programme on the results of the survey, and direction in organization and administration. A laboratory course.

There are also on draft such necessary courses as Advertising Religion, Play Leadership, Community Building, Mission Boards, Story-Telling, and Religious Pageantry.

Another great Southwestern seminary, Texas Christian University, beside offering an M.R.E. Course for Religious Education Directors, features an attractive Church Secretary Course. In addition, its regular A.B. work supplies training courses for Assistants to the Pastor, Musical Directors, Church Visitors, and Boys' and Girls' Specialists. Here it is deeds and not words that count:

> An Evangelist is employed to represent the College in the field, and to give especial attention to the development of the smaller churches. . . . Not only is this a good missionary work, but it assures prepared students of appointments. For this work as Evangelist, Mr. A. B. Reynolds has been secured.

At Texas the budding Bible Engineer is expected to be a 100% Christian even as a freshman, as witness the following:

> The use of tobacco is forbidden anywhere on the campus. . . . This rule is made for boys. Girls who smoke are undesirable students and will not be admitted or retained. . . . Students who use tobacco, or other extravagances, will be ineligible to receive any financial aid from the University.

This same spirit is found in the Bible Engineering work at Trinity University, at Waxahachie, Tex. Here the nascent Bible Engineer is started off on the right track at the moment he begins his scientific training:

> No young man will alight from a train at
> opening of a new term without being greeted v
> a cordial handshake of some member of the
> M. C. A.

Nor are Trinity's lady engineers overlo
—only here the job is done by the Y
C. A.

> The organization is a great help in strengthen
> the spiritual side of their lives and in aiding th
> who are not Christians to give their lives
> Christ.

Like most of the mills of higher lear
in the Christian Endeavor country, T
ity enforces upon its *studiosi* the G
Church-Sunday. But at Trinity this i
hardship, since

> the leading religious denominations have ha
> some edifices and progressive congregations. T
> Methodist, Central Presbyterian, Christian, F
> Presbyterian, and Baptist churches have large p
> organs.

Beside getting first-hand contact
these Christian pipe organs, the c
Bible Engineer also stands ready at
moment to rush to the aid of his pasto
applying his laboratory knowledge o
Use of Art and Drama in Religious Ed
tion, which course also "deals with
Christianizing value of pictures."

At Tulane, the aspiring church ad
istrator is busy answering scientific q
tionnaires:

> Are there any unsaved on your campus? Stude
> Faculty? Servants?
> How many minutes a day do you pray?
> Ever pray thirty minutes by watch? Hones
> Will a real Christian steal?
> What per cent. of your students read the B
> daily?
> What per cent. of your students will lead pra
> What per cent. of your students go to Sund
> school? Preaching? Once a day? Twice? Pra
> meeting? Study the Sunday-school lesson? C
> tribute to the Church?
> In how many rooms on your campus is the
> deck of spot cards? A Bible?
> How about smoking? Cursing? Drinking?
> How many of your students dance? Is
> spiritual?
> Would you pray to God for a football victo

Before science was harnessed to the s
of the sacred mysteries the correct an
to the last question would have bee
doubt. But now, thanks to the experim
of Centre College, Danville, Ky., t

ics who scoff at prayer have been put hame. I quote from the official report of id Football Coach Moran concerning behavior of the Centre eleven:

ey pray that they will be able to give their , and state that if in giving their all they give eir lives with it, they are ready to go. . . . When oy with a clean spirit and square mind prays, s prayer is bound to be answered. It is hard to at a praying team.

se agreeable results of applied Christi- y have been checked and found to work h the same unfailing magic at both the versity of Minnesota and West Point. Once a Holy Land, but now given to and booze, the Middle West turns for emption to the new science. Here, for mple, is the way the professors of Bible gineering at Union College, College w, Neb., feel about it:

e are living in very unusual times. The condi- ons, which, according to the sure word of proph- y, are the characteristics of the last days, are rtainly in evidence now. It requires no deep udy of the religious situation to furnish proof at Modernism, Rationalism, Spiritualism, Ro- anism, Atheism—all are showing their baneful fluence, so that the foundations are being moved.

combat these lamentable influences ion's church administration workshops working day and night. The college ands for an infallible Bible," and this, seems, is split into several specialized tions:

Synthetic Bible 1
Synthetic Bible 2
Analytic Bible 101
Analytic Bible 102
Bible Worker's Methods 7
Bible Worker's Methods 8

e Union Bible Engineer is also eligible an intensive laboratory course in the losophy of Science, wherein the pro- or gives the right answer to these and ilar questions:

ow can science contribute to a better under- anding of the Bible?
How may the belief in the divine inspiration of e Bible affect the interpretation of science?
How may science influence practical religion?

This training produces high-powered le Engineers who are able without difficulty "to instruct others in the successful methods of evangelism."

The great State of Illinois, as everyone knows, is the abode of the illustrious Shurtleff College, which was the first to hang an honorary degree upon Dr. John Roach Straton. Moreover, Illinois is also the home of the incomparable Northwestern and Chicago Universities. The latter is highly scientific. With the help of the philanthropic Mr. Rockefeller, it is able to run two special schools for Bible Engineers, in addition to giving many lesser courses in scientific pastor-helping. Religious Education and Social Service Administration are the big cards in Chicago's work, and in both the female is equal, if not superior, to the male. Thus, Chicago offers special "education of women for Christian Service," in addition to getting the girls ready "to assume charge of the church office, serve as the minister's secretary, and to assist in the educational and pastoral work of the church." For the boys Chicago offers Christian Hope, the Literature of Power, Personality Studies in Rural Life, Persuasion, Religious Drama Writing, Voice Science, and Ethical Problems in the Clothing Industry. The latter is a graduate research course. There are still other Big Things, as witness:

32. *Methods of Teaching the Bible.* . . . Several typical Sunday-school classes are used for experimental work in the various elements of Biblical literature. Lessons prepared for such classes and reports received for criticism. (Professor Soares)

S321. *The Case Method in Church Work.*—The purpose of this course is to prepare the student for the religious care of a modern parish. The theory of pastoral service, . . . specific cases presenting moral and religious problems, . . . and the diagnosis and treatment of cases of conscience are practically considered. . . . (Professor Davis)

362. *The Measurement of Character.*—Techniques for measurement. An evaluation of results. Practice in the use of the techniques . . . (Professor Hartshorne)

S25. *Evangelism* . . . Modern evangelism: the public appeal, methods of personal approach, the experience of conversion. Methods and results. . . . Reports from students upon their own practical work . . . (Professor Davis)

But great as Chicago is in its development of Bible Engineering, it is eclipsed by Northwestern. This is due to several rea-

sons. For one thing, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was once one of Northwestern's students, and his spirit still walks its laboratories. For another thing, its president, Walter Dill Scott, Ph.D., LL.D., is one of the directors of the great R.E.A. Finally, its Director of Research is the well known master of pedagogy and religion, Professor George Herbert Betts, Ph.D. It is mainly through the efforts of Professor Betts that the Northwestern Department of Religious Education is what it is. It was here, that Dr. Philip Henry Lotz made his researches in the nature and functions of the new science. He started out with certain scientific questions:

What journals of religious education do you read regularly?
Have you done work in Sunday-school?
Is there a worshipful spirit?
Is the library used?
What is the general appearance of the buildings?
What is the supervisor's salary per month?
By what title are the officers known?
Number of musical instruments?
Is there a spirit of loyalty and coöperation?
To whom is the director responsible?
Have scales been used for the purpose of testing knowledge, attitudes, and skills? Give the scales.

By means of these and other questions Dr. Lotz was able to determine a few of the goals of the Bible Engineer's investigations. I cite a partial list:

Prayer
Use of altar
Bible drills
Roller-skating
Complete quiet (reverence)
Church pilgrimages
Lunches
Emphasis on Divine Presence
Giving
Liturgical responses
Visiting hospitals
Service
Use of the prayer-book
Patriotism
Parties and picnics
Names of bishops and church heroes
Daily good turn
Antiphonal readings
Salute to Christian and American flags
Chorus singing
Response to roll-call with Bible verse
Genealogies
Ordinances

For real research in Bible Engineeri however, one must turn to Professor Be As a believer in the "teaching that stick he has discovered that Jesus was "the bodiment of all scientific pedagogy." side, he has given the Bible Enginee technique:

Mode of Procedure—the Presentation, or Instructi
1. Greetings to the class—opening prayer a song
2. Introduction of the lesson and telling of t story
3. Discussion, questions and illustrations reveal:
   a. The many beautiful gifts which God h given Adam and Eve, and which He giv us.
   b. How Adam and Eve were allowed to ha everything except *one* thing among man Application of this thought to the child life at home, etc.
   c. How Adam and Eve yielded to temptati and disobeyed. Practical application child's life.
   d. How Adam and Eve felt ashamed a guilty. . . . This can be made very re to children.
   e. How punishment follows disobedience.
   f. Why we must ask for forgiveness. . . .
4. Summary, or brief restatement of chief i pressions to carry away, and of applicatio to be made in the week ahead . . .
5. Closing prayer and song

IV

In New England Bible Engineering is a in full bloom. Not only is it being ser up by the renowned B.U., but also Hartford and the University of Maine. T latter stands out for practical work:

Go-to-church Sunday at the University of Mai was considered most successful. . . . Posters we placed in all fraternity houses, dormitories, a store windows. The event was advertised throug the weekly paper for several weeks, and on t Saturday previous to the date, President Little the University wrote an editorial . . . Ma fraternities attended in full force.

This learning-by-doing technique is c ried out still further:

The University of Maine has started discussio groups in all fraternity houses and dormitorie . . . The groups will meet under faculty leade ship. "How Jesus met life questions" has be selected as the study course.

Some of the fruits carried away from Maine laboratory in Bible Engineering a

The goal and purpose of personal evangelism
The art of meeting men
The art of winning men
The price of spiritual power
How may we know God?

Hartford operates a special School of ligious Education, and its work is high ss. Like Chicago, it gets help from the ierous Mr. Rockefeller. Beside that, it nds out the D.R.E., and is a steady ad- rtiser for customers in the celebrated *ligious Education*. Thus it belongs among e top-notchers in Bible Engineering. re are two courses:

3. *The Director of Religious Education* . . . Direct- ng and supervising the work; specific problems nd difficulties; personal relationships. . . . It in- ludes directors and paid workers in the local ongregation, on the college campus or in the ommunity, county, State or province.

31. *Practice in Religious Education.* Every student required to do a piece of actual work and to arry it on in a highly effective way. There is a reat variety of opportunity, . . . such as teaching f various kinds, administration, group leader- hip, observation in churches, missions, etc., both n country and city. . . . The student is required o keep a weekly record, which is handed in onthly, . . . and to have a personal conference s soon as possible after being observed at his ork.

Hartford, Bible Engineering is inter- ted broadly, and so the student gets ining in Leisure Time Activities, Mental justments, Needlecraft, Church Account- eping, Handicrafts, Pageantry, Campfire ork, Textiles, Family Welfare, Basketry, d Special Problems.

Perhaps the greatest of all centers of the w science is Boston University. Like icago, it is compelled to keep two col- ges of Bible Engineering running. One of ese is the famous School of Religious ucation, manned by a faculty headed by e eminent Dean Walter S. Athearn, M., LL.D. Dean Athearn is widely own for his practical work in Bible En- neering: he once made a religious survey the entire State of Indiana. In addition the items on the regular check-list, B.U. ews the following:

. *The Pastor's Office.* This course will study the rganization, equipment, and administration of he pastor's office from the standpoint of the astor's secretary; . . . problems and duties in- cident to a well-regulated and efficient church office.

11–12. *Choral Technique and Interpretation.* . . . The rise of the conductor. The technique of the baton. Methods of rehearsal. The choral director as a voice builder . . . The proper use of the baton. . . .

The star of the show, however, is Discipline and Business Principles. At Boston this is so good that "no Conference Board of Examiners has refused to accept our certificate of work done in this course as a substitute for the Conference Examination." But Boston, despite its scientific cold-bloodedness, does not overlook the deep human touches so essential to success in Bible Engineering:

Professor E. Augustine Smith of Boston University moved into a new home last year and dedicated it with a simple religious ceremony. His thought is that "the home and family circle should be dedicated just as a church, a shrine, or any building devoted to love, service, spiritual values, and the good of mankind should be dedicated." The idea was quickly taken up. . . . This year a world-wide observance of Home Dedication Day will be held on April 13.

Coming into the Gomorrah of the Republic, Mayor Jimmy Walker's Manhattan, one finds the new science in good health. As in Home Engineering, so in Bible Engineering, the lead is held by Teachers' College at Columbia. Some of the more polished offerings are Leadership in Religious Education, the Church Community Center, Use of the Bible, a Seminar in Religious Education, a Discussion Course for Group Leaders, and the Measurement of Character. The latter shows what can be done by applying the Binet-Simon plumb-bob to the field of scientific Bible Engineering. Its main god-father at T. C. is Assistant Professor Goodwin B. Watson, Ph.D., who has written "Case Studies for Teachers of Religion," as well as "Experimentation and Measurement in Religious Education." In the latter tome Dr. Watson reveals his genius for getting at facts:

Have you had trouble walking in the dark?
Do you like or dislike to commune with the Great Spirit?
Do you like or dislike vulgar shows?
What is sin?
How does one become a Christian?

Why should we pray?
Don't count your chickens before they're hatched means—?
For such offenses as bathing, bigamy, deafness, etc., should one be praised, ignored, scolded, put in jail, in prison or killed?
Do you pick your nose?
Do you find it difficult to make love? Yes? No?

Not all of these questions, of course, were first thought of by the eminent Columbia pedagogue. But the following are two of his own original research problems:

Does baptism by immersion tend to make a person's loyalty to the church more permanent than do other forms of baptism?
What type of church advertising will . . . produce the best results?

So that these problems will be tackled in the right way, Dr. Watson has evolved a formula of correlation between religion and ethics:

$$SD=\frac{1-r^2}{\sqrt{n}}$$

where SD means Standard Deviation, n the number of cases, and r correlation. This formula makes it easy for the young Columbia Bible Engineer to determine a patient's R. Q., or Religious Quotient.

Strange as it may seem, Chancellor Brown's Greater and Greater N. Y. U. pays only scant attention to the new science. But this, obviously, is not due to any lack of enthusiasm: the whole trouble li in N. Y. U.'s sad dearth of classroom spac With innumerable classes in scientific pe agogy and business engineering strain its plant, N. Y. U. must wait for more ca before it can begin to gather scientific da on Bible Engineering. Meanwhile studer at the Heights must be content with co pulsory chapel and the bestowing of hon ary bays to the nation's great men of Go such as the Rev. Dr. Cadman. To help o in other ways the chancellor contribut now and then to the *Methodist Revie* while the scholarly Dr. Arthur Huntingt Nason even donates part of his time to t "private criticism of sermons" at Uni Theological. The mightiest contributio however, comes through Professor Chi Meehan, head coach of the Violet eleve This, as might be expected, is in the fi of applied Bible Engineering:

Who says the churches aren't keeping step? Th Pilgrim Congregational Church . . . secured Chic Meehan as its speaker on Sunday. A Footbal Service was held at 8 P. M. . . . Meehan's messag consisted of the need for clean living for a youn person with football ambitions. . . . The Y. M C. A. of N. Y. U. arranged the service.

Meanwhile, Chancellor Brown is hopi to raise $73,000,000, part of which w endow a fine new School of Religious Ed cation.

A LITERARY SWELL

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, on January 20, 1806. Sixty-one years later, on the ıme day of the same month, he died in ornwall, N. Y. In the meantime he had ad not only a diverting life but also a ɔnsiderable measure of fame, and he was ttended in death with the honors which is erstwhile reputation, already some- hat dimmed, demanded. The body was rought to Boston; the services were held St. Paul's, the interment, of course, tak- g place at Mount Auburn. The book- ores of the city closed as a tribute to his emory, and Longfellow, Dana, Holmes, owell, Fields, and Aldrich were among ıe pallbearers.

Nor was his oblivion immediate. People ɔntinued to read his poems, and critics ɔntinued to talk about his work. In 1885 was held that he was entitled to a place the American Men of Letters Series, and excellent biography was prepared by the arned Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale, ho also issued a selection of his prose orks. As late as 1900 Barrett Wendell, in is "Literary History of America," gave detailed account of Willis's life and work; is judgment was somewhat unfavorable, is true, but he did devote six pages to ıe subject—and one sentence to Herman lelville!

Willis's popularity began while he was ill an undergraduate at Yale, whither he ad been sent by a pious father with a vely loathing for the heresies inculcated t Harvard. His companions found him an greeable youth, albeit somewhat con- eited, but they were not prepared for the isplay of talent which took place while the young poet was still in their midst. It was the custom for the periodicals of those days to offer prizes for the best verses published in their pages. Willis, writing under the pen name of "Roy," contributed to the Boston *Recorder*, the *Christian Examiner*, the *Connecticut Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and similar vehicles of truth, light, and consolation, and the editors of these worthy periodicals not only accepted his verses but bestowed their awards upon the author. Their judgment was vindicated. The poems, says R. H. Stoddard, "were copied into all the newspapers in the land, were cut out of these newspapers and pasted in scrap-books, and, the supply of printed copies failing at last, they were transcribed into albums. They were seized upon by the compilers of anthologies and the makers of schoolbooks."

A new poet had arisen, a new star was shining. And this poet, whose verses were read by almost every fireside in New England, whose lines were to be memorized by generation after generation of schoolchildren all through the century—this poet was still walking under the historic New Haven elms, was still going on picnics with the daughters of college professors and local divines, was still submitting to that beneficent discipline which, as he later remarked, taught "Latin and Greek, if it pleased Heaven, but the mysteries of election and free grace, whether or no."

A true New Englander, Willis knew where to go for his themes. Not to the isles of Greece, not to the ruins of Rome, not even to the shores of the Motherland did he turn, and certainly not to the pastures and woods of his native State; it was

the Bible that furnished him with subjects for those "sweet utterances" which taught Americans "that the sentiment of piety was no foe to the indulgence of the imagination." Abraham and Isaac, Jephthah's daughter, Hannah, Lazarus, Hagar, Rizpah —these are the heroes and heroines of his lays. Straight from the Bible he took his stories, but he placed their people in a new and wonderful country.

Reading them, one finds one's self in a land wherein night's silvery veil hangs low, where morn breaketh in the east and the purple clouds put on their gold and violet to look the meeter for the sun's bright coming. Breeze-ridden ripples dance on the Sea of Galilee, tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon, and beneath Jordan's bosom the eddies curl their glassy rings. Breaking waves play low upon the beach, arrowy moonlights lie like a spell of silence, the breaking of dawn draws night's curtain, and the fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn sweetens the air to ecstasy. It is a land wherein there is a great deal of dew, dew that not only sparkles on the grass but also lies on the blushing bosoms of crimson roses in holy rest, dew that after bathing leaves of silver steals up from the fresh daughters of earth, dew to which the painted flowers bend before lifting up their beauty to the morn.

The people who move in this generously moistened world are also, though they bear the familiar names, described in terms which only rarely appear in Holy Writ. Hagar becomes a "slighted woman"; the leper whom Jesus heals was once "Judah's palmiest noble"; the daughter of Jairus "lies like a form of matchless sculpture in her sleep," and we learn that her nostrils are "spiritually thin." Jephthah's daughter, when she discovers his horrid vow, saves him the trouble of killing her by passing into a decline:

> The sun set—
> And she was dead—but not by violence.

Absalom is "a proud, bright being," and the son of Rizpah is distinguished by a "princely countenance and mien." It is world in which all the heroes are haught and all the heroines are proud but tend

But if his themes came from the Bib Willis's manner was derived from t dregs of the Romantic Movement. Byr and all the pseudo-Byrons were his insp ration. And his blending of "the sentime of piety" with "the indulgence of the i agination" was a humane and happy on Orthodox Congregationalists who view Byron as a promising candidate for the p sition of Antichrist relished his beni mixture of Byron, Bible, and water. The was innocent pleasure in reading about Palestine which differed as markedly possible from bleak New England, a about characters who resembled deaco and parsons in their piety but not in the physical composition. The authentic Bi lical inspiration was unmistakable: a foo note informed readers that "the descri tion of the Tabernacle at Shiloh is collated from the Sacred Writers," and poem called "Christ's Mother" was fu ther characterized as "thoughts upon th probable daily reciprocities of duty a tenderness between Christ and His mothe in the Saviour's childhood—suggested b the reading of that exquisite narrative, th second chapter of Luke." The poems we pious, they were romantic, and they we platitudinous. "The popularity of th thought embodied in them" was, Will himself thought, one of the major reaso for their success.

II

This religious doggerel had given Will a national reputation before he left Yal but he was not, in fact, a profoundly r ligious man himself, nor even, if profu dity of any kind is too much to expe from him, exceedingly pious. His fathe a printer and editor, was the founder the *Youth's Companion* and of the Bost *Recorder*, an ancestor of the present-da *Congregationalist*. After the family mov to Boston in 1816 Willis *père* became

eacon in the Park Street Congregational hurch, an institution which is still the ronghold of Bostonian orthodoxy and in ıose days was the shield and buckler of ıe faithful in the heroic struggle against nitarianism. While he was at Andover, reparing for Yale, young Nathaniel was ınverted at a revival, and wrote his father ıat he had been on his knees for nearly ve hours praying for such souls in the hool as had not been saved. And Yale ıbjected him to a thorough schooling in ieology and in Biblical literature. But his rdor diminished, and at the very time hen he was delighting the pious with eep draughts from the source of all in-ıiration, he was developing rather more ıterest in the meager social life of New aven than in the fascinating horrors of alvinism.

After leaving college he decided to with-aw from the Park Street Church, which e had joined at the time of his conversion, ut there was no place in the ecclesiastical heme for honorable withdrawal, and so by the authority of the Lord Jesus hrist," he was "excommunicated from ıis church." His attempted withdrawal as not, however, a result of disagreement ith church doctrine, but of rebellion gainst church discipline; he liked to go to ıe theatre and he found church attendance bore. His faith in the fundamentals of hristianity, though it never seemed to ake much difference to him, remained un-aken, and several years later he wrote his fiancée, "I should never have wished marry you if you had not been re-gious, for I have confidence in no woman ho is not so." But it is not certain that e believed the same criterion should be pplied to men.

Perhaps it might be as well to say what-er remains to be said about Willis's verse, r, though he continued to write poetry, ose was the mainstay of his reputation nd his chief means of support. He dropped is Biblical paraphrases at about the time e began to wonder if his conversion had ally taken, and wrote comparatively few religious poems of any kind. The greater part of the verse that he wrote after leaving Yale was polite, saccharine, delicately sentimental or elaborately humorous. In the late twenties and early thirties the Annuals were flourishing: Diadems, Bijous, Pearls, Gems, Amethysts, Opals, Amaranths, Bouquets, Hyacinths, Amulets, Talismans, Forget-Me-Nots, and many more. To these Annuals, which reposed on all the best parlor tables of the land, he was a generous contributor of both prose and verse, and many of his poems were written to accompany the elegant steel engravings with which such works were embellished. For more ambitious verse he rarely found time, but he did achieve a long and extremely dull poem, allegedly humorous, which he modeled after "Don Juan" and called "Lady Jane." In more serious vein he wrote "Melanie" and "Lord Ivon," which recount melodramatic incidents. "Melanie" tells the sad story of a beautiful maiden who falls in love with a man, only to discover at the altar that he is her illegitimate half-brother. A nun sees them in the church:

> And, with a mouth all ashy white,
> She shrieked, "It is his son!
> The bridegroom is thy blood—thy brother!
> Rodolph de Brevern wrong'd his mother!"
> And, as that doom of love was heard,
> My sister sunk—and died—without a sign
> or word!

III

With verse Willis had won his first fame, but he had scarcely left college when he began his career as a writer of prose. Samuel Goodrich, who, under the name of Peter Parley, had contributed generously to the moral and mental nurture of the youth of America, employed him, first as editor of "The Legendary" and then as editor of "The Token." For "The Token," subsequently famous because of Hawthorne's contributions, Willis wrote several poems and one or two prose sketches. In April of 1829, dissatisfied with the limited opportunities offered by the Annuals,

he announced a more ambitious effort, a journal to be called the *American Monthly*. To this periodical he summoned the younger writers of the Boston of that day, most of whose names are now forgotten, and in its pages he published the products of his own facile pen.

In two years the paper failed, and perhaps there is no reason to be surprised that it did, but one can only view with amazement the abuse to which poor Willis fell victim in the course of those years. He was a nice young man, the author of edifying verse, the possessor of suave and graceful manners. Oliver Wendell Holmes has described him as he was at that time: "He came very near being very handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxuriant abundance, and his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights, and he dressed with artistic elegance. He was something between a remembrance of Count d'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." In other words, he was affected in dress, in manners, and in his writing. There was something a little absurd, no doubt, in the personal tone of his editorials, in which he "prattled about his japonica and his pastilles, described his favorite bird, a scarlet trullian, and professed to write with a bottle of Rüdesheimer and a plate of olives at his elbow." He might very well have been gently rebuked or mildly ridiculed for such preciousness, but, in view of his age and of the literary fashions he scarcely merited the flood of epigrams and lampoons that the rival editors of the city poured upon his curly head. Maybe it was because he was so young and so successful that his affectations proved so irritating. Joseph Snelling, a specialist in slander, incorporated in his "Truth: a New Year's Gift for Scribblers" a passage which illustrates the quality of the anti-Willis diatribes:

> Muse, shall we not a few lines afford
> To give poor Natty P. his meet reward?
> What has he done to be despised by all
> Within whose hands his harmless scribblings fall?
> Why, as in bandbox trim he walks the streets,
> Turns up the nose of every man he meets,
> As if it scented carrion? Why of late
> Do all the critics claw his shallow pate?
> True he's a fool: if that's a hanging thing,
> Let Prentice, Whittier, Mellen also swing.

To this Willis retorted by addressi
some verses to Smelling Joseph, but
shortly discovered that even the most del
cate wit could not check his enemies. N
only did the editors smite him, but th
general populace found satisfaction in rid
culing his pretensions. Worse than tha
he found himself accused of most of th
crimes in the expanded version of the Dec
logue then current in Boston. It w
known that he went to theatres and dro
fast horses; what was more natural tha
to assume that he was also a drunkard,
gambler, and an adulterer?

It was this popular suspicion that mad
the Christian communicants at Brimstor
Corner so delighted with their oppo
tunity to excommunicate Willis, and po
sibly it had something to do with th
failure of the *American Monthly*. He w
"wounded and stung to the quick by th
calumnies and falsehoods of every descri
tion," and filled with youthful bitterne
he hastened to New York to join the sta
of the *Mirror*, a journal founded by Samu
Woodworth, author of "The Old Oake
Bucket," and edited by General George
Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare Tha
Tree."

Willis had already decided that
wanted to be a man of the world qui
as much as he wanted to be a writer. Som
years later, in replying to a critic who r
buked him for having dissipated his Goo
given talents, he asserted that a permanen
contribution to literature had never bee
his aim. "To *live*," he said, "as variedl
as amply, and as worthily as is possibl
to his human faculties, while upon th
planet, has been his [the writer's] ain
and not to be remembered after he sha
have left it." For a young man with suc
an ideal America in the thirties had litt
to offer. Europe, whither the literati of a
earlier generation had already hastene
was his obvious refuge. His associates o

e *Mirror*, Morris and the novelist Theore Fay, recognized the importance of Eupean experience for their young colague, and, raising five hundred dollars r the purpose, sent him abroad as a rovg correspondent.

IV

e was not yet twenty-six when he emrked, but he had a reputation and he d a pleasing manner. In France he imediately made friends; Mr. Rives, the merican minister to Paris, presented him the King, and, rather more usefully, pointed him attaché to the embassy, a minal position, of course, but one which cured admission to any circle. From Paris went to Italy, where he stayed for seval months, meeting distinguished fellowuntrymen as well as eminent Europeans. variably popular, he was agreeably entained wherever he went, and in the mmer of 1833 was invited by the officers an American frigate to make a six onths' tour of the Mediterranean. At the d of this voyage he sailed for England, make a visit which the diversions of e continent had several times led him postpone.

In England he was received with a fervor hich it would be difficult for us to underand were it not for the fact that every ar Americans welcome British writers of proximately the same ability with preely the same ardor. He carried with him etter from Walter Savage Landor, whom had met in Italy, to Lady Blessington, he most gorgeous Lady Blessington," as e of her biographers called her. Novelist, t and famous hostess, she presented illis to the distinguished coterie which thered at her home. There he met Tom oore, Barry Cornwall, Bulwer-Lytton, sraeli—precisely the men whose work he st admired. Pressing his advantages, he d breakfast with Crabb Robinson, who ok him to see Charles and Mary Lamb. e Earl of Dalhousie invited him to Scotnd, and on his way back he stopped at Edinburgh to meet Professor Wilson, whose "Noctes Ambrosiae" had been an early inspiration. For two years he remained in England, and in the course of his stay acquired considerable fame, some money, and a bride.

All this time he was writing, writing, writing. Providence, after all, had been rather generous to him. It had given him an attractive personality and an easy pen. It had planted him in Europe at a time when literary Americans were a novelty and at a time when there was still a market in the United States for journals of European travel. Best of all, it had not supplied him with an excess of reticence. "Mr. Willis," wrote C. T. Congdon in his memoirs, "had in a large measure that best faculty of a journalist: he knew what people would like to read." No statistics appeared in his weekly letters to the *Mirror;* instruction was not his aim. Flashes of scenery, incidents of travel, and, above everything else, personal gossip—those were the staples of his correspondence. Americans learned what Disraeli wore and what the Earl of Dalhousie had for breakfast, and they cried for more. Morris said that his letters were copied by more than five hundred newspapers and were read in every part of the United States.

It was the high point of Willis's life. He was living as variedly and as amply as he had ever desired, and he was moving in a social class to which he had scarcely dared to aspire. "What a star is mine!" he wrote his sister soon after reaching England. "All the best society of London exclusives is open to me—*me!* a sometime apprentice at setting types—*me!* without a sou in the world beyond what my pen brings me, and with not only no influence from friends at home, but a world of envy and slander at my back." He was a little naïve about it, no doubt, but he was quite right in saying that no American save Washington Irving had been so kindly received in England.

On his writings the ebullience of his spirits had a healthy effect. Most of his best prose comes from this period. Both

in his correspondence, reprinted in "Pencillings by the Way," and in his short stories and sketches there is a vigor, a freedom from affectation, a lively trick of description, a sense of news value, that make them exceedingly good journalism. To read his poetry is, today, a struggle, but the prose that he turned out week after week while he was in Europe is usually painless, frequently amusing, and sometimes downright enjoyable.

V

The ecstatic applause that greeted the Yale poet had been followed by Bostonian invective, and now the triumphal march through the British Isles was to be closed by an attack which made the Boston experience seem as trivial as enrollment on the D. A. R. blacklist seems today.

In the letters which he had written for the *Mirror* Willis had described with the utmost frankness and naïveté the various personages he had met at Lady Blessington's and elsewhere. Of Fonblanque, editor of the *Examiner*, the indefatigable Penciller had written: "I never saw a worse face, sallow, seamed, and hollow, his teeth irregular, his skin livid, his straight black hair uncombed." Edward Bulwer he described as "short, very much bent, slightly knock-kneed, and as ill-dressed a man for a gentleman as you would find in London." Regarding the appearance of Disraeli, Barry Cornwall, Tom Moore, and the Lambs, he gave equally personal, though less uncomplimentary, details, and he noted down their conversation. When he visited the Earl of Dalhousie he described precisely what the assembled aristocracy wore, ate, said, and did.

So long as only the great American public read these revelations, all was well, but in 1835, while Willis was on his honeymoon, there appeared a collection of his letters under the title, "Pencillings by the Way." This contained expurgated versions of his reports, but it included a few slightly indiscreet passages, and it served to call attention to the original letters in t *Mirror*. Lockhart seized upon the volun discovered that the author was an Ame can, discovered further that this Americ had called him "the most unfair and u principled critic of the day," and the upon devoted several pages in the *Quarte* to what he intended to be a complete an hilation of this young barbarian. "Wh visiting in London and in our provinc as a young American sonneteer of the m ultra-sentimental delicacy," Lockha wrote, "he was all the time the regu paid correspondent of a New York journ in which, week after week, appeared l prose reports of what he saw and heard British society."

The review continued by twitting Wil on his aspirations to gentility, for Loc hart knew a weak spot when he saw o After quoting the more objectionable p sages as they originally appeared in t *Mirror*, after damning the American pub for "their servile adulation of rank a talent," and after referring to Willis "this animal," Lockhart concluded: " far as we are acquainted with English American literature, this is the first e ample of a man creeping into your hon and forthwith, before your claret is d on his lips, printing table-talk on delica subjects, and capable of compromisi individuals."

Lockhart had given the Tory magazin their cue, and they responded with th customary animation. "This is a goose a book," Maginn wrote, "or if anyo wishes the idiom changed, the book o goose. There is not an idea in it beyo what might germinate in the brain of washerwoman." Willis, according to M ginn, was a lickspittle, a beggarly skittl a jackass, a ninny, a haberdasher, a "fift rate scribbler of gripe-visited sonnets," a a "namby-pamby writer in twaddling bums kept by the mustachioed widows bony matrons of Portland Place." His wr ings were "a Niagara in a Jordan."

Maginn's billingsgate was an accept part of the British journalism of the da

t Willis could not overlook the gross rsonal attack which Captain Marryat, ended by a slighting reference to his oks, spewed out in the *Metropolitan*. Re- ting Marryat's slurs upon the integrity his immediate ancestors, Willis chal- nged him to a duel, a not uncourageous sture, since the captain was reputed to a crack shot. But after prolonged and tremely dignified proceedings, including exchange of letters in the *Times*, the nor of both parties was satisfied with- t resort to arms.

Landor, Fonblanque, and Bulwer-Lytton o rebuked Willis, with varying degrees acerbity, and Harriet Martineau devoted veral pages in her autobiography to a rtrait of this "specimen of American odd- ," with his "conscious dandyism and paralleled self-complacency," who laced himself in an attitude of infinite e, and whipped his little bright boot th a little bright cane, while he ran over e names of all his distinguished country- n and countrywomen, and declared he uld send me letters to them all."

n his own defence Willis stated that he d written these accounts for American ders only, with no idea that they would r be read in England, and that in any e he had not been malicious. The first t of his apology, though regarded by British critics as disingenuous, was al- st certainly sincere, and that the second t was correct can be seen from an ex- ination of the passages in question. It noteworthy that the Earl of Dalhousie ote him in a most cordial way after the ume appeared, and that Lady Blessing- , though she dared not entertain him en his former victims were present, re- ved him privately. The Whig press ded to praise the book, which enjoyed arge sale, not entirely as a *succès de dale*. Willis himself regretted having tten certain passages, and accepted the re courteous rebukes with a creditable nility. Of Bulwer's letter he wrote to ly Blessington, "A more temperate, just ough severe), and gentlemanly letter I never read. He gives no quarter, but I like him the better for having written it."

He had meant well, and he had not sinned greatly, but he received as sound a drubbing as has ever been visited on an American writer by British critics. Fortunately, it did not bother him much. Although in "Lines on Leaving Europe," one of the two poems by him which Emerson admired, he sang his joy at travelling in the same direction "as Freedom's eagle flew," he had not been long in this country before he sought to revisit Europe in some diplomatic capacity. He failed, however, to secure a desirable appointment, and the remaining three decades of his life, comparatively unexciting but extremely busy years, were for the most part spent in America.

VI

He contributed to a number of magazines, and at various times he edited the *Corsair*, the *New Mirror*, and the *Home Journal*, keeping his readers in touch with happenings in New York, describing for them distinguished persons, and even advising them on points of etiquette. Although he was, as Congdon has said, "the first magazine writer who was tolerably well paid," it took both Yankee shrewdness and great diligence to amass a satisfactory total. In addition to furnishing copy for the magazines, he wrote a novel, "Paul Fane," and two plays, one of which, "Tortesa the Usurer," was moderately successful and extravagantly praised. In 1839 he spent three weeks in Ireland in order to prepare the letterpress for a volume on Irish scenery—an enterprise whose hastiness perturbed the poet Tom Campbell—and he wrote the text for various other copiously illustrated works destined for conspicuous locations on Victorian what-nots. His magazine articles were invariably issued in book form, and whenever he could devise a method he would use the same material in two or more books.

It is no wonder that Willis's writings

grew thinner and thinner, but he remained a considerable figure among the New York literati. Younger writers constantly sought his advice and assistance, which he gave generously, and he had close and friendly relations with many of the authors whose names adorn all histories of American literature. Bayard Taylor, who had been inspired to travel by reading his letters from Europe, visited him in New York, and thereupon wrote to a friend, "I never met with one who has won my regard and esteem in so short a time." Willis gave Taylor letters to friends abroad and wrote the preface for his first book, "Views Afoot."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, coming to New York when he was only twenty, met Willis and was employed by him on the *Home Journal*. James Russell Lowell "often met Willis personally and the more he saw of him the better he liked him," not unnaturally, perhaps, since Willis declared that the young poet "was destined to be the brightest star that has yet risen in American literature." But perhaps the most striking friendship of all was that of Willis and Edgar Allan Poe, whose poems he both published and praised, whose private life he defended, and whose financial embarrassment he on occasion relieved. It has been the fashion for Poe's biographers to sneer at Willis's patronage, but it was sincerely offered, and Poe himself, though he was not so deceived by Willis's meretriciousness as Willis was by his, appreciated his services. He called Willis "one of the *truest* men of letters in America," declared that he was responsible for the great popularity of "The Raven," and wished him to be his biographer.

Despite all his affability, however, Willis was pursued by that malicious personal abuse which had dogged the steps of his earlier successes. He was still the butt of all the satirists and lampoonists. L. A. Wilmer, in his "Quacks of Helicon," said of him that

> mental impotence appear'd
> In every sentence, stanza, line and word.

Another satirist, Duganne, in his "P
nassus in Pillory," wrote:

> Not that Nat Willis curls his yellow hair—
> Not that his sense can breathe but perfumed air—
> Not that he plays the ape or ass I mourn
> For ape and ass are worth not even my scorn.
> But that, with mind, and soul, and haply heart
> He yet hath stooped to act the fopling's part.

And, of course, there is the passage
voted to him in Lowell's "Fable
Critics," which, though it waxes comp
mentary, begins:

> There's Willis so *natty* and jaunty and gay,
> Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
> With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'e
> laying 'em
> That one hardly knows whether to thank hi
> for saying 'em.

There were other burlesques and pa
dies, and there were also serious admo
tions. Willis's best friends sometimes gr
tired of his trivialities, of his smart p
turings, of his twice and thrice told tal
Lowell, though he might praise hi
spoke slightingly of him to friends, a
Poe apparently wavered between ov
appreciation, due no doubt to perso
gratitude, and caustic denunciation. P
might speak of the "brilliant and versat
abilities" of his friend, might say th
Willis had "narrowly missed placing hi
self at the head of our letters," but
could also write to Lowell, "Willis is
genius—a graceful trifler—no more.
wants force and sincerity. He is very f
quently far-fetched. In me, at least,
never excites an emotion."

Gradually the younger writers, who h
admired Willis and been aided and inf
enced by him, came to look upon him
something of a fraud. The men who h
been popular at the time when his vog
was greatest were older than he, and ma
of them had died. With his great conte
poraries, Hawthorne, Emerson, Melvil
Thoreau, he had no close relations.
ready in the early fifties he was a lon
figure; though scarcely middle-aged, he h
outlived his reputation. Yet he went
"buttering curiosity with the ooze of
brains," struggling always to make

hievements as a man of letters support
n as a man of the world. No melancholy
pt into his later writings, though dis-
e had come and might well have nur-
ed a sense of remorse.
f he resented the attacks and the exhor-
ions, if he lamented the diminution of
fame, he let no bitterness destroy that
erful vivacity which had given his writ-
s their market value. And if he felt re-
t he rarely voiced it; he had sought to
e and make a living, not to court the
or of posterity; if the verdict of pos-
ity had become apparent before he died,
t could not be helped. He showed a sur-
sing courage in suffering, and kept at
rk until the very end.

VII

has been suggested that in a different
vironment Willis might have become a
at writer. Conceivably this is true.
aven knows that there has seldom been
closer approach to a cultural vacuum
n Boston and New York in the decade
his rise to fame. But it takes micro-
pic search to discover those elements in
work which would have constituted
s hypothetical greatness. Scarcely a line
his poetry shows imaginative power,
l in his short stories, his novel, and his
o plays there is not a character that
nes to life.
True, some of his work is excellent jour-
ism, but good journalists are not so rare
t we suspect them all of latent genius.
is much more probable that Willis was
wnright lucky in being born in a sterile
, one which, by caressing his ego, stim-
ted what talents he had. He was not
y mediocre himself; he had a remark-
e flair for admiring other mediocrities.
the company of truly great men he
uld have been so exceedingly uncom-
table that his writing would have
ked the elegant liveliness that gives it
its slight charm. There can be no question that he would have preferred an evening with Lady Blessington and Barry Cornwall to a lifetime with Emerson and Thoreau, and one suspects that what he did write about the one is far more readable than what he might have written about the other.

Willis's popularity has been adequately explained, without recourse to charges of incipient greatness, by Congdon's statement that he knew what his public wanted to read. It is only slightly more difficult to explain the abuse which followed him during his forty years as a writer. The esteem he enjoyed did not endear him to other writers, nor did his reputed success with women lessen their antipathy. He was an almost irresistible target. Everyone could see that he was, as Congdon said, "immensely egotistical," and not everyone was appeased because "it was always in a graceful and well-bred way." From the days of his rósy cheeks to the days of his long white beard, he both looked and acted like a poet—not, from the masculine point of view at least, a commendable habit.

Furthermore, he never completely conquered a tendency to snobbishness, though he compensated for it by a lively generosity. "Few men," said Poe, meditating perhaps on his own sins, "have received more abuse, deserving it less." But Poe also said, in a less amiable mood, that Willis "'pushed himself,' went much into the world, made friends with the gentler sex, 'delivered' poetical addresses, wrote 'scriptural' poems, traveled, sought the intimacy of noted women, and got into quarrels with notorious men." It is an excellent summary, and it is all true except the insinuation that Willis planned his career with Machiavellian strategy. In reality he was doing simply what he wanted to do; he was living the ample and varied life that was his ideal.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Radicalism in America.—The disrepute that envelops the radical movement in America is, contrary to our professional and lay observers, traceable not to the doctrines espoused and expounded by the radicals but almost wholly and entirely to the character of the radicals themselves. The objection and hostility of intelligent Americans to their radical fellow-citizens are grounded not upon the principles the latter preach but upon the preachers. These, almost without exception, fail of sympathy at the hands of the intelligent American not, as is sometimes also foolishly argued, because they are loud-mouthed ill-natured and unkempt fellows but, very simply, because they haven't any sense. More, they are inarticulate in the matter of what borrowed, second-hand sense they may occasionally and conceivably posture. No man much cares what another man may look like or even smell like if he has something of interest or importance to say, and knows how to say it. The American radical, however, offers to his critics only the comical look and the smell.

The English, German, French, Russian or Italian radical commands respect even in quarters where his doctrines prove distasteful. The radical movement in those countries has as its mouthpieces men of forceful, original and logical mind. Some of them may look like old ragbags, but no one can deny that they have sense—or at least wit—and a lot of it. Consider England alone, and men like Wallas, the Webbs, Shaw, Macdonald, *et al.*, together with many of the minor prophets. Or think of the character of the leaders of the radical movement in France, Germany, Russia and Italy. These men are scholars. What have we in their boots in America? A pack fired and disgruntled school-masters, bac alley rhetoricians, Greenwich Village bo and corn-belt indignantos, all cuckooi feebly and garbling idiotically the precej of first-rate intelligences overseas. Consic even the two big latter-day *pièces de rés ance* of the movement, Gompers and De Neither had a mind; both had simply gift for soap-box spieling. The Europe radicals laughed loudly and impolitely Gompers when he went abroad and did stuff. He was the Charles A. Levine of day over there. The profoundest thi that the rank and file of American radi masterminds have been able, with conc trated effort, to think up to say agai American capital in the whole last thi years is that the late J. Pierpont Morg had a red nose and a mash on an actre

Instalment Selling.—Not long ago th came into the office an editorial writer a trade organ got out by an instalm house who asked me for an interview the subject of instalment selling in c nection with the particular wares sp sored by his organization. Why he upon me as a Solon in the matter of inst ment sales, God alone knows; the to had never so much as entered my he until he mentioned it. But he was a ple ant fellow and I found myself gabbling him. When I got through, he polit observed that if he printed what I said, boss would heave spittoons at him. spare him that unpleasant experience make a few notes of my discharged wisd in these pages, published in an office recherché that the mere sight of a spitto would induce a punctilious horror where everybody spits on the floor.

The instalment sales principle, I coun-
d the attendant ambassador, impresses
as being one of the most damaging
ices of modern American business. It
y be all very well for business, but it
done and is doing more harm in other
ections than half the atrocities discov-
d and promiscuously announced by
vspaper editorial writers. It encourages
ravagance; it leads men dangerously
o debt; it takes the necessities from
ilies and substitutes foolish and unwar-
ted luxuries; it encourages a Socialistic
dency among the ignorant and poor;
ersuades a man to spend more than he
afford to spend by making him imagine
t he is getting something hard to get
y easily. Take, for example, the instal-
nt sale of automobiles. This selling
tagem has succeeded in unloading
usands upon thousands of jitney auto-
biles upon persons who really cannot
rd them; who have to scrimp and
ve and cheat the butcher and baker to
for them; who, when they use them,
led into all the further ill-borne ex-
ditures that are part and parcel of
toring; and who, for a short Sunday's
ing, are brought to uncomfortable pov-
r in half a dozen directions for the rest
he week.

The streets and roads are today chock-a-
ck with cars of one kind or another that
ir instalment owners can't afford and
t they are put to their wits' end to
g on to. The instalment system has
le these poor men poorer, has induced
hem a greater hatred than ever for the
n who passes them in a Rolls, Hispano
even a Packard, has made the traffic
blem in many a city apparently impos-
e of solution and has coincidentally
t the business of merchants not only on
main thoroughfares but on the side-
ets, and has, in a city like New York
Chicago, added to the burden of tax-
ers and diverted a considerable share
the police force from the pursuit of
minals in order that it may devote itself
raffic manipulation, speeders, drunken
drivers, women chauffeurs and taxicab
lovers.

The instalment system has loaded down the American public not only with automobiles that it can't afford and actually has little real use for—save perhaps on Sundays—but with tons of imitation Louis XV furniture, gilt pianos, complete sets of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper, Peruvian diamonds, correspondence courses in osteopathy, German silver tea services, inlaid phonographs and embossed saxophones that make already overworked husbands and fathers—to say nothing of the neighbors—old before their time. The man who can afford a Grand Rapids Venetian dining-room set has no need for the instalment system. The man who can't afford it should not be foolishly and disastrously saddled with it by that system.

Christmas Mass.—This last Christmas Eve I found myself, at the solicitation of a fair companion apparently concerned over my religious welfare, at midnight mass in St. Patrick's. Exactly eleven times during the relatively short service a basket was abruptly thrust under my companion's and my own nose by a gentleman taking up collections. The basket was piled high with notes of various denominations, together with a quart or two of coins. It seemed that every time I tried to get a look at the altar I was vouchsafed instead a view of William McKinley, the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Andrew Jackson, George Washington, Lafayette and Abraham Lincoln. So I think I'll spend next Christmas Eve developing my lamentably latent religious instinct either at the New York Historical Society or the Union Dime Savings Bank.

The American Business Ideal.—Mr. Preston M. Nolan has sent me his latest book, "Business First." Mr. Nolan, a venerable champion of American business principles, may be identified through recourse to "Who's Who in America" as follows: "Bank appraiser and financial counsel. Auditor Indiana banks, 1901–2; chief ap-

praiser Peabody, Houghteling & Company, Bankers, Chicago, 1903–7; operated independently as Preston M. Nolan and Company, appraisers for banks and life insurance companies since 1907; first in America to use Bank of England system of real property valuation adapted to American needs. Member National Association Real Estate Board, Chicago Real Estate Board, director Cook County Real Estate Board. Mason 32°, K.T., Shriner." The outstanding article in Mr. Nolan's business Bible, lying before me, and his most emphatic contribution to American business ethics, I herewith subjoin:

> An heirloom of English inheritance is our inborn respect for the word, *gentleman*. Women love it, men acquiesce. As an ideal it ranks with Holy Grail; but when we face the facts the gentleman of reality is far more decorative than practical. He gives to period settings, animation; to conversation, charm; and to social life, distinction. He is altogether delightful, even outside the covers of fiction where first we met him; but any considerable part in modern life he has not. Life is business; business, war; and war, what Sherman called it. It is battle primitive and savage. We may borrow from the gentleman his manners and his clothes; *but his aims and methods, never.* Strength, determination and an ungentlemanly zest of battle . . . rule the firing line.

The Movie and the Writer.—It has been said often enough that when a writer goes movie, that is, when he writes in one way or another for the films, he is ruined as an artist. One need only look over the records of such writers, whether already established or of potential merit, to appreciate the truth of the contention. Almost without exception such men and women, whatever their previous eminence or capabilities, are found to have gone down the chute. One speculates as to the cause. There seems to be no sound or even theoretical reason why a competent writer should not get some easy money for himself by turning out a piece of scenario junk, nor does there seem to be any good reason why a man should not be able to mingle for a spell with the morons and idiots of Hollywood and yet remain uncontaminated. There are morons and idiots outside of Hollywood that even the best writ occasionally forced to mingle with they make no impression upon him an him no noticeable harm. A good wr furthermore, during his career someti composes stuff quite as bad in its lite way as any bad scenario he might con for the movie magnates. But the remains none the less that a writer undertakes to lend his talents to the fil however briefly, presently finds him with his artistic pants down.

The writers themselves are in the h at once of denying that the movies h ruined them—although the ruin is cle evident to everyone else—and of alleg that no writer can do decent work for screen under its current manner of mana ment. Decent work or not decent w seems to me to have utterly nothing t with the case. The writers in question themselves down the chute whether w they do for the films is good or bad. T subsequent writing plainly shows the fects of their Hollywood incumbency. eely reason, I believe, is not so difficul catch by the tail as it appears to be. genuinely first-rate writer can ima himself writing for the movies; the ap ently reputable writers who go in movie work have a trace of shoddy u their flashing surfaces and the mo bring that shoddy out, encourage it develop it. This bringing out, encour ment and development may be un even unobserved, by such writers, but not long before it contrives to make shoddy permanently triumphant over writer's better attributes and quali There have been and are instances reputable writers who have made cynical grab at the movie money having got it, have run away with obs chuckles—and who have not, becaus their ironic humor, been damaged. B know of not one single instance whe writer has written more than once for screen and has not landed subsequen with a loud thud, on the literary ash-h

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Non-Conductor

NAMO," Eugene O'Neill's latest, pro-
d by the Theatre Guild, fails to
nt me. There is in it, doubly and even
y exaggerated, that note of swollen
ion and indignant vociferation that
e "Welded" ineffective and occasion-
even absurd and that robbed "Desire
er the Elms" of the slow, smoke-
ng force which is drama's most vital
bute. O'Neill betrays himself in so
ish a personal mood that one achieves
h the same feeling that comes over
when listening to that boiler-works
phony of Antheil. In place of smooth
uasiveness there is shillaber lapel-tug-
and coat-tail pulling; in place of sug-
ive harmony there is simply an ear-
ting racket.

look at the script of the play and
tinize it somewhat in the light of a
ical composition. It is almost com-
ely without shading. The brasses, with
characters' chests and bosoms heaving
with faces a violent purple, hold the
. The emotional din is overpowering.
final effect is of a calliope going down
he third time and tooting at the top
s remaining strength for help. At the
of filling altogether too much space,
in the thorough conviction that in no
more accurately may the nature and
h of the play be indicated, I set down
tim, from beginning to end, the list
age directions:

Arguing tormentedly within himself.
With angry self-contempt.
Furiously clenching his fist.
His eyes lighting up with savage relish.
Suddenly horrified.
Protesting petulantly.
With indignant anger.
With evangelical fervor.
With life-long resentful frustration.
With bitter self-contempt.
With a grim resentful side-glance.
With a gloomy glance.
Nettled.
Sharply and challengingly.
With a stubborn counter-challenge.

Presses his thick lips tightly together, clenches his teeth and the cords along his jaw stand out—an effort that gives his face the expression of a balky animal's.

Her face is suddenly set in the intense expression of concentrated purpose that his strives after.

She thinks bitterly.
Determinedly.
With melancholy.

He interrupts her stubbornly, his voice booming assertively.

She frowns.

Hearing his father's raised voice Reuben jumps to his feet resentfully.

A look of passionate anger sweeps into his face.
Defiantly and sneeringly.

He looks around uneasily, afraid of where his thoughts are leading him.

The lightning flash has caused him a nervous, apprehensive start.

With annoyance, turns his back on her.
With a sad longing, he sighs.
Her voice turned bitter.
Echoing her bitterness.
In a hard voice.
Irritably.
Thinking bitterly.
Fife's voice is thin, sardonic and malicious.
Chuckles with malicious satisfaction.
Growls contemptuously.
Sniffs the air critically.
With glum humor.
He calls her impatiently.
She gives a start.
Muttering with concentrated rage.
Turning on his wife angrily.
Impatiently; stung—angrily.
Defensively impatient.
Grimly.
With a scornful smile.
Stung—bitterly.
She goes deadly cold.
In a hard metallic voice.
Bitterly.
With a bitter sneer.
Winces as if he had been struck.
Starts a bitter retort.
Determined to push her advantage.
The Victrola starts a blaring jazz record.
Fixes his eyes on his wife combatively.
His expression growing stubborn and set again.

His voice taking on the direful tone in which he warns sinners of the hell-to-come.

Sharply.
Thinking gloomily.
Despairingly.
With a groan.
This thought drives him frantic—he paces up and down vainly trying to calm himself.
He waits nervously.
With sudden fear.
With fierce jealousy.
A strong flash of lightning.
She gives a gasp.
Fidgets uneasily.
The storm gathers over the hills.
With scornful superior comments.
Disgustedly.
Confidently boastful.
Thinks exasperatedly.
With a grunt.
Rapturously.
Laughs scornfully.
Gives a start at another flash of lightning.
With a snort of rage and disgust.
Boiling over with indignation.
With a start.
With fiery indignation.
With fierce sarcasm.
With indignant disgust.
Rebelliously.
With a malicious grin.
Resentfully.
With a forced laugh.
Confused, she turns on her mother angrily.
With sardonic scorn.
With a challenging air that has grimness in it.
Insistently.
With a grim smile.
Tauntingly.
Frowning uneasily.
Worriedly.
Venomously.
Frightfully.
Scornfully.
Terrified, pulling back and stammering.
With taunting scorn.
Stung.
Sneeringly.
There is a flash of lightning—he gives a frightened start and glances up furtively.
With fear.
A wave of passion coming over him.
He grabs her.
With a little cry of pain.
With passionate oblivious intensity.
Frightened in her turn—with an almost hysterical flippancy struggling away from him.
She adds tartly.
Her temper ruffled.
In miserable shame and contrition.
Completely crushed.
In a bullying tone.
His mind full of tortured remorse.
In a tone of mingled rage and grief.
Irritably.
In exasperation.
Thrusts paper at her.
A grin of malicious expectancy on his face.
Slinks hurriedly across.
Peers stealthily around in an extreme stage of agitation.
Starts frightened.
Staring moodily.
With bitter self-scorn—thinking gloomily.
His resentment smouldering up.
Dissolves into abject shame and fright.
Cowers weakly.
With bravado.
With exaggerated cordiality.
His face flustered.
Forces him into chair.
His confusion increased.
With a challenging smile.
With a meaning grin.
In a solemn severe tone.
Stares at him appalled and bewildered.
Jeeringly.
Raising his voice defiantly.
With horrified stupefaction.
Strains her ears.
Smiling mockingly.
With defiance.
With a malicious leer.
His face flushed with mingled indignation fear.
Opens his mouth to make an indignant re when a vivid flash of lightning comes.
Gives terrified start.
Half rises—his body tense with the strug with his will.
With mingled anger and fearful awe.
Mockingly.
Shrinking back in a turmoil of guilt and frig
Thinking remorsefully.
Worriedly.
Indignantly.
Protestingly.
Glances at her impatiently and gives he meaning challenging look.
Solemnly.
Peremptorily.
Sternly.
With an appalled look of shocked stupefacti
With offended indignation.
Leaning forward indignantly.
His voice booming.
With sudden confusion.
Hangs his head in acute embarrassment.
Stunned.
With growing rage.
Takes a determined step out.
Weak with fright and on the verge of colla
Weeping hysterically and trying violently stifle it.
She sinks down on the ground and lies flat her face, clutching her throat to choke her s
One hand over her mouth.
Staring calculatingly at him.
Solemnly.
Visibly uneasy and apprehensive.
Worriedly.
With a tragic sigh.
Very solemnly.
He stares somberly at Reuben.
Indignantly.
Gripped by all sorts of nameless dreads.
His nerves set more on edge by a rumble thunder.
With feigned guilty furtiveness.
With savagery.

Stares at Fife with bewildered horror.
In a strange bewilderment of mind.
His horror turning to a confused rage.
Harshly and condemningly.
Staring at him, thinking in astonishment.
Denouncingly.
With a furious threatening look.
Uneasily.
With a threatening glare.
Piteously.
A flash of lightning.
Clutches the arms of his chair in superstitious
ror—all the passion drained out of him, leav-
g him weak.
Glancing at Fife with horror and fear.
Staring at him apprehensively.
Eyeing him keenly.
Somberly.
Torturedly.
Mournfully.
Filled with horror.
Conscience-stricken.
Frantically.
Furtively.
Insistently.
With hatred.
Angrily—his voice booming denouncingly.
Taunting scornfully.
Angrily and threateningly.
Giving him a scornful look.
Turns her back on him contemptuously—think-
g bitterly.
Tears of mortification—she brushes them back
grily.
Wounded—his anger rising.
Turns with a triumphant chuckle.
Turns angrily.
She flings herself on the chaise-longue and
gins to cry.
Stares at her in astonishment.
Angrily.
Remorsefully.
Jumps up angrily.
Thinking with a grin.
A vivid flash of lightning.
Jumps nervously to his feet.
Intently and uneasily.
Jerking herself up.
Slinks back.
Uneasily.
His mind is a turmoil of conflicting emotions.
With a shudder of horror.
With a sudden desperate cynical bravado.
A great flash of lightning.
He stands paralyzed with terror.
Thinking incoherently.
Obsessed more and more by a feeling of guilt.
His teeth chattering.
A growling roar of thunder.
He cowers trembling.
Cries with desperate longing.
With malicious satisfaction.
In alarmed surprise.
With increasing uneasiness.
With trembling fingers.
Weakly and frightenedly.
Sinking down on the bed.
Slumps down on his knees and prays fran-
ally.

Comes in excitedly from hallway.
He springs to his feet.
She hurries in breathlessly.
Kissing her frantically.
With agitated preoccupation.
Breaks away from him excitedly.
Her words pouring out.
Completely stupefied.
Stares at her.
Calling desperately.
Commandingly.
Vindictively.
She gives him a shove.
He bounds upstairs.
He rushes in.
Distracted.
With a cruel hard expression.
He breaks down and sobs heartbrokenly.
Alarmed.
Indignantly.
With a start of surprise.
Sharply.
Clinging to her.
Thinking eagerly.
A vivid flash of lightning.
He shrinks and blurts out.
Startled.
With sudden strong revulsion—angrily.
She pushes him away—thinking resentfully and determinedly.
Harshly and condemningly.
A roll of thunder comes crashing and rumbling.
He sinks down on his knees—hiding his face in her lap.
Frightened.
Uneasily.
Insistently.
In a passion of eagerness.
Indignantly.
Listening greedily.
With fierce revengeful joy.
Dumfounded.
Defensively.
Angrily gives him a vicious shake.
With a furious glance at his wife.
Trying to break from his mother's grasp.
Angrily.
In a sudden panic of guilty shame.
Pleading.
Still gripping him and staring into his face vindictively.
Stung—with a violent effort he shakes her hands off his shoulders.
Shrinking back from her.
Still on his knees—passionately protesting.
Pleadingly.
In a voice hard with fury.
Grimly.
Takes a threatening step forward.
Stupefied—his mouth open—stares with amazed horror.
Her face is gloating and vindictive.
In a tortured agony of spirit.
Cries out in an agony of reproach.
Sobs heartbrokenly.
Grimly unmoved.
With hysterical sobbing anger.
Furiously.
Cowers and scrambles into corner.

His horrified eyes fixed on the belt his father has raised in his hand purposefully.
His thoughts whirling madly.
With defiant determination.
Whirls belt over his head and brings it down heavily across Reuben's bent back.
Reuben's body quivers.
A glaring flash of lightning.
Starts back with a frightened exclamation.
With a convulsive cringing movement.
Wincing painfully.
With an exasperated sense of frustration.
Defiantly jumps up with hatred in his eyes.
Vindictively.
Reminded of vengeance.
Roughly.
A crash of thunder.
Staring with the same fixed look of hate.
Jeeringly.
In sneering triumph.
Frightened.
In a bullying tone.
Sneeringly.
Determinedly.
Harshly.
Vindictively.
Pitiably.
Bitterly.
Breaks down miserably.
Resentfully.
Accusingly.
Furiously.
Furious in turn.
Thinking wildly.
The door slams.
Jeering cruelly.
Glaring with intense hate.
Flings herself on bed and sobs.
Jumps to window.
Desperately.
Excitedly.
With an ugly sneering expression.
In a malicious mocking tone.
With a hard ugly laugh.
Stares at him with a rage that chokes him.
With a pretence of guilty terror.
In a booming ecstasy.
Cursing in a frenzy of rage.
Drives at door with his whole body, crashes it open and stumbles out.
Horrified and frightened.
Staggers to her feet calling frightenedly.
With mockery.
Suddenly flares up into a temper.
With furious disgust.
With sneering contempt.
In fury.
Advances threateningly.
Overwhelmed.
Threateningly.
Furious.
Wildly.
Weeping hysterically.
Aghast.
Grief-stricken.
Thinking bitterly.
Yelling in a frenzy of anger.
Pushing her away roughly.
Threateningly.
Throwing herself in front of him.
Stupefied.
Bursting into a rage.
Fiercely pushing his mother to one side.
A startling vivid flash of lightning.
In wild defiance.
With a sneer.
A tremendous crash of thunder.
With a wild laugh.
Shrinks back in abject terror.
Shouts.
Trembling and pale with fright.
With scorn.
With a wild mocking laugh.
Grabs father by the lapel.
With insulting insolence.
Squeals with terror.
Tries to break from his hold.
Mother screams.
Light runs off panic-stricken dragging h moaning wife by the arm.
Defiantly.

Shades of "Pirate Pete" and "T Queen of the Highbinders"—and that only the first act! To save space and av repetition, I decide not to go on. Y have my word for it that the second a third acts are every bit as rich in *fun impatiences*, *snorts of contempt*, *fuming l ings*, *flyings into a rage*, *defiant sneers*, *taun laughs*, *dire booms of foreboding* and *terr looks*. Are these, I beg to ask, symptoms dramaturgical excellence? Are they rather symptoms of internal misgiving a weakness, suggestive of ill-assimila Strindbergianism or the clamor manuf tured by a German street-band to conc its musical deficiencies? I have before the scripts, on the one hand, of various 10–20–30 tin-pot melodramas and, on other, the scripts, among other things, such representative emotional dramas Ibsen's "Ghosts," d'Annunzio's "T Dead City," Gallarati-Scotti's "Thy W Be Done," Hauptmann's "Rose Bern Wedekind's "Erdgeist" and Strindber "The Dance of Death." The stage dir tions of the former read almost exactly l those of O'Neill's play; the emotions the latter are hardly visited upon characters by any such lung and lightn injunctions but are brought to proc from the secret depths of their souls. quiet answer may not always turn aw wrath, but it generally turns out vas

nder and more moving drama than a
l.

We come now to the philosophical con-
t of "Dynamo," the theme and plot
eme of which I outlined a month or
o ago in these pages. That theme, I may
all to you, deals with mankind's search
a new god that shall take the place of
unsatisfying present gods, with the
plied belief that in electricity lies the
e deity. Granting, with considerable
uctance, the validity or even adultness
O'Neill's thesis and conclusion, let us
nce at the nature and originality of his
taphysical exercises. To save time and
ce, I boil down direct quotations from
text:

1. It's Bible-punchers like Light that do more
arm than all the jail-birds past, present and to
me! They stand like balky old mules and block
the path of progress.

2. How does God call you, tell me? I'm think-
g He wouldn't use the telegraph or telephone or
dio, for they're contraptions that belong to
is arch-enemy Lucifer, the God of Electricity,
e Bringer of Illumination to the black, igno-
nt, God-struck minds of men!

3. Your Jehovah might aim a thunderbolt at
e but Lucifer would deflect it on to you—and
e's the better electrical expert of the two, being
ore modern in his methods than *your* God!

4. Your sin and your Hell and your God
ean no more to me than old women's nonsense
hen they're scared of the dark!

5. I should think God would have to punish
dultery and murder—if there *is* any God.

6. He looks scared—it was that lightning—
didn't phase me—he's yellow! "The fear of God
my sinful heart"—it's the fear of Electricity
his heart, that's what!

7. God was simply using Reuben as His in-
rument to bring retribution on your head!

8. It all comes down to Electricity in the
d. What the fool preachers call God is in Elec-
icity somewhere!

9. Did you ever watch dynamos? What I mean
in them! They stand for it the same way the
ld stone statues stood for gods, but the dynamos
e living and the statues were only dead stone.
ead stone? Stones are atoms and atoms are
ive! Those old gods were Electricity in the
d, too!

10. Did you ever think that all life comes down
electricity and that the man who first really
nows it will know the secret of life and have
ower over everything?

11. Machinery's a queer thing. It's only fools
ink it's dead—if they'd lived with it like I
ave they'd know different.

12. How long, Dynamo? I feel as if any minute
ou'd at last found me worthy—that You'd
pen your heart to me, the heart of Electricity,
and take me in. And then I'll come back with your secret and your power. I'll be born again out of You, Dynamo. I'll be the first true Son of the real, living God!

13. Why does everyone call on God when no one so far has ever dared to face what God really is? The Bible boobs like my old man and the atheist boobs like yours—they're both sick with the fear of knowing the real God, of facing Dynamo! . . . Dynamo's song is the hymn of eternal generation, the song of Eternal Life!

14. I assure you, my dear sir, that all the atheists in the world could stand for days with watches in their hands daring Almighty God to strike them dead and His merciful failure to do so would no more prove that He didn't exist than—

15. But I should think your God, if He is just, would jump at such a fine chance to punish the impious and at the same time prove to everyone that He's on the job! He might do that much for us poor creatures that He'd made in His image—without our consent—that is, if you can swallow the Adam and Eve fairy tale and believe He made us at all!

16. How else could life have begun except by a divine act of creation? . . . And you can say that after all the facts of Evolution that Science has proven?

17. You prefer the perverted nonsense that you are the descendant of a filthy monkey rather than believe that a wonder-working God created you in His image.

18. The sea is only hydrogen and oxygen and some minerals—and all those things are only atoms when you go back in them far enough—and when you dig deep into atoms they're only protons and electrons—all things are Electricity in the end!—the air, the earth, the cells that make up our bodies. And look at the stars! And space and time! They're only conductors for Electricity! There must be a centre around which all this moves. That centre must be the Immortal Soul of all life, Electricity—the new Saviour who will bring happiness and peace to man!

Now, ladies and gents, I ask you!

I thus permit O'Neill's play to criticize itself, with small intrusion of my own opinion. Surely the O'Neill who dug deep into the human heart in "The Great God Brown," who in the same play—in that speech about the young man's mother—showed himself to be the first of American dramatic poets, who in "The Moon of the Caribbees" showed himself a rare dramatic painter as in "Beyond the Horizon" and "Strange Interlude" he showed himself a brilliant interpreter of the hopes and disasters and pitiable bravery of mankind, and who in other of his works has achieved an unmistakable importance—surely that O'Neill is not the O'Neill of this amateur-

ish, strident and juvenile concoction. When O'Neill feels, he often produces something that is very beautiful, very moving and very fine. But when he gives himself over to science and philosophy, as in "Dynamo," he would seem to be lost.

II

Other Playwrights

"How often, indeed, does a new idea enter the theatre?", ironically inquires the New York *World* editorially, commenting on the recent "Abie's Irish Rose"–"The Cohens and the Kellys" plagiarism suit. "The last one we can think of is the treadmill in 'Ben Hur'." Unfortunately for the esteemed *World's* memory, the "Ben Hur" treadmill was already an old idea in the theatre when it came along. Unless my own memory is as bad as the *World's*, it had been used years before in imported Drury Lane horse-race melodrama and in such native comedy dramas as Neil Burgess' "The County Fair." But that is not the point. The point is that the theory that new ideas are a rarity in the theatre and unnecessary has long since taken its place in the American Theatrical Credo and, further, that that theory is eminently nonsensical. Yet so widespread has it become that many playwrights of the present day conveniently and comfortably accept it as law and take advantage of it lazily to impose their lack of originality and resource upon the theatre.

The theatre and drama in the last thirty years have witnessed the incursion of countless new ideas. The stage itself in a dozen directions has been revolutionized in the way of construction, lighting and decoration. The drama has seen the introduction of many new forms, Expressionism, Impressionism, the purely dialectic drama, and so on. There have been new treatments of theme and character, and a new approach to life and tradition, and a wholesome blasting of the old platitudes. But the majority of playwrights, like the otherwise estimable *World*, persist in lieving the contrary and in simply rewr ing—and rewriting very badly—the ancie gimcrackery.

The present season in New York, view in the aggregate, has amounted to nothi but a grand reunion of dramatic stenci With small exception, the plays put view have covered the time-worn grou in shoes out at the soles and down at t heel. Even our more talented writers li Maxwell Anderson have gone back to t old grab-bag. But although he, too, h gone to the grab-bag for many of materials, Elmer Rice in "Street Scen has on the other hand so brought to b upon them a sure sense of character and flair for reportorial accuracy that his pl achieves a measure not only of novelty which is of small critical account—b more important, of authentic merit. So as mere novelty or newness goes, the cou is on the *World's* side. Rice's setting- flat house showing the rooms of the va ous residents—has been called origi when basically much the same sort thing was shown in the play, "Impu dence," that Faversham did here twen years ago, to say nothing of in three four exhibits since, among them the mu cal show, "Kosher Kitty Kelly," in whi the first act setting and certain of the ch acters closely approximated those in Ric piece. More—and this should particula tickle the *World* gentleman—Rice has ac ally gone to "Abie's Irish Rose" for part his plot, even to the extent, perhaps in spirit of contemptuous bravado, of givi his Irish heroine the same botanical Chr tian name as Miss Nichols gave hers. matter. What matters is that he has tak the familiar stuff and made it sparklin alive with some of the surest and m understandingly sympathetic knowledge hum-drum city folk that we have had the theatre in some time. His picture o side-street brownstone front and its shabb sorry inhabitants is true, real and im mately vital. His stage and his people li

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

A City in Moroniq

DDLETOWN: *A Study in Contemporary American Cul-re*, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. 5. 8¾ x 5⅝; 550 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & ompany.*

LLOWING the artist with his gapings and pings comes the scientist with his cal-ers and graphs. This book fits neatly into gap separating "Main Street" and abbitt," and is, in a sense, a gloss upon h. It presents a full-length portrait of a mal American town of the third rate—a village like Gopher Prairie or a larval tropolis like Zenith, but a town in the 000–50,000 population bracket, one of 143 that dot the map of the United tes, most of them as alike as peas in a d. The authors did not seek the one that s most completely typical, but simply that was as thoroughly American as sible—*i.e.*, as little beset by blackamoors the foreign-born—, and as nearly self-ntained. They rejected towns that were minated by single industries and they ected those that were no more than satel-s of adjacent big cities. They found what y wanted "in the East-North-Central up of States that includes Ohio, Indiana, nois, Michigan and Wisconsin," and, ving found it, they moved in bag and ggage, with three lady assistants, and ceeded to snoop about. The results of t highly diligent and intelligent snoop-, which went on for a year and a half, set forth in detail in the present work. s one of the richest and most valuable cuments ever concocted by American iologists.

The methodology visible in it was bor-ved from anthropology. Mr. and Mrs. nd went to Middletown precisely as H. R. Rivers and Bronislaw Malinowski nt to Melanesia. They carried with them no prepossessions and had no thesis to prove. What they desired to find out was simply how the Middletowners lived—how they got their bread, what sort of houses they inhabited, how they used their leisure, how they governed themselves, what gods they worshipped and with what ceremonials, and what ideas lurked in their heads. The study went far beyond mere behavior. It sought also to uncover motives, whether logical or merely emotional. It took account of the historical background, of the geographical environment, and of the economic situation. Religion was studied, not merely as a series of behavior patterns, but also as a philosophical system. Out of the prevailing practises of government an attempt was made to disentangle a governmental theory. In brief, the Middletowners were anatomized precisely as an anthropologist anatomizes a savage tribe. In so far as it was possible they were allowed to tell their story in their own words.

The result is a record of immense interest. It gets closer to the truth about the normal Americano than any other I have ever heard of. What it reveals is a man of almost unbelievable stupidities. Well-fed, well-dressed, complacent and cocksure, he yet remains almost destitute of ideas. The things he admires are mainly mean things, and the things he thinks he knows are nearly all untrue. The government he lives under is ignorant and corrupt, the industrial system he is a part of is inefficient and cruel, and the ideals that inspire him are puerile and ignominious. His principal effort in this world is to appear as much as possible like his fellows—to act like them in all situations, and to think like them whenever his powers of thought are challenged. What the people of Middletown fear above all things is oddness. To do anything that

is not commonly done is to risk social ostracism; to think anything that is not commonly thought is to be set down as criminal or insane. Thus all the civilized values of life are under an interdict. It is possible in Middletown to be industrious, virtuous and, in the narrow practical sense, useful, but it is almost impossible to be civilized. The town gathers in such fruits of civilization as strike its fancy and puts them into jars. Thereafter they stand on a shelf, embalmed and abandoned. Their seeds are dead. There is no new growth.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynd devote a number of searching chapters to the religion of the Middletowners. It is a thing of formal patterns, without substance and without life. Its ceremonials are empty and preposterous and its priests are mere flunkeys. On the lower levels it takes the form of a frantic flight from Hell; on the upper levels it becomes an ethical system showing only the most timorous sort of contact with reality. The working people, when they are religious at all, go to Methodist revivals or submit to swindling by spiritualists; the members of the country club caste either succumb to Christian Science or take refuge in the blather of Rotary. Rotary, indeed, has become a formidable rival to the actual churches. It satisfies Babbitt's vague yearning for sacrifice and self-approval without forcing him to give any support to supernaturalism. Its credo is nonsensical, but it is not quite as nonsensical as the credo of orthodox Christianity. Thus Babbitt can embrace it without doing any violence to that skepticism which has begun to invade even Middletown. He may continue to go to church, but it is without gusto: the exhortations of his *shamans* harry him without really convincing him. The idealism that glows within him finds its true escape at the midweek luncheon table, where virtue is identified with prosperity and a good name is immediately translated into profitable orders.

As I have said, Middletown is well-fed and well-dressed, but the great majority of its people hang on to their security by no more than the skin of their teeth. The ec nomic system of the town is inordinate wasteful and inhuman. Labor is still frank a commodity, like iron or coal. So long he is needed the worker is well paid, b the moment the need for him passes he turned out like a stray cat. His chances escaping from his class grow more slend every year. Not only is his hold on his j precarious, but there is vast machinery f taking his money away from him as fast he makes it, and so preventing him acc mulating any capital, or indeed any prude tial reserve. He can't imagine his childr following his line. He wants to lift the into the class above, and to that end tries to educate them. But educating the is expensive, and helps to keep him poo Moreover, it fills them with aspiratio that are social quite as much as they a material, and so makes them unhapp They end as members of the white-coll proletariat, with their eyes fixed upon t country club. In brief, they simply exchan one sort of misery for another.

There is no respect in Middletown f knowledge for its own sake. The princip personages of the town are not men of co spicuous education; they are simply m of conspicuous wealth. The common mea ure of all things is money. A clergyman measured by it quite as frankly as a sto keeper. Unless he has an ornate church a can attract rich Babbitts to his orgies he nobody. There is no room in the commun life for the cultivation of the arts and s ences. The women's clubs play with t former, but never get beyond silliness. T latter are in the hands of a small group medical men, few of them of any distin tion and all of them oppressed by the har competition, not only of quacks but al of their fellows. The town pedagogues a all pedagogues, and no more. The tow newspapers are of the chain-store variet owned by remote Munseys and operated incompetents. One of them devotes no le than 21.6% of its space, aside from adv tising, to comic strips. The editorials these papers read as if they were writt

the secretary of the local Chamber of nmerce. On all salient public questions y simply parrot the gaudy nonsense of :ary and Kiwanis.

commend "Middletown" to all persons o have any genuine interest in the life :he American people. It is, in its way, extremely depressing book, but it is also y instructive. It reveals, in cold-blooded, ntific terms, the sort of lives millions Americans are leading in the last great s of the Coolidge prosperity. It shows v far short of libel Sinclair Lewis fell 'Main Street" and "Babbitt"; it makes n appear, indeed, almost a romantic. hope is that it will be followed by er volumes of the same sort, for despite scale it yet leaves certain fields unex- red. There is, for example, nothing in bout the effects of Prohibition in Mid- town, and very little about the general rals of the people. Here there is room a separate treatise. There is room, too, many others, general and regional. The erican village deserves far more serious dy than it has ever got. The Southern ton-mill town has never been investi- ed adequately. The anthropology of nsas waits for an explorer: the scientific rld is amazed and enchanted by such nsas phenomena as William Allen White l Henry J. Allen, but the great masses of nsans have never been studied. What a nce for enterprising young *Privat Dozen-* Mr. and Mrs. Lynd got the money for ir inquiry from the Institute for Social l Religious Research. Plenty remains— re and elsewhere.

The Early Lincoln

RAHAM LINCOLN, 1809–1858, by Albert J. everidge. $12.50. 9⅜ x 6⅜; 2 vols.; 607, 741 pp. oston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

SPITE its bulk, this work remains a frag- nt. At his death on April 27, 1927, Mr. veridge had brought his writing only the year 1858. Even so, his last chapter, ling with the Lincoln-Douglas debates, nains in the state of a first draft. The onymous editors have added a summary of the events between 1858 and 1861, and the narrative thus closes with Lincoln's inauguration. It had been Mr. Beveridge's intention to add another volume, and maybe two more, on the war years.

The work, so far as it goes, is unquestionably the best life of Lincoln ever written. It is well arranged, it is immensely documented, it is gracefully composed, and there is absolutely no dodging of issues in it. The contrast that it presents to Carl Sandburg's two volumes on the Lincoln of the same period is very striking. Sandburg, a poet employing the methods of realism, projected a vast and shining figure, half man and half god. In that figure there remained plenty of verity, but the story was an epic rather than a scientific history. Mr. Beveridge's two volumes run the other way. There is no poetry in them. They never depart from the strict letter of the record. But within those bounds they are well-nigh exhaustive. Nothing that is worth knowing about Lincoln is omitted. If he is found, at the end, to be still mysterious, then it is because there were, in fact, impenetrable mysteries in his character. Perhaps they give some justification to the persistent attempts to deify him. He was not like other men.

Mr. Beveridge is at his best precisely where Sandburg was weakest, to wit, in the political field. His discussion of the issues which came to final arbitrament in the Civil War is extraordinarily lucid and well-informed. He seems to have studied the whole controversial literature of the time, as he went at length into the motives and maneuvers of all its principal politicians. The result is history of the first value. The Lincoln who emerges from it is naturally far from the saccharine hero of the schoolbooks. He loses his wings and his halo, and becomes simply an ambitious and, in the long run, very lucky politician —better than most, no doubt, but still essentially like the rest. A lazy man and shrinking from bellicosity, he displays at times an almost Coolidgian inertia. But the fates dragged him into the forefront

of the fray, and once there he gave a good account of himself. His story is a tale of bad beginnings and brilliant endings. He was pushed into his greatest opportunities. Left to himself, he would have compromised all things, but it was his destiny to have to make desperate decisions, and once he had made them he knew how to stick to them.

Mr. Beveridge himself was a notable figure in American politics. Born to poverty, he worked his way through college, made a considerable success at the bar, and then entered public life. As Senator from Indiana for two terms, he was a stormy figure, and aroused many bitter enmities. The Progressive movement finally ruined him politically, and he gave himself over to historical studies. His huge life of John Marshall has bias in it, and parts of it are very dull, but it is also full of sound merits. His Lincoln, had he lived, would have been a far better work—perhaps a work of the first rank. Not many United States Senators have ever written books worth reading. In the present Senate there are but two, and one of them, Senator Bruce, is about to retire. There will not be many hereafter.

An American Saga

SKYSCRAPERS AND THE MEN WHO BUILD THEM, by W. A. Starrett. $3.50. 8 x 5½; 347 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Curiously enough, this is the first full-length treatise on skyscrapers to be published in America. I say curiously, because the skyscraper is one of the most thoroughly American of inventions, and the technical problems involved in its fabrication have all been solved in characteristically American ways. But until Col. Starrett took his pen in hand, no one had thought to tell the story of it—that is, its story as structure, not as mere work of art. The competence of the author goes without saying. He and his brothers have built more skyscrapers than any other group of men, and have probably had a larger share than anyone else in the successive advances of the craft. They were not pioneers, but they came under the wings of the pioneers, and h carried on brilliantly ever since. They h had experience in planning skyscrapers, financing them, and in building them. I out of this rich and first-hand knowle that Col. Starrett writes.

Putting up a skyscraper, it quickly pears, is anything but the simple job seems to be to the spectator across street. Even the initial business of clear away the old buildings on the site n present complicated technical difficulti and when it comes to shoring up the nei boring buildings the builder's ingenuity often tested to the full. Not infrequen the excavation has to go down far bel the foundations of these buildings. In N York they commonly stand safely enou for rock is under them, but in Chicago other cities there is only sand, and so t have to be propped up. Given a few cidents, and it is not hard for the buil to lose enough money here to wipe out profit on the actual building.

Laying the foundation of the latter taxes his resources, but once he is ab the street level he has relatively easy s ing, though even here a delay in the livery of material, or its receipt in wrong order, may expose him to he losses. Col. Starrett, like most highly c petent and successful men, views his o trade somewhat gloomily. It is diffic he says, to make money building s scrapers, but it is very easy to lose it. T is not due wholly, nor even mainly, to risk of accident, but to the ruinous com tition. When a contract is to be let competing builders first study the pla then divide the work into sub-contra and then call for bids from sub-contract The sum of the latter is always greater t the sum the builder can hope to get for completed building. Thus he is forced grind down his sub-contractors, and t involves him in complex and hazard calculations, which sometimes work badly, and force him to take over some the sub-contracts, to his heavy damage

's difficulties are made worse by the ude of labor. The buildings crafts are ellicose and most of them are extor- ate. They delight in blackmailing a ling contractor by holding up his r. Any excuse or no excuse is sufficient. it is rare for a skyscraper to come to pletion without seeing a long series of es, many of them wholly irrational. carpenters walk out because a brick- has been seen to pick up a saw; the layers strike because a stone-mason laid a brick. Some of these jurisdic- l rows are so esoteric that only an rt can understand them. But every one em, however trivial, costs the builder and money. He needs the finesse of a ernich to deal with them, but he also s some of the hearty pugnacity of a nboat mate. It is not a trade for timor- or squeamish men.

t despite all his difficulties with the lemen of the rivet and trowel Col. ett appears to have a great liking for , and even a considerable sympathy. r lives, he says, are not easy ones, and not infrequently come to disaster. in the best of times they are seldom oyed continuously. For a few weeks work feverishly, at the hazard of their s and lives, and then they are laid off, maybe have to go to some other city et work. Among the steel workers a asting more than six weeks is unusual, it is equally unusual for another to be aiting. Most of the men, says Col. ett, spend half their time looking for r. The casualties of the trade are ap- ng. During twenty years the *Bridge- s Magazine*, the organ of the steel ors, recorded nearly 2,000 violent hs. In New York City, where their union has 1800 members, from 10 to 20 are always in the hospital. An erector who has worked for five years without meeting with a serious accident is quite unusual. Throughout the United States one erector is killed for every thirty-three hours of working time.

Naturally enough, mollycoddles do not go into the trade. It attracts only the more adventurous and careless sort of youngsters. Col. Starrett testifies to the skill and daring of those who survive. Their witless and incessant strikes are costly nuisances, but while they are at work they are ready for any emergency, and show a fidelity to duty that would do credit to soldiers. Nothing is too hard for them to undertake, or too dangerous. The skyscrapers which now bedizen the American cityscape are monuments to their obscure and singular devotion. Every such skyscraper represents at least one life sacrificed, and some of them represent half a dozen. Blood is the price of scraping the clouds, as it is of liberty.

Col. Starrett believes that most of the tall buildings now being erected, if they are not torn down to make room for still taller ones, will last indefinitely. The old fear that they would collapse soon or late is now stilled. Their steel is so well protected that it does not disintegrate, and they are far too sturdy to be blown over. They even survive fires and earthquakes. Will they continue to go up endlessly, until every American city is a series of huge canyons like Park avenue in New York? Somehow it seems improbable. Soon or late the limit of safe height will be reached, and with it, no doubt, the limit of profitable operation. Then the skyscrapers will begin to shrink, and Americans will return to earth.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

H. E. Buchholz *is the publisher of the* Journal of Educational Psychology *and of* Educational Administration and Supervision. *He is the author and editor of numerous books on history, political science, and education.*

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H. L. Davis *was born in Oregon, but now lives in the State of Washington. A group of his poems was awarded the Levison Prize in 1919.*

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Granville Hicks *is instructor in English at Smith. He is a graduate of Harvard.*

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Harold E. Hullsiek, M.D., *is instructor in surgery at the University of Minnesota, and is a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He is a frequent contributor to surgical and gynecological journals.*

John Huston *is the son of Walter Huston, the actor, and Rhea Huston Stevens, a New York newspaper woman. He was born in Missouri and has lived in New York, Los Ang and Mexico City.*

M. S. Lea (Mrs. Kenneth C. McInt *was born in Louisiana, and is a graduate o Sophie Newcomb Art School at New Orle*

Margaret Mead, Ph.D. (Columbia *assistant curator of ethnology at the Amer Museum of Natural History, and is now in Guinea, where she is making a study of the school child under primitive conditions. Sh the author of "Coming of Age in Samoa."*

William Henry Nugent *was born California and is now living in New York C He has worked on newspapers all over the c try, and at present is writing a history of p fighting.*

Harvey O'Higgins *is a native of Can and was educated at the University of Toro but is now living in New Jersey. During the he was associate chairman of the Committe Public Information. He is the author of nu ous books and is a frequent contributor to reviews.*

Earl W. Shimmons *was for four year the staff of the defunct Seattle* Union Rec *when it was the only daily owned by Amer Federation of Labor unions. He was for a Northwest correspondent for the Federated P He is now manager of the book department o Simmons-Boardman Publishing Company.*

Owen P. White *is the oldest native white citizen of El Paso, and has writt history of the city. He is now living in York, where he is writing for the* Times Collier's.

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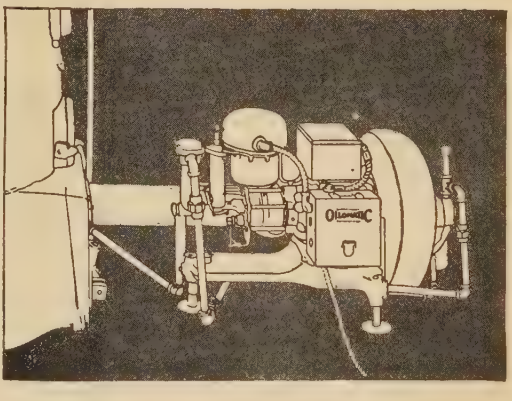

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Please send me a list of Williams Oil-O-Matic owners in my neighborhood.

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When the Wanderlust's aboard

BRILLIANT white and rich mahogany, brass and copper agleam, the *Wenamomen** lies at anchor with a gracefully expectant air. For its owner is an indefatigable seaman, and during the boating season five o'clock of almost any day finds him stepping briskly aboard, crowded city streets and professional duties left far behind . . .

Dr. Roberts* is a skilful navigator, who thoroughly understands the management of his boat, from handling a sextant to running the engine. And as his enthusiasm is shared by Mrs. Roberts and their young son, they usually cruise without a crew. Putting out from Bayport, they make frequent trips along the South Shore, or around to the North Shore—to Shelter Island, to Block Island. And as often as time permits the family baggage is stowed away and the *Wenamomen's* galley stocked for extended cruising . . .

One summer a beautiful trip around Cape Cod and on to Marblehead—day after day the exhilarating joy of sea air and wide sky. Another year all the way to Montreal—through Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence. Truly a delightful way to travel, Mrs. Roberts says—no time tables, no dust, no extravagance, but all the way the independent comfort and seclusion of a well-equipped home on the water.

• • •

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PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami.

Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Veedette, $4,875; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $16,500; Fifty, $25,500.

*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

Editorial NOTES

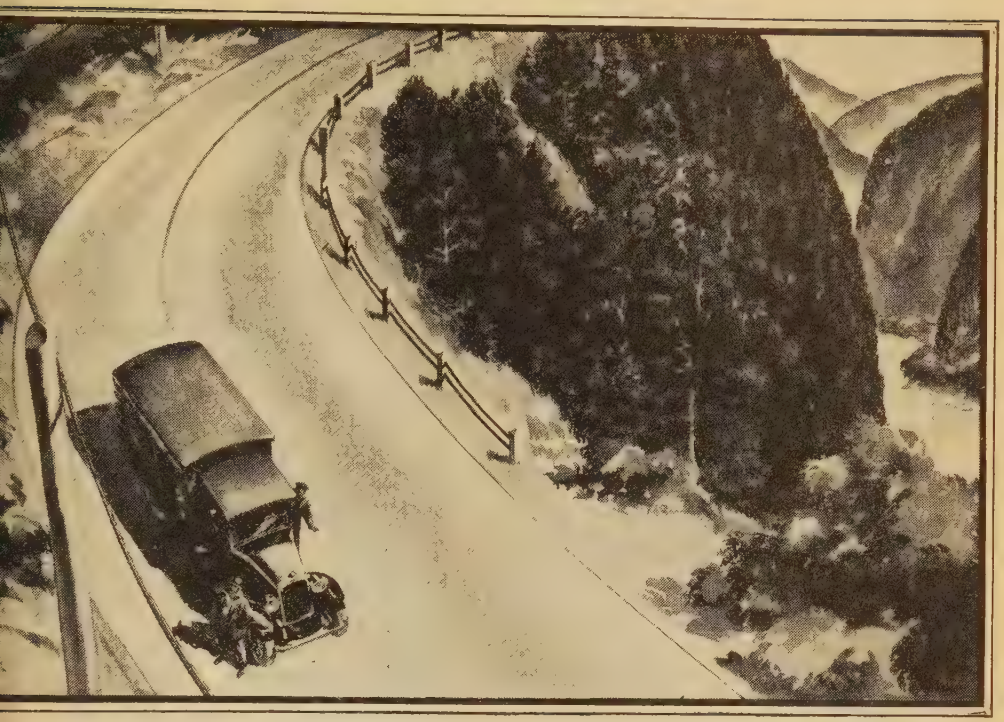
THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers two p each of $500, for articles by college g ates of this year, discussing their riences in college. One will go to the article received from a male student, the other to the best from a w student. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 wo long, or more than 8000.
2. Each must be the original work of a s dent graduating from an American college w the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or equivalent.
3. Each must bear the full name and addr of the author, the name of the college attend and a statement of the course followed and degree to be taken.
4. Each must be accompanied by a stamp and addressed envelope for its return in case is not accepted.
5. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCU will be the sole judge of the competition.

All MSS. entered for the prizes sh reach this office not later than July 1 The two prize-winners will be print the issue for September. In case other received that seem to be worth prin offers will be made for them. But no testant will be obliged to accept suc offer. There are no other conditions.

The aim of the competition is n bring forth learned treatises on the h education, but to obtain records of sonal experiences. How do the four in college strike an intelligent young or woman—and only the highly intell will be able to formulate significant dicts—immediately after they are Does the time seem to have been spent? How much was learned? Wha

Continued on page xxxvi



etting there ahead of the trouble

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

During the afternoon of March 17, 928, an alarm bell rang in a tele- hone test station in the heart of the lleghany mountains. This meant hat a puncture had been made in the air- ight sheath of a busy inter-city cable. The nen on duty knew that the injury was omewhere within 50 miles.

Highly developed locating devices were nstantly applied and in sixty-five minutes he trouble spot was located. By 7.15 in the vening, before the break in the sheath had ffected service on any of the 248 pairs of ires in the cable, the repairs had been made. Because of the preliminary warning on the ndicator wire and the locating devices that nabled the test station to tell the repair rew where it would find the trouble, not ne conversation was interrupted. This special alarm system is one of the many mechanical and electrical wonders developed by Bell System engineers to guard telephone conversations. The apparatus is placed along the cable routes at intervals of 100 miles. It gives instant warning day or night of any disturbance to the cable within 50 miles in either direction.

Automatic warning signals, electrical locating devices, constant testing of all switchboard apparatus and circuits—these are some of the ceaseless efforts that so effectively reduced interruptions to service on Bell lines in 1928.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Constant progress in accuracy and better and better service at the lowest cost is its goal.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

What a good dentifrice *should* do

Because not only sound teeth and healthy gums, but your very health may depend upon effective oral hygiene, it is of the utmost importance to choose your dentifrice with care.

A good dentifrice should contain no gritty substance, no strong antiseptics, no acids or astringents. It should cleanse the soft gum tissues without irritation and polish the enamel without scratching. And it should neutralize the dangerous acids which are the direct cause of tooth decay or dangerous gum irritation.

One dentifrice on the market answers to all these qualifications: Squibb's Dental Cream. It is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, it reaches into every crevice at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet, neutralizing the acids there.

And in addition Squibb's Dental Cream is mild, non-abrasive, non-irritating. 40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

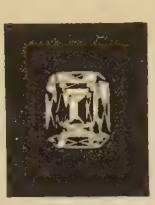
gained in other directions—by soc contacts, and so on? How many of instructors encountered seemed to h anything genuinely valuable to impa Was life, in general, pleasant or not? there any feeling at the end that equ ment has been improved? Does coll arouse a desire for further learning, or the four years seem enough?

The contestants will be expected name their colleges, and to give the nar of any teachers they may discuss, especia those who have struck them as compete The final day for sending in MSS. has b put beyond commencement time, so t frankness need not imperil diplomas. MSS. submitted will be judged by th honesty, their intelligence, their fre ness of viewpoint, and their interest human documents. The competition open to the students of all American c leges of good repute. Contestants will free to discuss all of the matters suggest or any one of them, or anything outs them. It is desired to give them the most practicable freedom. MSS. may sent in at any time before July 1. T names of all contestants save the pri winners will be held strictly confid tial.

Among the contents of The Americ Mercury for April will be the followi

"The Progressives of the Senate," by *A Washington Correspondent.*
"The Discipline of Sex," by *Edwar Sapir.*
"Public School Mamas," by *Margaret Cobb.*
"Renaissance in Hollywood," by *R. E. Sherwood.*
"Learning How to be Black," by *Albon L. Holsey.*
"Panorama: Phoenix, Arizona," by *Goldi Weisberg.*
"Mrs. Kemper," by *Ruth Suckow.*
"The Land of Laughs," by *Louis Adamic.*
"The Parliament of Labor," by *H. J. Green wool.*

LOWER



but so much FINER

No one knows how diamonds were formed. A theory has been advanced that in some prehistoric era the earth was covered with a dense forest or jungle growth that was later folded under and slowly crushed into carboniferous deposits.

▪ ▪ ▪

IN smoky cities bits of glass are quickly cut to become, in an hour, tawdry imitations of an inimitable gem; while crushed in the depths of an African wilderness a miracle of chemistry is slowly—oh, so very slowly—creating a masterpiece that man will some day proclaim...a diamond. True, the method is slower—but, the result is so much finer...

For 87 years Hardman pianos have been built entirely by hand within the workrooms of Hardman, Peck & Company by artisans with at least 25 years experience. Three generations of family ownership have guarded each detail in manufacture. From the selection of raw materials to the gradual seasoning, settling and re-tuning of the instrument before it can be finally approved, every step is taken with a slow and measured tread.

Unquestionably this does much to explain the warmth of tone and life-long durability that have made Hardman pianos famous. A beautiful illustrated and autographed 48-page book of world famous artists will be sent on request. Please address Dept. M-18, Hardman, Peck & Company, 433 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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THE MODERNIQUE piano cases are the first to be executed in the modern manner. Designed for Hardman by Edward J. Steichen, Helen Dryden, Lee Simonson and Eugene Schoen.

HARDMAN, PECK & COMPANY have created pianos with a wide range of prices. Purchasable on very easy terms, and seen at the better dealers everywhere.

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OF
LONDON

OLD
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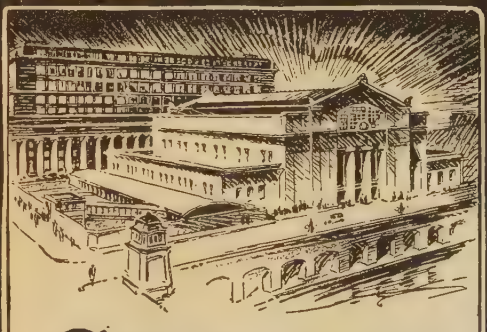

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greets trans-continental travelers in its new $75,000,000 Union Station—monumental in character, the ultimate in terminal facilities. Powered and lighted electrically by Edison Service, this fifth largest rail terminal in the United States achieves fullest expression of modern travel convenience.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 157 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

The INVESTOR

BUSINESS AND STOCK MARKET FORECASTING

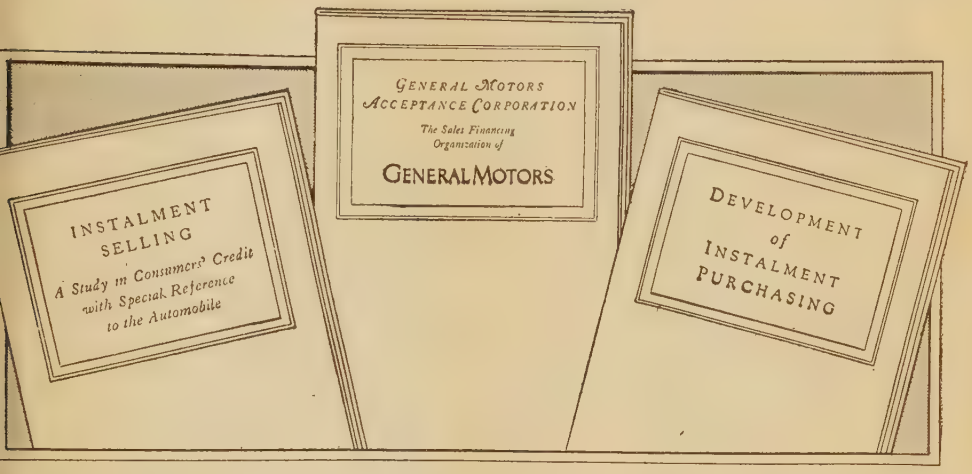
By Rudolph L. Weissman

Business men were not convinced of value of the efforts of economist forecast business conditions until the period of severe liquidation. Never l the warnings of an impending reces been writ so large; fortunately, the res sible forecasting agencies or "servi were unanimous, during the early mo of 1920, in advising contraction and restriction of forward orders for raw m rials. They differed only in the intensit the reversal which was predicted. W the wreckage was cleared, few large porations failed to install a departmen voted to the gathering of statistical in such form as to form the basis of rea able plans for the future. The work o statistical division of the Federal Res Board in this direction deserves pr Statistical material is still incomplete, the sources are infinitely superior to t which existed at the beginning of the tury. The difficulty in getting an accu description of general business condit is best illustrated by the varied ans that one receives even in a limited are the question which forms the openin conversation, both polite and impo "How's business?"

The importance of certain indices of b ness activity has been long recogni Among these are iron and steel product railroad car loadings, woolen and co mill activity, bituminous coal product building permits filed, building contr awarded, imports and exports, emp

Continued on page xl

Three very important booklets on
THE INSTALMENT PLAN


INSTALMENT SELLING
A Study in Consumers' Credit with Special Reference to the Automobile
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
The Sales Financing Organization of
GENERAL MOTORS
DEVELOPMENT of INSTALMENT PURCHASING

THE timeliness of the subject of INSTALMENT SELLING makes these three booklets of special interest not only to bankers but to business men and all others interested in consumers' credit.

INSTALMENT SELLING—A study in Consumers' Credit with special reference to the automobile. An address by Edwin R. A. Seligman, McVickar Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University.

DEVELOPMENT OF INSTALMENT PURCHASING—A paper read by John J. Raskob, Chairman Finance Committee of General Motors, before a meeting of the Academy of Political Science.

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION—An outline of the operations of this banking institution which finances sales of General Motors products.

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, General Motors issues special booklets from time to time for the information of its stockholders, employees, dealers and the public.

Copies of these booklets will be mailed gratis if a request is directed to Department Q-2, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York.

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CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS and COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator *DELCO-LIGHT Power Plants* *Water Systems*

The Story of a Wise Wife

SHE realized that coffee was thieving the sleep of the family. But she hated even the thought of giving up their favorite drink.

One day she read an advertisement—and that night a new brand of coffee came to dinner.

Next morning, wonder of wonders! Her husband remarked on the good night's sleep he'd enjoyed! But she was a wise wife—not until a week later did she tell about the new coffee. It was Kaffee Hag Coffee—the coffee that lets you sleep because it is 97% free of caffeine.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. A blend of the world's finest coffees. Exceptionally mellow and delightful. How much better than cheerless substitutes!

Order from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. Try it at hotels, on diners. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample can.

* Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1859 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

Address _____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

ment, electrical power output, inte
rates, etc. The experts of the Dawes-Yo
report adopted a prosperity index for
many. In the form that the items app
they are manifestly inadequate and
leading. An increase of 100% in pig
production in December, 1911, over Dec
ber, 1900, is not proof of greater busi
activity. If department store sales have
clined 25% in January from the Decer
figures, it need not be a matter of conc
A rapid rise in the price of crude ru
does not establish an advance in commo
prices as a whole.

To render statistics more valuable, e
omists have adopted devices that re
the data to a comparable basis. Al
ances are made for secular trend, and
seasonal variation. Total manufactu
and mining activity, it has been estima
shows a normal increase of about 4%
nually, due merely to the growth of p
lation, and the increase in national wea
On this basis, business activity in
only slightly, if at all, exceeded the
mal gain. Chain store sales cannot
regarded seriously as a barometer until
expansion in dollar volume owing to
operation of new units is made kno
Incidentally, the loss incurred by the
dependent retailer is, from a national st
point, a factor to be considered. E
clearings and bank debits must be juc
in the light of the effects of commodity p
fluctuations, and of the changes in sp
lative activity. In 1928, bank clearings
the entire United States rose 14.3%
1927. Eliminating New York, where
proportion of financial transactions to
total was admittedly large, the rate o
crease was but 3.7%. These examples
cited only to show the need of care in
interpretation of figures that are gl
used in the newspapers.

Significant figures have been cast

Continued on page xlii

ou can laugh at money worries

if you follow this simple financial plan

U'RE interested in having e best possible time while e—with the least worry nd and discomfort.

don't want to pay rent all e—you hope to own your ome some day. And you et any thrill out of the idea aring at an office or a mill ore at the same old hour norning until you die.

want to quit work some And when you do quit ant to feel that you're d in quitting—that you've it. You want to know that ife and children will be care of, no matter what s to you. You can accom- very one of these things— All you have to do is to a simple financial plan.

How it works

imple system of invest- lus protection was devised ancial experts. It calls merely for the deposit of a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age and the things you wish to accomplish.

The minute you make your first small deposit you actually create an estate of $10,000 or more. This money comes to you when you are 60 or 65. And if you should not reach that age it goes to your family.

Plan sent free

A few of the things you can provide for by this plan are as follows:—money to send your children to college—money for emergencies—money to live on in case you are permanently disabled—capital to start your son in business—money to pay off a mortgage—an assured income for your family.

Don't you want these things? You can have them. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the Phoenix

Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family, no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. *First Policy Issued 1851*

e are just a few of the things you do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:
ETIRE with an income when you are 60 r 65.
EAVE your home free of debt.
END your children to college.
REATE an estate.
AKE sure your income will go on even ough you become totally disabled.
AVE an income for your family.

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Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of the Phoenix Mutual "PROSPERITY PLAN."

Name.....

Business Address.....

Home Address.....

City..... State.....

Date of Birth.....

YES
and what a whale of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

"composite barometers." This involves use of a necessarily elaborate mathemat technique. One phase of the general b ness situation, speculation, is represe by the Harvard Economic Society b single curve, a composite of indus stock prices, and railroad stock pri The Federal Reserve Board publishes index of the volume of manufacturing, similar indices have been prepared for purpose of showing, by a single curve, fluctuations in business activity for last half century. Here, again, only app imations can be expected, and the res thus far achieved are admittedly tentat The importance of the various barome varies. In this country, railroad const tion and immigration are no longer of sequence. Unfilled tonnage of the Un States Steel Corporation has lost som its significance, since the inauguratio hand-to-mouth buying policies. Agri tural conditions are of less importance t formerly. The Harvard Economic Soc has made frequent revisions in the c ponents of the various curves used by

Given the best tools, sharpened tested according to the most appro methods, how are they used, and with w success? Forecasters use one of two me ods; perhaps it would be more proper to that they use both. The chief differenc in the emphasis. The first involves an i mate knowledge of the apparent causa lation of certain economic phenomena, is founded on confidence that the seque will repeat themselves. The second met is probably more flexible, limiting itsel no formula. The whole range of cur economic conditions is surveyed, and assumed that no two business periods alike. Important tendencies are noted, vorable and unfavorable conditions weighed, and little attention is giver analogies. The Harvard Economic Soc

Continued on page xliv

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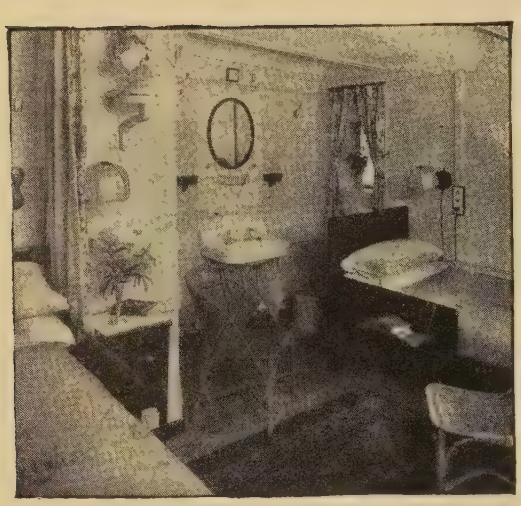

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

uses chiefly historical comparison; Standard Statistics Company, Inc., has been termed cross-cut analysis. have been of value to a growing numb business men, bankers and investors. T are other organizations of established whose opinions are respected, among w may be mentioned the Brookmire Econ Service, Moody's Investors' Service, the New York University Bureau of ness Research. Since we are still probin causes of business fluctuations, no repu agency gives the impression that bus forecasting is free from error, or that i finished science.

The hazards of error, indeed, are patent, regardless of the most painsta research. The automobile industry, fo ample, has for years been plagued by bogey of a saturation point. In 192 eminent Cleveland economist came t conclusion that "the use in the near f of anything like twice the present nu of vehicles seems most unlikely." Bu 1927 registration had more than dou Consider these remarks in the annual r of General Motors for 1924, and the fol ing tabulation of production and pro

In 1909 production increased 100% over 190 1923, the increase was only 55%; 1924 prod fewer cars than 1923; while in 1925 a reason gain is anticipated. The gain will not be tre dous; the days of immense increases are past. The corporation's plans do not contemplate increases.

	Output	*Net In*
1924	587,341	$45,33
1925	835,902	106,48
1926	1,234,850	176,08
1927	1,562,748	239,26

How absurd such forecasts are ca better appreciated by close observati the financial pages for a short pe Stocks decline one day on lower m and the next day advance, presumabl cause of lower money. At one time th

Continued on page xlvi

nion Pacific

RICA'S NEWEST, GRANDEST WONDERLANDS—
OTHER VACATION TOUR EQUALS THIS—

em this summer! You won't America until you do. You know what relaxation can be ou've lost your cares in the nagnificence of sky and moun- and breathed the tonic of climate!

on't know the rainbow im- y of great canyons — until seen Bryce Canyon and Zion al Parks, and the Grand Can- elf. You won't know the charm ystery of deer-filled forests ou've seen the Kaibab. You now the magnificence of water itself into the sky until you've e proud geysers of Yellowstone. on't know the breathtaking le of ocean and mountains till it California, or the spell of the till you see Rocky Mountain al Park.

ies, too, are among the most ting in the world. Denver, the gh Queen City of the Plains; Salt Lake City, capital of the ns; Portland, City of Roses; and Tacoma on lovely Puget San Francisco, romantic and icated; Los Angeles, the movie olis—each with its own unfor- e atmosphere.

ut to the West this summer! best of the West—the Union West, which includes Color- tah, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, nia, the Pacific Northwest and and twelve great National

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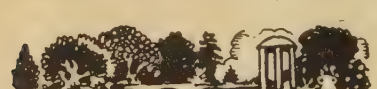

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xliv

nouncement of subscription rights is lowed by strength, at another tim weakness. Day to day fluctuations ma determined by the frown of a finar Recently, at about fifteen minutes of t the ticker tape recorded the sale of a block of an automobile issue at a hi price than the preceding sale. The s was immediately in demand and enj a rise of several points. The specta transaction, however, had not actuall curred. As soon as the error was annou the stock was subjected to a severe se movement, which affected the entire ket. All this in about fifteen minutes.

New Financial Books

TESTS OF A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BO
By Ernest Minor Patterson. *Payson &*
$2.50 9 x 6¼; 224 pp. *Ne*

This volume is a useful introduction to the of foreign investment. After outlining a numb reasonable tests of the investment quality of eign government bond, the author proceeds to the tests to the obligations of Germany. France, Belgium, Canada, Brazil, and the Argentine. T cessity of keeping abreast of developments is e sized. Professor Patterson reaches the conclusio "as a class, government bonds, when selected care and intelligence, are perhaps the safest and est grade investments in the world." His opi although subordinated to the presentation of re facts and statistics, are interesting.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS IN AMERICA.
By Marshall H. Williams. *The Macmillan Co*
$1.50 7¾ x 5¼; 152 pp. *Ne*

A sound contribution to a subject on whic literature is growing rapidly. Although shorte a number of other volumes on the investment it discusses in a realistic manner the strengt weakness of the trust as it exists in the United S Some thirty pages are devoted to copies of the folios held by a number of trusts. Comments c nature of the portfolios would have added t value of the lists. The author believes that "v probably to witness a tremendous growth of institutions in the next few years, and while a many are coming into existence this year, th only the pioneers of a new investment era." A lation of data covering the record of American i ment trusts in 1927 can be read with difficulty b of the minute type. The book lacks an index.

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e, are the most glorious days you can
nd abroad. Stand on the very spot whence
ke watched the sails of the mighty
nada crowding on the horizon.

oam around the homeland of Sir Walter
eigh, Frobisher and Hawkins. In Devon
the West of England the atmosphere of
one eras is delightfully entwined with the
ıry of today...and the countless pages of
land's history and romance are still pre-
ed in stone and spirit.

hakespeare's house...the home of William
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resting place of Elihu Yale; literary and
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many years to come. England with her
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SEVILLE

SPAIN

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from front advertising section, xxviii

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

RED MEXICO. *A Reign of Terror in America.* *By Francis McCullagh.* *Louis Carrier & C*
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 415 pp. *Ne*

This is an unconvincing book. Capt. McCul main thesis is that "what is called Liberali Mexico] is a parasitical growth which, having for some seventy years on the civilization built the Church and the old Spaniards and the Ca Presidents," is now rapidly sending the coun ruin. The man chiefly to blame for this catast he argues, has been and is Calles, to whom he refers as President or ex-President, but alw General. Calles, to Captain McCullagh, is one most ferocious beasts in human form that ma has ever been afflicted with. He is "an uncult man," "plunges about wildly like a whale th been harpooned," is "a bewildered and half- dictator," and "a madman," and "was neve lized." In short, "he belongs to a class of bully common among degenerate Asiatic races than Americans or Europeans." He has a "resolute gard for legality," and "hates the United Stat detests the English language." Thus far the States has let him and his clique get away with the conscience of our people, it appears, will be a soon or late, and "that Mexico will eventual under some sort of American Protectorate seems certain." There are many reproductions of graphs, chiefly of the execution of Catholics Calles forces. There is no index.

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS. *By Ernest J. Eberling.* *The Columbia Universit*
$6.75 9 x 6; 452 pp. *Ne*

The subtitle of this excellent book gives a fa of its content: "A Study of the Origin and De ment of the Power of Congress to Investiga Punish for Contempt." Dr. Eberling, who is pr of political science at Vanderbilt University, out many things that are of particular interest present period of our history, when Congres investigations have been more frequent tha before. The fact is that the power of the legi branch of a government to investigate the exe is not confined to the Federal government, and of recent origin. All the colonial legislatures they inherited it directly from the English parl tary system of their time. It was thus natura when the time came for the writing of the Co tion, such power, though not definitely stated

Continued on page 1

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Continued from page l

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This is a good handbook of modern English li ture. All the writers worthy of consideratio included in it, and there are short but useful biog ical, critical and bibliographical notes about of them. The two authors are members of the En department of the University of Chicago.

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By William S. Walsh. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4¾; 381 pp. *New*

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Continued on page liv

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Continued on page liv

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Continued from page lii

LECTURES ON CONDITIONED REFLEXES.
By Ivan P. Pavlov. *The International Pub*
$6.50 9¼ x 5⅞; 414 pp. *New*

The book of which this is a translation was published in Leningrad in 1923. The translator W. Horsley Gantt, uses the third Russian edition, the addition of five new chapters supplied by Pro Pavlov. The various chapters consist of monog and other reports published between 1903 and all of them dealing with the physiology of the ne system and especially of the brain. There is natu a great deal of duplication. Pavlov describes his cept of conditioned reflexes at least a dozen times goes over other ground almost as weariso Nevertheless, the book is intensely interesting, deals with some of the most notable physiol experiments made in our time. What emerges fr chiefly is the immense patience and ingenuity o experimenter. He is never daunted by a new pro however difficult, but tackles it instantly and all arms. Another characteristic of his work i rigid insistence upon barring all metaphysical cepts from his inquiries. He sees the living body machine, and he tries to explain its activities in of physics and chemistry, usually with complete cess. He even attempts to account for such thin the love of freedom in terms of physical reflexes work has been of great importance and has had influence upon other investigators. In Ameri shows itself in the ideas of men as diverse as Dr. B. Watson and the late Dr. Jacques Loeb. The pr volume contains a biographical sketch of Pavlo the translator, who was one of his co-worke Leningrad from 1925 to 1928. At the end there bibliography of the reports issuing from the P laboratory. There are also indices to names and jects, both somewhat scanty.

LEIBNIZ.
By Herbert Wildon Carr. *Little, Brown & Co*
$3 8¾ x 5½; 222 pp.

This is the first volume of a new series en "Leaders of Philosophy" and edited by Pro J. L. Stocks of the Victoria University of Manch It is primarily an expository book, and there is extensive criticism in it. It should prove of val the novice. Leibniz (Professor Carr's spelling) one of the last great universal geniuses. Appa he knew everything, and made important con tions to almost every branch of learning he ta mathematics, metaphysics, physics, political sc astronomy. He lived and died a recluse, with single intimate friend; "he was buried more robber than what he really was, the ornament

Continued on page lvi

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and in it Mr. Wolfe discusses modern poetry, and poets—T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Siegfried Sassoon, Herbert Read, Robert Graves, and many others. There is revealed the real George Moore, who has a chapter all to himself. And there is a consideration of the two Mr. Kiplings. $2.50

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Turn to page X to find

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

A market place for collectors

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page liv

country." He put the great bulk of his ideas i correspondence; the writing of books did not a him much. There was a lot of rubbish in his thin even for a Seventeenth Century metaphysician, he exerted a tremendous influence in the histo modern philosophy, and was the cause of some most heated controversies. But to say of him, a fessor Carr does, that "he has come to represe the modern world what Plato stands for i ancient," is to exaggerate his importance.

POETRY

WEST-RUNNING BROOK.
By Robert Frost. *Henry Holt & Co*
$2.50 8½ x 5¼; 64 pp. *New*

In this very slight collection of new poems, Frost is largely concerned with troubled and faintly bitter expressions of his personal philoso an inevitable solitariness reënforced by a so courage. The volume, as a whole, despite such e lent pieces as "The Birthplace," "Tree at My dow," and "Bereft," is distinctly disappointin contains poems marred by didacticism, a lac clarity, and even by sentimentalism. The four w cuts by Lankes in the limited edition add greatl the text.

CAWDOR *and Other Poems.*
By Robinson Jeffers. *Horace Live*
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 160 pp. *New*

There is elemental strength in this narrative p of the Californian farmer Cawdor who falls in with the girl Fera, is betrayed by her into slayin son, and in the end blinds himself horribly wi sharp flint, yet the tragedy, the prevailing to failure, seems more aggrieved than inevitable. T are passages of illuminating beauty, especially i shorter lyrical sketches, but as a whole the boo not equal to Mr. Jeffers' earlier work.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN OF DA NESS.
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Continued on page lviii

Peggy O'Neill and Andrew
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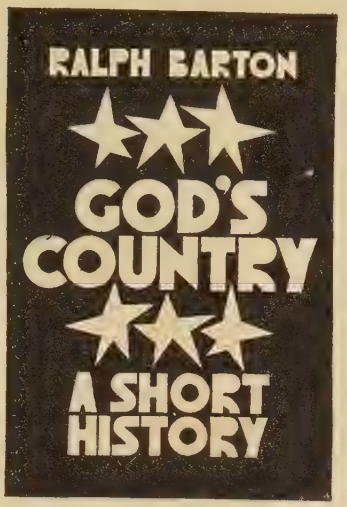

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Eve, a cultured and sophisticated woman, cor the Breton moors to forget saddening memorie Louis, grand in body, but his mind blurred by wound, stumbles to her door on a stormy night. great patience and resourcefulness she wins hi fidence, and tries to restore his mind, and finall comes to them. A not unusual theme, but one handled with beauty. Under the title of "(Louis L'Innocent," the book won the Femina in France. The translation by George and Shively is excellent.

STORMING HEAVEN.
By Ralph Fox. *Harcourt, Brace & Co*
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John, at fifteen, is taken by his Russian gua from California to Vladivostock, and there he a vagabond journey to Moscow during the mad war days. From the beginning, when he casts h with some traveling actors, to the end, when thrown into jail for killing the vampire Neura is more than the adventure story promised b publisher. The author, an Englishman, wh lived several years in Russia, has painted a but powerfully sympathetic picture of the gr Bolsheviki.

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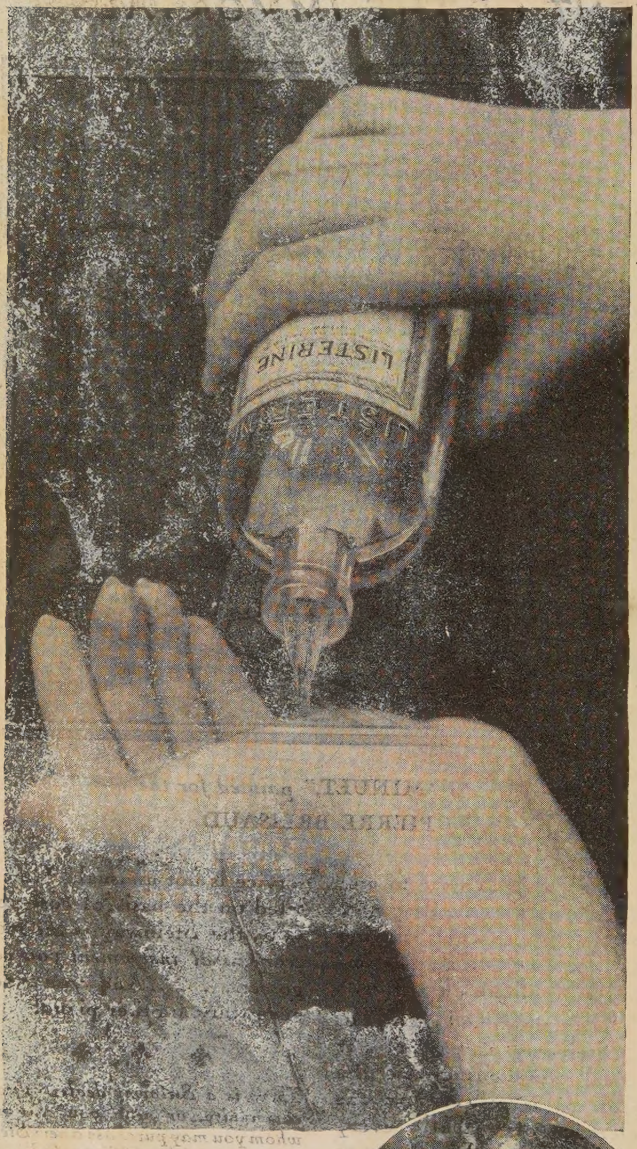

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